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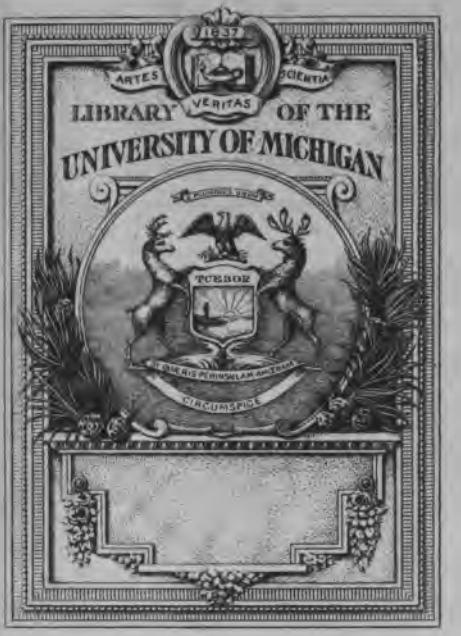
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THE

WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

WITH THE

PRINCIPAL ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

——— ——— *cupiâd*,] See the [illegible]

[illegible]

——— ——— *a vile dogging* [illegible]

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two Knights
Doe gaine their treaſons meed.
Fayre Mirabellaes puniſhment
For Loves diſdaine decreed.

I.

LIKE as the gentle hart itſelfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even ſo the baſer mind itſelfe diſplayes
In cancred malice and revengefull ſpight:
For to maligne, t' envie, t' uſe ſhifting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;

ARG. 1. ——— *baffuld*;] See the note on this word, F. Q. v. iii. 37. See alſo, ſt. 27 of this Canto. TODD.

I. 1. *Like as the* gentle hart] *Un cor gentil*, Arioſto, C. xxxvi. 1. See the note on C. iii. ſt. 1. *Gentle hart*, is alſo Chaucer's expreſſion. See note below, on ſt. 18. UPTON.

Ibid. *Like as* the *gentle* &c.] The folios, Hughes, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, read, without authority or neceſſity, "Like as *a* gentle hart &c." TODD.

I. 6. ——— *a vile* donghill *mind*;] He uſes the ſame phraſe, F. Q. iii. x. 15. So likewiſe, in *An Hymne of Love*:

"His *dunghill* thoughts which do themſelves enure
"To durtie droſſe—"

And in *Teares of the Muſes*:

"Ne ever dare their *dunghill* thoughts aſpire."

And ſo Chaucer, *Aſſembl. of Fowles*:

"Now fie churle (quoth the gentle Tercelet)
"Out of the *dunghill* came that word aright."

T. WARTON.

Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deeds diſcovering his baſe kind.

II.

That well appears in this diſcourteous Knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that ſhame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, ſo ſoone as he was out of vew,
Himſelfe in haſt he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

III.

Well did he tract his ſteps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be deſcryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote worke him ſcath and villeny.
At laſt he met two Knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

III. 7. ——————— agreeably,] *Alike*, like each other. See C. xi, ſt. 36. CHURCH.

IV.

To whom falſe Turpine comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtraunge Knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie ſhent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

V.

The Knights beleev'd that all he ſayd was trew;
And, being freſh and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed?"

V. 2. ——————————— youthly] The edition of 1751 reads *youthfull.* CHURCH.

VI.

" He rides," ſaid Turpine, " there not farre afore,
With a Wyld Man ſoft footing by his ſyde;
That, if ye liſt to haſte a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they ſpyde,
Ryding a ſoftly pace with portance ſad,
Devizing of his Love more then of daunger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe; " Falſe traytour Knight,
Foule woman-wronger!"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ran; but th' one did miſſe his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glanſt ſwiftly by; like to that heavenly ſparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

VII. 8. ——————— *like to that heavenly ſparke,*
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.] The ſimile is elegant, and borrowed from Homer, who

VIII.

But th' other, ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhivered quite,
And ſcattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the ſtout Prince with much more ſteddy ſtowre
Full on his bever did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele through piercing did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

IX.

As when a caſt of faulcons make their flight
At an herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Herſelfe quite through the bodie doth engore,

compares Minerva's deſcent from heaven to a ſhooting ſtar or glancing meteor, *Il.* δ. 75. Ovid compares the fall of Phaëton to a ſhooting ſtar; and Milton the deſcent of Uriel, *Par. L.* B. iv. 556. UPTON.

IX. 1. *As when a* caſt *of faulcons make their flight*
At an herneſhaw,] A *caſt* of faulcons is a *couple* of hawks. CHURCH.

So Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, p. 108. "A *caſt* of merlins.—But the ſport, which for that day Baſilius would principally ſhew to Zelmane was the *mounty* at a *hearne*; &c." UPTON.

And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing;
But th' other, not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Fayles of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

X.

By this the other, which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmal ſight;
Yet, nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let drive at him with ſo malitious mynd,
As if he would have paſſed through him quight:
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he deſynd.

XI.

Not ſo the Prince; for his well-learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hould, and from his horſes backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

XII.

The fearfull Swayne beholding death ſo nie
Cryde out aloud, for mercie, him to ſave;
In lieu whereof he would to him deſcrie
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince ſoone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus ſaid he; "There is a ſtraunger Knight,
The which, for promiſe of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might."

XIII.

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſayd; "Now ſure ye well have earn'd your meed;
For th' one is dead, and th' other ſoone ſhall die,
Unleſſe to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſſe, but him whereſo he were would ſeeke.

XIV.

So up he roſe, and forth ſtreightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore
And grieſly wounds, that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid; "How now, Sir Knight,
What meaneth this which here I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?"

XV.

"Perdie," ſaid he, "in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taſke as life for hyre to ſell;
The which I earſt adventur'd for your ſake:
Witneſſe the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have, that life ſo dearely did redeeme."

XV. 9. *I yearned have,*] I have *gained* or *deſerved*. See alſo F. Q. vi. i. 40, and the note on *earne*, F. Q. iv. x. 9, where, as in the preſent inſtance, it may be ſeen that Spenſer ſometimes ſpells the word, which we now ſpell *earne*, *yearne*; and vice versâ. However, *earne* was formerly a common

XVI.

" But where then is," quoth he halfe wrothfully,
" Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That curſed caytive, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant Knight, whoſe hated life I fought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?"
He lyes, ſaid he, upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that Errant Knight with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards myſelfe with many a wound
Did ſlay againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

XVII.

Thereof falſe Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtreight to the place would ryde,
Where he himſelfe might ſee his foeman ſlaine;
For elſe his feare could not be ſatisfyde.
So, as they rode, he ſaw the way all dyde

ſpelling for *yearne*. See Cotgrave's Dict. in V. *Friſſonner*, " to tremble, to *earne* through cold or feare." See alſo ibid, in VV. *earne* and *yearne*. TODD.

XVI. 5. ought?] *Owned*, had a right to. CHURCH.

With ſtreames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whenas in evill tyde
That other Swayne, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the Craven ſeeme to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewayling with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence paſſing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the Prince himſelfe lay all alone,
Looſely diſplayd upon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweete ſleepe that luld him ſoft in ſwound.

XIX.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelfe had layd to reſt,

XVII. 8. ——— *deadly pale,*] The edition of 1751, "dead *and* pale." CHURCH.

XVIII. 5. *For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.*] This is Chaucer's frequent obſervation, *Kn. Tale*, ver. 1763.

"For pite rennith ſone in gentil hert."

Again, *Squ. Tale*, ver. 499.

"That pite rennith ſone in gentil hert."

Again, *Merch. Tale*, ver. 1502.

"Lo! pite rennith ſone in gentil hert." UPTON.

XVIII. 8. *Looſely diſplayd* &c.] So, in F. Q. ii. v. 32.

"There he him found all *careleſsly diſplaid*
"In ſecret ſhadow from the ſunny ray." TODD.

Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Feareleſſe of foes that mote his peace moleſt;
The whyles his Salvage Page, that wont be preſt,

XIX. 5. ——————— preſt,] *Preſt* is very frequently uſed by Spenſer. In ſome places it ſignifies *ready* or *quick*; in others it ſeems to be uſed, adverbially, for *quickly*, *immediately*. It is plainly the old French word, PRESTE, *quick*, or *nimble*, which ſometimes is uſed adverbially. Dr. Jortin derives it from *præſto adeſſe*. See F. Q. ii. viii. 28.

——————— " For what art thou
" That makſt thyſelf his dayes-man to prolong
" The vengeance *preſt* ?"

That is, *inſtant* or *preſent* vengeance. Again, F. Q. iv. iii. 22.

" Who, him affronting, ſoone to fight was readie *preſt*."

That is, *ready*, *quickly*. Again, F. Q. iv. v. 36.

" In which his work he had ſixe ſervants *preſt*."

That is, ſix *ready* or *nimble* ſervants; or perhaps *preſent*. Again, F. Q. iv. viii. 41.

" So hard behind his backe his foe was *preſt*."

That is, his foe was *very near* him behind. Again, F. Q. v. vii. 27.

" To warn her foe to battell ſoone be *preſt*."

That is, be ſoon *ready* to fight with her. Again, F. Q. v. viii. 9.

——————— " Finding there ready *preſt*
" Sir Arthegall —"

That is, *ready* and *preſent*; ready at hand. Again, F. Q. vi. vi. 44.

" He watcht in cloſe await with weapons *preſt*."

That is, with his weapons *ready*, *prepared*. It is uſed in many of theſe ſenſes by Chaucer. See *Troil. and Cr.* 4. 661.

——" Fame ———————
" Was throughout Troy iſled with *preſt* wings."

That is, with *nimble* or *ready* wings. Again, Ibid. 9. 785.

" Alſo theſe wickid tonguis ben ſo *preſt*
" To ſpeke us harm."

That is, ſo *ready* to ſpeak, &c. Again, in the *Aſſemb. of Fowles*:

" Neither was fowle, that commeth of engendrure,
" That there ne was *preſt* in her preſence."

That is, that was not *preſent* before her. This word is to be met with in moſt of our old Engliſh poets, particularly Lord Surrey, Wyat, Tuberville, &c. Harington much uſes it in his Arioſto. T. WARTON.

Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe ſome thing, that ſeemed to him beſt;
The whyles his Lord in ſilver ſlomber lay,
Like to the evening ſtarre adorn'd with deawy ray.

XX.

Whom whenas Turpin ſaw ſo looſely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead;
Like as that other Knight to him had ſayd:
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine ſignes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much griev'd againſt that ſtraunger Knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would have backe retyred from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight.

XXI.

But that ſame Knight would not once let him ſtart;
But plainely gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchiefe and late luckleſſe ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquiſhed, and put to foule diſgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,

XIX. 8. ——— *in* ſilver *ſlomber*] See the note on "*ſilver* ſleep," F. Q. vi. ix. 22. TODD.

XX. 1. ——— looſely *layd*,] That is, *careleſsly* layd, as in F. Q. ii. v. 32, and elſewhere. So Milton, of Samſon, *Samſ. Agon.* ver. 118.

"See how he lies at random, careleſsly diffuſed, &c."

TODD.

Had vow'd unto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world whereſo he went,
Till that he him delivered to his puniſhment.

XXII.

He, therewith much abaſhed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, ſoftly whiſpering him, entirely prayd
T'advize him better then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray unto a ſtraunger Swaine:
Yet rather counſeld him contrárywize,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whyleſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſurprize.

XXIII.

Natheleſſe, for all his ſpeach, the gentle Knight
Would not be tempted to ſuch villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by falſe treacherie:
Great ſhame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whyleſt they were debating diverſlie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he ſleeping vew'd.

XXIV.

There when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neare him ſtand,

He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And, throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great ſtore of forreſt frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himſelfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternly ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he ſpyde
The traytour Turpin with that other Knight,
He ſtarted up; and ſnatching neare his ſyde
His truſtie ſword, the ſervant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the Cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him ſayd,
But, holding up his hands, with ſilence mercie prayd.

XXVI.

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,

XXVI. 3. ——————— *the* humbled *gras*,] See the note on "*ſenſeleſſe* ground," F. Q. v. x. 33. T. WARTON. Hughes reads *humble*, which I like better. The adjective is properly to be joined to *he*, viz. *he humbled*. But poetry loves to invert the natural order of words. UPTON.

His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of ſervile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him ariſe like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And laſtly to deſpoyle of knightly bannerall.

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
However they through treaſon doe treſpáſſe.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an aſſe,
Led by a Carle and Foole which by her ſide did paſſe.

XXVI. 4. *His foot he ſet* &c.] The ancient cuſtom ſhewn towards the conquered by conquerors. See C. viii. ſt. 10. See alſo *Joſh.* x. 24. "Put your feet on the necks of theſe kings." TODD.

XXVI. 5. ——————————— *repine.*] For *repine at.* CHURCH.

XXVI. 9. ——————————— *bannerall.*] A little flag; *a penon worne on the top of a launce, by a horſeman that would be gallant.* Cotgrave, in V. *Banderolle.* It is written in old French *bannerolle.* So in the *Cronicque du petit Saintre,* fol. xli. "Il baiſſa ſa *banneralle* &c." TODD.

XXVII. 7. *But turne we now backe to that Ladie* free,] *But turn we now*—"Mai torniamo," as Boiardo and Arioſto ſay, when they reſume a ſtory juſt mentioned before. The ſame expreſſion frequently occurs in the Hiſtory of Prince Arthur. This tale is begun, and left above, C. vi. ſt. 16. *Free* is a perpetual epithet of this Lady: ſee below, ſt. 30. "She was born *free,*" and ſt. 31. "The Lady of her *liberty.*" UPTON.

XXVIII.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faërie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a Knight, and many a gentle Squire:

XXIX.

But ſhe thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthie thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was ſhe lov'd of many a worthy Pere:
Unworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright:
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe that ſerved is of nobleſt Knight.

XXX.

But this coy Damzell thought contráriwize,
That ſuch proud looks would make her prayſed more;
And that, the more ſhe did all love deſpize,
The more would wretched Lovers her adore.

What cared ſhe who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that liſt their luckleſſe lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would ever live, and love her own delight.

XXXI.

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifneſſe and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languiſh long in life-conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt through dreary dolour die:
Whyleſt ſhe, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boaſt her beautie had ſuch ſoveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or ſave or ſpill whom ſhe would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

XXXII.

But lo! the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this Maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whileſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his Court,

XXXII. 5. ——— mercifide:] *Pitied.* A word of his own. CHURCH.

As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all Lovers doe reſort,
That of their Loves ſucceſſe they there may make report;

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were miſſing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loves exyled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

XXXIII. 2. ——————————— fyled,] *Kept* and *filed* up. Hughes reads *fill'd*. UPTON.

XXXIII. 8. *He bad his eyes* &c.] Cupid is blind or not, as occaſion ſerves. See F. Q. iii. xii. 23. And now, as he keeps his Court on St. Valentine's day, 'tis requiſite he ſhould reconnoitre his ſervants. Chaucer has a poem entitled *The Court of Love.* See Urry's edit. p. 560. And this poem perhaps gave Spenſer the hint of Cupid's Court on Valentine's day. In Chaucer's *Court of Love* there are many ſhadowed perſons, and poetical beings, introduced; as here *Infamy*, and *Deſpight*, and a bailiff-errant named *Portamore*; ſo named, from carrying the meſſages and orders of Love. It ſeems proper here to obſerve, that Spenſer wrote a poem called *The Court of Cupid*: which is mentioned by E. K. in his Epiſtle to Gabriel Harvey, prefixed to Spenſer's Paſtorals. This poem, I believe, was never publiſhed; but Spenſer has introduced it here new-modelled, and adapted to his Fairy Tale. UPTON.

XXXIV.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſuit and ſervice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impaneld ſtreight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd:
To whom foule Infamie and fell Deſpight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

XXXV.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crymes ſhe there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure wil'd a Capias
Should iſſue forth t' attach that ſcornefull Laſſe.
The Warrant ſtraight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call;

XXXIV. 7. ——— *foule* Infamie *and fell* Deſpight] See C. vi. ſt. 1, and C. v. ſt. 13. CHURCH.

XXXV. 4. ——— *wil'd a Capias* &c.] That is, ordered a writ &c. A *Capias* is a writ requiring an appearance in perſon. CHURCH.

XXXV. 8. ——— *there*] That is, whom the perſons *there*, in that place, did call Portamore. The folios, Hughes, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, read *their*. TODD.

He which doth ſummon Lovers to Loves Iudgement Hall.

XXXVI.

The Damzell was attacht, and ſhortly brought
Unto the Barre whereas ſhe was arrayned:
But ſhe thereto nould plead, nor anſwere ought,
Even for ſtubborne pride, which her reſtrayned:
So iudgement paſt, as is by law ordayned
In caſes like: Which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which love before diſdayned,
Gan ſtoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

XXXVII.

The Sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peeviſhneſſe,
Unto her prayers piteouſly enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that nathëleſſe

XXXVI. 5. *So iudgement paſt, as is by law ordayned*
In caſes like,] Alluding to the law of this country, i. e. the caſe of thoſe who, at the bar of juſtice, ſtand mute, on whom ſentence is at length pronounced, the ſame as if they had been, in the ordinary way, found guilty by the jury. TODD.

XXXVII. 2. But *where he is provokt* with *peeviſhneſſe,*] That is, *except* where he is provoked by perverſeneſs of the party offending. Hughes reads, "*by* peeviſhneſs." CHURCH.

He unto her a penance did impoſe,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander ſhould in companie of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſav'd ſo many Loves as ſhe did loſe.

XXXVIII.

So now ſhe had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this uncomely caſe,
Waſting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous diſgrace;
Yet had ſhe not in all theſe two yeares ſpace
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before,
Through her diſpiteous pride, whileſt love lackt place,
She had deſtroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her love make half amends therefore!

XXXIX.

And now ſhe was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty Man did her demeane

XXXVII. 7. ——— this *worlds* &c.] The ſecond and third folios, and Mr. Church, read, "*the* worlds &c." The reſt follow Spenſer's own reading, *this*. TODD.

XXXVII. 8. ——— *thoſe*,] The Carle and Foole, that is, Scorn and Diſdain. TODD.

XXXVII. 9. ——— *Loves*] That is, *Lovers*. CHURCH.

XXXIX. 4. ——— *that mighty Man*] Diſdain. TODD.

Ibid. ——— *did her* demeane] *Treated* her. CHURCH.

With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make; and eeke that angry Foole
Which follow'd her, with curſed hands uncleane
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting toole
Oft whip her dainty ſelfe, and much augment her doole.

XL.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to uſe;
For both ſo wilfull were and obſtinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuſe,
And rather did the more her beate and bruſe:
But moſt the former Villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuſe;
Who, though ſhe were with wearineſſe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor reſt a little ſtead:

XLI.

For he was ſterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of mans ſtature,
And rather like a Gyant monſtruous:
For ſooth he was deſcended of the hous

XL. 6. *But moſt the* former *villaine,*] He who went foremoſt or firſt; who led the Lady's horſe, ſt. 44. UPTON.

Of thoſe old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Againſt the Heaven in order battailous;
And ſib to great Orgolio, which was ſlaine
By Arthure, whenas Unas Knight he did maintaine.

XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing aſkew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his overweening pryde;
And ſtalking ſtately, like a crane, did ſtryde
At every ſtep uppon the tiptoes hie;

XLI. 8. *And ſib to great Orgolio,*] Take notice of a great beauty which Spenſer uſes here and in ſeveral other places, viz. the figure of Suſpenſe. For three or four ſtanzas together you have a Giant deſcribed before you know his name: by this poetical apparatus your ideas are raiſed, and the perſon is introduced with great ſolemnity. This Giant was deſcended from thoſe who warraid againſt heaven; and was related to ſurquedrous Giant Orgolio, mentioned in F. Q. i. vii. 14, who took priſoner St. George the Knight of Una; and was afterwards ſlain by Prince Arthur, F. Q. i. viii. 24. UPTON.

XLI. 9. ——— *whenas* &c.] That is, when he was in the palace of, and acted the part of, Una's Knight. CHURCH.

XLII. 2. *Like two great beacons,*] Compare F. Q. i. xi. 14. UPTON.

XLII. 5. *And ſtalking ſtately, like a crane, did ſtryde*
At every ſtep uppon the tiptoes hie;] Βραθυόμενος ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς, as Ariſtophanes ſaid, ridiculing the gait of Socrates. But the image here is very picturesque, and the repetition of the letters add not a little to the picture.

" And *ſtalking ſtately*, like a crane, did *ſtryde*
" At every *ſtep* uppon the tiptoes hie."

We have a ludicrous common ſaying, viz. *He ſtalks as ſtately*

And, all the way he went, on every ſyde
He gaz'd about and ſtared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was ſtraungely dight;

as a crow in a gutter: which might be originally formed from Virgil, *Geor.* i. 387.

" Et *ſola* in *sicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.*"

In Virgil you perceive the ſame affected iteration of letters, as in Spenſer: and a reader of Virgil and Spenſer muſt be very inattentive not to obſerve a thouſand inſtances of like nature. It ſeems to me, that Ovid had Virgil's verſe above-cited in view, in deſcribing Coronis before her change; and this I rather mention, becauſe unnoticed by any commentator that I can find. See *Met.* ii. 572.

——— " Nam dum per litora lentis
" Paſſibus (ut ſoleo) ſumma ſpatiarer arena,
" Vidit, & incaluit pelagi deus." UPTON.

XLIII. 4. —— *checklatun,*] Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas,* ver. 13664. " His robe was of *ciclatoun.*" In a former edition, I read *chekelatoun.* The Gloſſaries ſuppoſe this word to be compounded of *cheke* and *latoun,* a ſpecies of baſe metal like gold: But it ſeems rather to be merely a corruption of the Fr. *ciclaton*; which originally ſignified *a circular robe of ſtate,* from the Gr. Lat. *cyclas*; and afterwards *the cloth of gold,* of which ſuch robes were generally made. Du Cange in V. *Cyclas* has produced inſtances enough of both ſenſes. In fact ſeveral manuſcripts [of Chaucer's poem] read *ciclaton*; and I have no excuſe for not having followed them, but that I was miſled by the authority of Spenſer, as quoted by Mr. Warton, *Obſerv. on Sp.* vol. i. p. 194. Upon further conſideration, I think it is plain that Spenſer was miſtaken in the very foundation of his notion, " that the quilted Iriſh jacket embroidered with gilded leather" had any reſemblance to " the robe Sheclaton," *View of Ireland.* He ſuppoſes, that Chaucer is here deſcribing Sir Thopas, *as he went out to fight againſt the*

And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was Diſdaine, who led that Ladies horſe
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Compelling her, where ſhe would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that ſame Foole, which moſt increaſt her paines,
Was Scorne; who, having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks; and ſtill, when ſhe complaines,

Giant, in his robe of Shecklaton; whereas, on the contrary, it is evident that Sir Thopas is here deſcribed *in his uſual habit in time of peace*. His warlike apparel, when he goes to fight againſt the Giant, is deſcribed below, ver. 13786 &c. and is totally different. TYRWHITT.

XLIII. 6. *Like to the Mores of Malaber*,] See Sir Thomas Herbert's Travels into Africa and Aſia, 4th edit. fol. 1677. p. 337. Speaking of the natives of Malabar, he ſays; "And albeit they wear their hair, yet conform they to the mode of ſhaſhes: for, about their temples, they wreath a curious ſort of linnen ſometimes wrought with ſilk and gold." TODD.

XLIV. 7. ——————— yirks;] *Jerks* or *laſhes*. The verb *yerk* is employed in the ſenſe of *wince* or *kick*, by Shakſpeare in *K. Hen.* V. A. iv. S. vii. See alſo Cotgrave's Fr. Dict. in V. *Tirer*, "to *yerke*, winſe, fling, &c." In the North of England *yirk* or *yerk* is ſtill uſed in the ſenſe of *ſtrike*. TODD.

The more he laughes, and does her cloſely quip,
To ſee her ſore lament and bite her tender lip.

XLV.

Whoſe cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And ſaw thoſe Villaines her ſo vildely uſe,
His gentle heart with indignation ſweld,
And could no lenger beare ſo great abuſe
As ſuch a Lady ſo to beate and bruſe;
But, to him ſtepping, ſuch a ſtroke him lent,
That forſt him th' halter from his hand to looſe,
And, maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Elſe had he ſurely there bene ſlaine, or fowly ſhent.

XLVI.

The Villaine, wroth for greeting him ſo ſore,
Gathered himſelfe together ſoone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him ſo dreadfully amaine,

XLIV. 8. ——————————— quip,] *Sneer at* or *inſult;* from the ſubſtantive *quip.* A *quip* is a ſatirical joke or ſmart repartee, as Mr. Warton has obſerved in a note on Milton's uſe of the word, *L'Alleg.* ver. 27. Where ſee the note. To which I may add the title of John Taylor's (the Water-Poet) *Wit and Mirth,* printed in 1629. "Wit and Mirth, chargeably collected out of Tauernes, Ordinaries, Innes, &c. made vp and faſhioned into Clinches, Bulls, Quirkes, Yerkes, *Quips,* and Ierkes." The reader will hardly require to be told that this is a collection of Jeſts. TODD.

XLVI. 3. ——————————— batton] *Club.* See ſt. 48. Or a truncheon, or any weapon of offence. Fr. *baſton, baton.* See Cotgrave in V. *Baſton.* TODD.

That for his ſafety he did him conſtraine
To give him ground, and ſhift to every ſide,
Rather than once his burden to ſuſtaine:
For bootleſſe thing him ſeemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puiſſaunce of his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a maſtiffe having at a bay
A ſalvage bull, whoſe cruell hornes doe threat
Deſperate daunger, if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To ſpy where he may ſome advantage get,
The whiles the beaſt doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his diſdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound ſwore.

XLVI. 7. ——————— *his* burden] That is, his *club*. So Chaucer, in deſcribing the giant Daungir, *Rom. R.* 3401.

" And in his hand a grete *bourdoun*."

G. Douglas tranſlates Virgil, *Æn.* x. 318. " Sternentes agmina *clava*," " That with his *burdon* all the routis dang." Ital. *bordone*, Fr. *bourdon*. UPTON.

XLVII. 9. *And oftentimes by* Turmagant *and* Mahound *ſwore*.] Theſe Saracen oaths are likewiſe to be met with in Arioſto and Taſſo. Hall perhaps points out our author in the following verſes, *Sat.* B. i. S. i.

" Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
" Of mightie *Mahound* and great *Termagaunt*."

Mahound, or *Mahomet*, ſeems to have been anciently a cha-

XLVIII.

Natheleſſe ſo ſharpely ſtill he him purſewd,
That at advantage him at laſt he tooke,

racter on our ſtage, when nothing was faſhionable but the legendary ſtories of the Saracens. Thus Skelton, *Poems*, p. 158. edit. 1736.

" Like *Mahound* in a play,
" No man dare him withſtaye."

Thus alſo Stow, *Annals*, 459. " And in a ſtage-plaie the people know right well, that he which playeth the *Sowdaine*, &c." The Souldan of Syria being another Saracen character, uſual on our Stage. T. WARTON.

Mr. Warton has paſſed over in ſilence *Turmagant*; who alſo appears to have been a dramatick character. See Ritſon's *Metrical Romances*, vol. i. p. 261. " *Tervagant*, *l'un des dieux prétendus des Mahométans*, is a character in *Le jeu de S. Nicolas*, a very ancient French myſtery; (ſee *Fabliaux ou contes*, ii. 131;) but no ſuch perſonage, or even name, occurs in any Engliſh myſtery or morality now extant, or of which we have any account; though, from the following paſſage in Bale's *Acts of Engliſh Votaries*, it would ſeem that ſome ſuch character had, in his time, been known to the ſtage: *Grennyng upon her, lyke* TERMAGAUNTES *in a play*,"—The author of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, as Dr. Percy long ſince obſerved, repreſents his hero, upon all occaſions, defying " *Mahound* and *Termagaunte*." See *Rel. of Anc. Poetry*, vol. i. Note at the end of *King Eſtmere*, where the learned editor remarks that *Termagaunt* is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens; which word, he adds, is derived by Junius from the Anglo-Saxon, Tyn *very*, and Magan *mighty*, and that this high name had perhaps been originally given to ſome Saxon idol before our anceſtors were converted to Chriſtianity; and that the old French romancers borrowed the word from the Engliſh minſtrels, and corrupted it into *Tervagaunte*. But Mr. Ritſon, in the notes on his *Metrical Romances*, vol. i. 260, &c. ſhews that *Tervagant* occurs in the *King of Tars*, a romance probably anteriour to Chaucer's time; and that the Engliſh romances ſervilely followed the French. And, " with reſpect to the etymology of the *original name* TERVAGANTE, (for it is perfectly ridiculous to ſeek for that of the corruption of *Termagant*,) it may poſſibly," ſays Mr. Ritſon, " be referred to the two Latin words *ter* and *vagans*, i. e. the action of going or turning thrice round, a very ancient ceremony in

When his foote ſlipt, (that ſlip he dearely rewd,)
And with his yron club to ground him ſtrooke;
Where ſtill he lay, ne out of ſwoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him faſt: Tho, when he up did looke
And ſaw himſelfe captiv'd, he was diſmayd,
Ne powre had to withſtand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that Foole for pitty did him ſpare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often ſcourg'd, and forſt his feete to fynd:

magical incantation."—Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his notes on Chaucer, ſays that this Saracen deity is conſtantly called, in an old romance in the Bodleian Library, *Tervagan*. The Italian poets name him, *Trivigante*. Thus Arioſto, as Mr. Ritſon has noticed;

"Beſtemmiando *Macone*, e TRIVIGANTE."

And thus, I may add, Bruſantino in his *Angelica Inamorata*, 1553. C. xxvii. p. 167.

"Inuocando *Appolino*, & TRIUIGANTE,
"Per ſoccorſo al ſuo duol troppo importàte."

I do not agree with Mr. Warton that Hall levels his ſatire againſt Spenſer *in particular*, on account of theſe expreſſions. For they were probably *common*. See the *Hiſt. of the Tryall of Cheualry*, 4to. Lond. Printed by Simon Stafford: "Though wee haue loſt our braue Generall, the Earle of Pembrooke, yet here's Caualiero Bowyer, Core, and Nod, &c. And *Makound* and *Termagant* come againſt vs, weele fight with them. Courágio, my hearts, St. George, for the honour of England.

TODD.

And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him ſcorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words ſharpely wound, but greateſt griefe of ſcorning growes.

XLIX. 6. ——————— *with bitter* mockes *and* mowes] *Mocks* and *mowes* ſeem to imply inſults by *diſtortions of the countenance*; or, as we ſay vulgarly, *making mouths* at one. So, in our old tranſlation of the Pſalms, *Pſ.* xxxv. 15. "The very abjects came together againſt me unawares, *making mows* at me, and ceaſed not:" And the word *mows* is preſerved as late as in the Cambridge quarto edition of the Common Prayer Book, printed in 1683.—In works, ſubſequent to the *Faerie Queene*, we find the combination *mops* and *mowes*; as in Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, where the "Shapes dance with *mops* and *mowes*," which Mr. Malone vindicates as the true reading, conſidering *mocks*, the reading of the old copy of that play, as a manifeſt errour of the preſs. Yet, we ſee, the authority of Spenſer here would have ſupported "MOCKS and *mows*." However, Shakſpeare uſes *mop* and *mow* again. And thus B. Rich, in his *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 1606, p. 7. Speaking of a *Fantaſticke*: "I beleeue hee hath robd a Iackanapes of his ieſture; marke but his countenance, ſee how hee *mops* and how he *mowes*, and how he ſtraines his lookes." Again, in John Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, 1629. Tale 101. Where the Mayor of "Looe in Cornwall," his wife, and his brethren of the corporation viſit the pretended queen's ape: The ape, "to expreſſe his courteſie to the mayor's wife, put forth his paw towards her, and *made a mouth*; which the woman perceiuing, ſaid, Huſband, I doe thinke in my conſcience that the Queenes Ape doth *mocke* me: whereat Iacke made another mouth at her, which maſter mayor eſpying was very angry, &c. and went to the inne-doore where Iacke-an-ape's tutor was gathering of money, to whom he ſaid, Sir, doe you allow your Ape to abuſe my wife? No, Sir, quoth the other, not by any meanes. Truly, ſaid the Mayor, there is witneſſe enough within that haue ſeene him make *mops* and *mowes* at her, as if ſhe were not worthy to wipe his ſhooes, &c." TODD.

XLIX. 9. *Words* &c.] So all the editions. The oppo-

L.

The faire Serena, when ſhe ſaw him fall
Under that Villaines club, then ſurely thought
That ſlaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeede ſhe mought
To ſeeke for ſafety; which long time ſhe ſought;
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe againe to Calepine was brought:
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further ſay.

ſition is between *blows* and *words*. I incline to think Spenſer gave, "*Swords* ſharpely wound, &c." See the like ſentiment, F. Q. iv. iv. 4. CHURCH.

L. 9. *Till Mirabellaes fortunes I do further* ſay.] Till I do further *ſay* or *ſpeak of* the fortune, &c. Or thus: Till I do 'ſay, *aſſay*, *attempt to treat of*, the fortune, &c. UPTON.

To *ſay* is here uſed for to *relate*, agreeably to another paſſage in the F. Q. "Came meſſenger with letters which his meſſage *ſaid*." TODD.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Diſdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

YE gentle Ladies, in whoſe ſoveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift;
Be well aware how ye the ſame doe uſe,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Leaſt, if men you of cruelty accuſe,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuſe.

II.

And as ye ſoft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye ſoft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardneſſe from you chace,

I. 9. *He*] The God of Love: as in the foregoing inſtance of Mirabella. CHURCH.

That all your other praiſes will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Enſample take of Mirabellaes caſe,
Who from the high degree of happy ſtate
Fell into wretched woes, which ſhe repented late.

III.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to releaſe or mollify;
For aye the more that ſhe did them entreat,
The more they him miſuſt, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him ſtill reviling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having ſubdew'd yet did to life reſtore;)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment

III. 6. ——— *nought*] The ſecond and third folios, *not*. CHURCH.

IV. 4. *That was that courteous Knight,*] F. Q. vi. vii. 12. UPTON.

Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them ſhould grieve to ſee his puniſhment.

V.

The Squire himſelfe, whenas he ſaw his Lord
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe in place,
Was much aſham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive caſe,
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee or to be ſeene at all;
Shame would be hid: But whenas Enias
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch Villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

VI.

And to the Prince thus ſayd; "See you, Sir Knight,
The greateſt ſhame that ever eye yet ſaw,
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule deſpight
Abuſde, againſt all reaſon and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe!
See! how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
See! how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
But, if ye pleaſe to lend me leave awhile,

I will them ſoone acquite, and both of blame
aſſoile."

VII.

The Prince aſſented; and then he, ſtreightway
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to ſay;
"Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treaſon thralled unto you
Theſe two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purſew:
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or elſe abide the Death that hard before you
ſtands."

VIII.

The Villaine ſtayd not aunſwer to invent;

VI. 9. *I will* &c.] That is, I will ſoon releaſe them from the reproach they now ſuffer. CHURCH.

VII. 4. ——— treachetours] *Traitors.* Chaucer uſes *treachour* in this ſenſe; which word is alſo employed by Spenſer. *Treachetour* ſomewhat reſembles the word *tregetour*, a name formerly applied to *magicians*, i. e. to that kind of them who were ſkilled in ſleight of hand, &c. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on *tregetours*, Chaucer's *Cant. T.* 11453, where he ſays "The Gloſſary derives *tregetour* from the Barb. Lat. *tricator;* but the derivatives of that family are *tricheur, tricherie,* trick, &c. Nor can I find the word *tregetour* in any language but our own. It ſeems clearly to be formed from *treget*, which is frequently uſed by Chaucer for *deceit, impoſture.*" TODD.

VII. 9. ——— *the Death that hard* before *you ſtands.*] So all the editions. But I could wiſh to have found,

——— "the Death that hard *behind* you ſtands—"

as in F. Q. ii. viii. 37.

"Lo! where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth ſtond!" CHURCH.

But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes ſad meſſage backe unto him ſent;
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay,
No more then lightening from the lofty ſky:
Ne liſt the Knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death; but, lightly ſlipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended deſtiny:

IX.

And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved himſelfe but that he there him ſlew;
Yet ſav'd not ſo, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his Foe good hope of victory:
Who, therewith fleſht, upon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke thought certainely
To have ſupplyde the firſt, and paide the uſury.

X.

But Fortune aunſwerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The Villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might

Rebeaten backe upon himſelfe againe
He driven was to ground in ſelfe deſpight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had ſet his foote with fell diſdaine.

XI.

With that the Foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whileſt on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held ſo ſtrayte,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other Villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the Foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage ſtout.

XII.

As when a ſturdy ploughman with his hynde

XI. 5. *So as he could not* weld him] *Wield*, direct or manage *himſelf* any way: *him* for *himſelf* is frequent in Spenſer. UPTON.

XI. 9. ——— *them two*] Sir Enias and Timias. CHURCH.

XII. 1. *As when a ſturdy ploughman*] This ſimile ſeems taken from Propertius, L. ii. *Eleg.* 25. ver. 47.

" Sed non ante gravis taurus ſuccumbit aratro,
" Cornua quàm validis hæſerit in laqueis."

By ſtrength have overthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They downe him hold, and faſt with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did theſe two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteede to aide him neare;
And, buckling ſoone himſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle, to ſave his friend from ieopardy.

Or from *Orl. Fur.* C. xi. 42.

" Come toro ſalvatico, ch' al corno
" Gittar ſi ſenta un' improviſo laccio,
" Salta di quà e di là, s' aggira intorno,
" Si colca e leva, e non può uſcir d' impaccio."

UPTON.

XII. 1. ——————— *hynde*] See the note on *hylding*, F. Q. vi. v. 25. Spenſer, in his View of Ireland, ſays " *hinds* are what the Iriſh call *churls* or *peaſants*." Anglo-Sax. hine, *famulus, ſervus.* See Ruddiman's Gloſſ. G. Douglas's Virgil, in V. " *Hynis*, hinds, ſervants, &c." TODD.

XII. 4. ——— *the* buxome *yoke*] The word *buxome* is here uſed in the ſenſe of *yielding* or *obedient*. See alſo F. Q. iii. ii. 23. " Them, that to him *buxome* are and prone." So Chaucer, *The Shipm. Tale*, 13107. " And *buxome* to his wif." See alſo Spenſer's " *buxome* air," F. Q. i. xi. 37, and " *buxome* waters," F. Q. iii. iv. 32. We have alſo, in our language, the ſubſtantive *buxomeneſs*, which no lexicographer has noticed. Thus, in *The Prouerbes of Lydgate*, bl. l. Impr. by Wynkyn de Worde:

" That ſhe is ſente, receyve it in *buxumneſſe*." TODD.

XIII.

The Villaine, leaving him unto his Mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Sometimes aloft he layd, ſometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the Prince ſo well enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At laſt the Caytive after long diſcourſe,

XIII. 3. ——— debate,] *Conteſt*; as the French uſe *debat*, and the Italians *dibatto*. So Chaucer frequently, and G. Douglas. See alſo F. Q. ii. viii. 54, vi. iii. 22. And the verb *debate* in the ſenſe of *fight* or *contend*, F. Q. ii. viii. 11, iii. ix. 14, &c. UPTON.

XIII. 4. *And with his club him all about ſo* bliſt,] *Wounded*, from the Fr. *bleſſer*. The word is ſpelt *bliſt* for the ſake of the rhyme. See Cotgrave's expoſition of *bleſſer*, viz. "to wound or hurt, whether by a bloudwipe, dry blow, or bruiſe, &c." TODD.

XIV. 6. ——— *after long* diſcourſe,] After *ſhifting ground* and *traverſing to and fro*. Lat. *diſcurſus*. JORTIN.

When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoyded quite,
Reſolved in one t' aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorſe.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull inſtrument of yre
Thought ſure have pownded him to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre;
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire:
For, ere his ſtroke attayned his intent,
The noble Childe, preventing his deſire,
Under his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow;

XIV. 8. *Reſolved in* one &c.] Agreeably to the practice of heroes in romance. See Boiardo, *Orl. Innam.* L. ii. C. iii. ſt. 6.

——— " nel ſuo cor ſi ſpera
" Finire *a un colpo* quella guerra fiera." TODD.

XV. 2. ——— *inſtrument*] The ſecond and third folios, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, *inſtruments*. TODD.

XV. 3. ——— *pownded*] So Spenſer, Hughes's ſecond edition, and the edition of 1751, read. The folios, and Hughes's firſt edition, *powned*. CHURCH.

XV. 7. ——— *preventing*] See F. Q. iv. i. 41. CHURCH.

But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)
So as it was unable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he aſſayed to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

XVII.

Eftſoones the Prince to him full nimbly ſtept,
And, leaſt he ſhould recover foote againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to have ſwept:
Which when the Lady ſaw, ſhe cryde amaine;
"Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight, for love of God abſtaine
From that unwares ye weetleſſe doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be ſlaine;
For more on him doth then himſelfe depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end."

XVIII.

He ſtaide his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathëmore him ſuffred to arize;
But, ſtill ſuppreſſing, gan of her inquire,

XVII. 6. From *that* &c.] This emendation, made by the firſt folio, is followed by every ſubſequent edition except that of 1751, which conforms to Spenſer's apparent errour of the preſs, "*For* that &c." TODD.

What meaning mote thoſe uncouth words comprize,
That in that Villaines health her ſafety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reſkue enterprize,
Yet heavens themſelves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

XIX.

Then burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water-ſtreams, awhile ſhe ſtayd;
Till the ſharpe paſſion being overpaſt,
Her tongue to her reſtord, then thus ſhe ſayd;
"Nor heavens, nor men, can me moſt wretched Mayd
Deliver from the doome of my deſart,
The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

XX.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre

XVIII. 6. *That*] That thing, i. e. her ſafety. CHURCH.
XIX. 8. ——— damned] *Condemned.* CHURCH.

Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight;
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight;
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the service dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sigh't,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

XXI.

" But let them love that list, or live or die;
Me list not die for any lovers doole:
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pitty him that list to play the foole:
To love myself I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triúmphed long in lovers paine,

XX. 2. ——— *bloosme delight,*] That is, cause delight to spring in the hearts of those who beheld it. CHURCH.

XX. 7. ——— *sigh't,*] For *sighed.* From the Saxon verb *sike*, to *sigh.* See Tyrwhitt's Gloss. Chaucer, in V. *Sighte.* And thus, in the *Man of Lawes Tale*, ver. 5455.

——— " prively he *sighte*,
" And sped him fro the table that he mighte." TODD.

XX. 9. *Complayning* out on me] *Out on me:* words of indignation, as *out on thee; fy on thee.* OUT is an interjection that both Spenser and Chaucer frequently use, and often joined with *Harrow:* see Somner, in voc. UPTON.

XXI. 1. *But* &c.] The construction is, *But let them that list love*, i. e. But let them that were disposed to love me, &c. CHURCH.

And, ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorners ſtoole,
Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with intereſt againe.

XXII.

"For loe! the winged god, that woundeth harts,
Cauſde me be called to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of thoſe wrongfull ſmarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce ſore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdaine and Scorne, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I have ſav'd ſo many as I earſt did ſlay."

XXIII.

"Certes," ſayd then the Prince, "the god is iuſt,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples ſpoile:
For were no law in love, but all that luſt
Might them oppreſſe, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toile,

XXI. 7. *And, ſitting* &c.] We meet with ſomething like this, in our old metrical verſion of the firſt Pſalm:
"Nor *ſate* in *ſcorner's chair*." T. WARTON.

And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more
comely were?"

XXIV.

" Here in this bottle," ſayd the ſory Mayd,
" I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things paſt and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag ſo torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the
more I mourn."

XXV.

The Infant hearkned wiſely to her tale,

XXIV. 1. *Here in this bottle, ſayd the ſory Mayd,*
I put the tears of my contrition,] Pſal. lvi. 8: "Thou telleſt my flittings: Put my tears into thy bottle." Spenſer ſeems to allude to the lachrymatory bottles; the Italians call them, *lacrimarii.* UPTON.

XXIV. 6. ——————— leake,] *Leaky.* See F. Q. i. vi. 35. CHURCH.

XXV. 1. *The* Infant] In the old times of Chivalry, the noble *youth*, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoyſels*, *Bacheliers*. The moſt noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*. WARBURTON.

Spenſer has here employed the word in the ſenſe of *Prince*, which is the Spaniſh ſignification of it. And thus Fairfax, B. xvi. 34. of Rinaldo:

" This ſaid, the noble *Infant* ſtood a ſpace
" Confuſed, ſpeechleſſe, &c." TODD.

Ibid. ——— wiſely] *Conſiderately.* Lat. *conſultò.* See F. Q. ii. iii. 15. CHURCH.

And wondred much at Cupids iudg'ment wiſe,
That could ſo meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himſelfe on them that him deſpiſe.
Then ſuffred he Diſdaine up to ariſe,
Who was not able up himſelfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckleſſe priſe,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his fooliſh feare
Was holpen up, who him ſupported ſtanding neare.

XXVI.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with ſterne eye-brows ſtared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall:
And ſtanding on his tiptoes, to ſeeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if ſuch pride the other could apall;
Who was ſo far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſpraized.

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or ſeene at all,

XXV. 8. ——————— feare] *Companion*. See the notes on F. Q. iv. x. 27. TODD.

He from thoſe bands weend him to have unwound;
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true Groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with ſeeing ſatisfie his great deſire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the Salvage Man, when he beheld
That huge great Foole oppreſſing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto ſome carrion offered to his ſight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So ſore him ſcourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

XXIX.

And ſure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But, being checkt, he did abſtaine ſtreightway

And let him riſe. Then thus the Prince gan ſay;
"Now, Lady, ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
That, if ye liſt have liberty, ye may;
Unto yourſelfe I freely leave to choſe,
Whether I ſhall you leave, or from theſe Villaines loſe."

XXX.

"Ah! nay, Sir Knight," ſaid ſhe, "it may not be,
But that I needes muſt by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
Leaſt unto me betide a greater ill:
Yet no leſſe thankes to you for your good will."
So humbly taking leave ſhe turnd aſide:
But Arthure with the reſt went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

XXXI.

But firſt it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as earſt you heard,
When firſt the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With thoſe two Carles, fled faſt away, afeard

XXX. 9. *A great adventure,*] Of which, however, we receive no further information. See the note on F. Q. vi. iv. 38. TODD.

XXXI. 2. ——— *as earſt you heard,*] See the preceding C. ſt. 50. CHURCH.

Of villany to be to her inferd:
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two ſhe foure did read.

XXXII.

Through hils and dales, through buſhes and through breres,
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Herſelfe now paſt the perill of her feares:
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And, ſitting downe, herſelfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

XXXIII.

And evermore ſhe blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her ſo light,
As her to leave in ſuch a piteous plight:
Yet never turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright:

XXXI. 5. ——————— *to her* inferd:] *Brought upon* her. Lat. *infero.* CHURCH.

XXXI. 9. *And every body two, and two ſhe foure did read.*] See Euripides, in *Bacch.* ver. 915. So Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 470. "Et ſolem geminum & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas." UPTON.

Who all this while endured for her ſake
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

XXXIV.

Tho whenas all her plaints ſhe had diſplayd,
And well diſburdened her engrieved breſt,
Upon the graſſe herſelfe adowne ſhe layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betooke herſelfe to reſt:
There whileſt in Morpheus boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Feareleſſe of ought that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafëty betray
Unto a ſtrange miſchaunce, that menac'd her decay.

XXXV.

In theſe wylde deſerts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſalvage nation, which did live
Of ſtealth and ſpoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themſelves to any trade, (as for to drive

XXXIV. 4. *Where, being tyrde with travell, and oppreſt*
With ſorrow, *ſhe betooke herſelfe to reſt:*] 'Tis frequently mentioned in Heliodorus, that, being oppreſt with ſorrow, they fell aſleep. The ſame obſervation is made in the New Teſtament, *Luke* xxii. 45. "He found his diſciples ſleeping *for ſorrow.*" There are many of theſe natural obſervations in our poet, which have a pleaſing effect when introduced with art. UPTON.

XXXV. 4. *Into their neighbours borders;*] See the note on F. Q. vi. x. 39. TODD.

The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And ſerve their owne neceſſities with others need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they uſde one moſt accurſed order,
To eate the fleſh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And ſtraungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde:
A monſtrous cruelty gainſt courſe of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To ſeeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a ſheepe aſtray,
Now drowned in the depth of ſleepe all fearleſſe lay.

XXXVII.

Soone as they ſpide her, lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongſt themſelves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory ſhining they did ſee,
Each gan his fellow ſolace and embrace
For ioy of ſuch good hap by heavenly grace.

XXXVI. 5. ——————— *gainſt courſe of kynde!*] Againſt the courſe of nature, *unnatural.* CHURCH.

XXXVII. 5. ——————— grace.] *Favour.* So again, in ſt. 38. CHURCH.

Then gan they to devize what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encombermentt;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of god she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifize,

XXXVIII. 1. ——— *of bad,*] That is, of many bad ones. CHURCH.

XXXVIII. 3. ——— *would make her* battill *better:*] That is, *grow fatter*. To *battel* is to *grow* or *make fat*. "Ashes are a marvellous improvement to *battle* barren land, by reason of the fixt salt which they contain." Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 238. And p. 260. "Much *battling* the meadows." CHURCH.

The word *battil*, or *battle*, is well known in the Universities for *to take up provisions on the college account*: If originally as alms or allowance, it might be brought from the Germ. *bettein*, mendicare. But Skinner derives it from the Belg. *betalen*, solvere, numerare. 'Tis used for to feed as cattle, and hence to grow fat; and, in this last sense, here; unless we read, *batten*. UPTON.

The word *battil*, or *battle*, is certainly still known at Oxford in the sense which Mr. Upton has mentioned. At Cambridge the word, employed in its stead, is *size*. Spenser, who was a Cambridge student, adopted the word probably from the communication of some Oxford friend. Cotgrave, in his old French Dictionary, explains the word thus: "To *battle*, or *get flesh*;" and adds, "To *battle*, as schollers doe in Oxford. Estre debteur au College pour les vivres. *Mot usé seulement des jeunes escoliers de l'Université d'Oxford.*" See also Cotgrave in *V. Size.* TODD.

Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would
present:
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gur-
mandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring
space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels
chose;

XXXVIII. 7. Whose share, *her guiltlesse bloud they would present:*] In all sacrifices the gods had *their share*, which the Greeks called ἀπαρχαί. So Horace,

"Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
"Pasco, libatis dapibus,"

That is, giving my houshold gods *their share*. As to this episode of the intended sacrifice of Serena, and her almost miraculous escape, it seems taken from Achilles Tatius, who wrote the romance of Clitipho and Leucippe. Leucippe, like Serena, is carried away and intended to be sacrificed. There is likewise a subitary altar erected: βωμὸς δέ τις αὐτοῖς αὐτοσχέδιος ἦν πηλοῦ πεποιημένος, καὶ σορὸς τοῦ βωμοῦ πλησίον, as in st. 44. "Of few green turfes an altar soone they fayned." So Lucan, L. i. 9. "Erexit subitas congesti cespitis aras." So Milton, of the altar which Abel erected, *Par. L.* B. xi. 432. Leucippe is afterwards wonderfully preserved, and in a different manner from Serena. So likewise, in Heliodorus, Theagenes and Chariclea, being taken captives, were intended to be sacrificed, but were miraculously preserved. UPTON.

XXXIX. 4. ——————— *daintest*] The folios and Hughes, *daintiest*; which, as the verse will admit of it, I think the poet gave. CHURCH.

I have before observed that this word is the superlative degree of *daint*; and therefore the folios and Hughes are not justified in their alteration, Spenser's own reading is correct, and Mr. Church's criticism is unsound. TODD.

Some praiſe her paps; ſome praiſe her lips and noſe;
Some whet their knives, and ſtrip their elboes bare:
The Prieſt himſelfe a garland doth compoſe
Of fineſt flowers, and with full buſie care
His bloudy veſſels waſh and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The Damzell wakes; then all attonce upſtart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the braſen ſkies.
Which when ſhe ſees with ghaſtly grieſful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: then out aloud ſhe cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

XLI.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And firſt they ſpoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongſt them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.

XL. 5. ——— *grieſful*] This, if I miſtake not, is a compound word of Spenſer's own. CHURCH.

XL. 9. ——— embrew.] For *embrews*, on account of the rhyme. UPTON.

Now being naked, to their ſordid eyes
The goodly threaſures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with luſtfull fantaſyes,
Each wiſheth to himſelfe, and to the reſt envyes.

XLII.

Her yvorie neck; her alablaſter breſt;
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were
For Love in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
Her tender ſides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itſelfe uprere
To offer ſacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whoſe glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The ſpoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel won.

XLIII.

Thoſe daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Thoſe Villeins vew'd with looſe laſcivious ſight,
And cloſely tempted with their craftie ſpyes;
And ſome of them gun mongſt themſelves devize
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure:
But them the Prieſt rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred threaſure
Vow'd to the gods: Religion held even theeves in meaſure.

XLIV.

So, being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre aſyde,
In which an altar ſhortly they erected
To ſlay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this diſpred, that was the tyme ordayned
For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

XLV.

Tho, whenas all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar ſet,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the Prieſt with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter cloſe a certain ſecret charme,
With other diveliſh ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they ſhouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLV. 4. ——————————— net] *Neat*, clean. Fr. *net*. But as juſt below he ſays *met* for *meet*; ſo here, without going to the French language, he ſays *net* for *neat*; in both places omitting a letter, the eaſier to introduce his jingling terminations. UPTON.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to ſhrill
And ſhrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confuſed, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles ſhe wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye underſtand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The ſelfe ſame evening fortune hether drove,
As he to ſeeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he fought her, and through many a foyle
Had traveld ſtill on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endleſſe toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:

XLVI. 1. ——————————*to ſhrill*] *Sound ſhrilly*; the adjective uſed for a verb. See F. Q. v. vii. 27. UPTON.

XLVII. 2. ——————————*in heavie armes,*] He had no arms when he purſued the bear, C. iv. ſt. 19. And the Wild Man afterwards carries them away with him. But ſee the note, F. Q. iv. ix. 38. CHURCH.

XLVII. 3. ——————————*toyle,*] This is the emendation of the firſt folio, to which every ſubſequent edition has conformed, except that of 1751, which follows Spenſer's own, *toyles*. TODD.

XLVII. 4. *Ne ought was* feared *of his certaine harmes:*] That is, *frayed, affrighted*, on account of his certain harmes. UPTON.

And now, all weetleſſe of the wretched ſtormes
In which his Love was loſt, he ſlept full faſt;
Till, being waked with theſe loud alarmes,
He lightly ſtarted up like one aghaſt,
And catching up his arms ſtreight to the noiſe
forth paſt.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertaine glims of ſtarry night,
And by the twinkling of their ſacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning light,
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongſt whom a Woman ſpoyled of all attire
He ſpyde lamenting her unluckie ſtrife,
And groning ſore from grieved hart entire:
Eftſoones he ſaw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her breſt, and let out loved
life.

XLIX.

With that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng;
And, even as his right hand adowne deſcends,
He him preventing lays on earth along,
And ſacrifizeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the reſt his wrathfull hand he bends;

XLVIII. 4. ——————— quire:] *Company.* Lat. *chorus.* CHURCH.

XLVIII. 7. *And groning* &c.] That is, and groaning ſadly from the bottom of her heart. CHURCH.

XLIX. 5. ——— *his wrathfull* hand *he bends;*] Juſt above you have, "And even his right *hand* adowne deſcends," i. e. the prieſt's hand, who was going to ſacrifice Serena: And this word ſeems to have caught the printer's eye, and to have

Of whom he makes ſuch havocke and ſuch hew,
That ſwarmes of damned ſoules to hell he ſends:
The reſt, that ſcape his ſword and death eſchew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

L.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth ſitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what ſhe ought by kind;

occaſioned him here to give us "his wrathfull *hand*;" whereas variety and propriety rather claim another reading, viz. "his wrathfull *brand*." This is agreeable to Spenſer's manner of expreſſion, and preſerving that iteration of letters, which he is ſo apparently fond of: Beſides, the expreſſion is more poetical, keeping up the idea of a ſoldier, *his wrathfull brand*.

UPTON.

Mr. Upton has perhaps unneceſſarily propoſed an alteration of *hand*. We find expreſſions of ſimilar import in Scripture. See I. *Sam.* xxiv. 6. "The Lord forbid that I ſhould do this thing unto my maſter the Lord's anointed, *to ſtretch forth my* HAND *againſt him*." See alſo II. *Sam.* xviii. 12, &c.

TODD.

XLIX. 6. ——————————— *hew*,] That is, *hewing*. Hughes reads *hue*. CHURCH.

XLIX. 7. *That ſwarmes of damned ſoules to hell he ſends*:] Almoſt a tranſlation of Homer, *Il.* ά. 3.

Πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
Ἡρώων. TODD.

L. 4. ——————— *what* ſhe *ought by kind*;] So the folios, Hughes, and the edition of 1751, read: that is, what

He firſt her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to queſtion of her preſent woe;
And afterwards to cheare with ſpeaches kind:
But ſhe, for nought that he could ſay or doe,
One word durſt ſpeake, or anſwere him a whit thereto.

LI.

So inward ſhame of her uncomely caſe
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her diſgrace,
Yet ſhe in ſo unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the ſtate in which ſhe ſtood:
So all that night to him unknown ſhe paſt:
But day, that doth diſcover bad and good,
Enſewing, made her knowen to him at laſt:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another caſt.

ſhe ſhould naturally have covered, viz. *her* nakedneſs. Spenſer's own edition reads, "what *they* ought by kind." CHURCH.

I read *ſhe*. But the reading of Spenſer's own edition is not entirely to be diſregarded; for the tranſition from the ſingular to the plural, from Serena to women in general, is eaſy; and agreeable to the manner of the beſt writers of antiquity. UPTON.

LI. 9. ——— *Ile keepe untill another caſt.*] But we hear no more of Calepine and Serena. TODD.

Ibid. ——— caſt.] *Caſt* is here uſed for a *throw*, or *time*. UPTON.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hoſtes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Paſtorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he,
For ill, rewards him well.

I.

NOW turne againe my teme, thou iolly ſwayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter had not cleft;
Yet ſeem'd the ſoyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it paſt; that were too great a ſhame,
That ſo rich frute ſhould be from us bereft;
Beſides the great diſhonour and defame,
Which ſhould befall to Calidores immortall name.

II.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, ſith I left him laſt

I. 5. ——————————— eſt,] *Moreover.* See the note, F. Q. i. ix. 25. CHURCH.

II. 2. ——————— *ſith I left him laſt*] See F. Q. vi. iii. 26. CHURCH.

Sewing the Blatant Beaſt; which I forbore
To finiſh then, for other preſent haſt.
Full many pathes and perils he hath paſt,
Through hils, through dales, through foreſts, and through plaines,
In that ſame queſt which fortune on him caſt,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his reſtleſſe paines.

III.

So ſharply he the Monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffred him to reſt,
Ne reſted he himſelfe (but natures dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redreſt,
If he for ſlouth forſlackt ſo famous queſt.
Him firſt from court he to the citties courſed,
And from the citties to the townes him preſt,
And from the townes into the countrie forſed,

II. 3. ——————— *which I forbore*
To finiſh then,] See F. Q. vi. iii. 26. UPTON.

III. 3. ——————— *but natures dew,*] Only nature's dew. UPTON.

III. 6. *Him firſt from court* &c.] See vol. ii. p. lxxi. It is remarkable that, in the old romance of *Le Cheualier aux armes doree*, the knight gives offence to the poſſeſſors of thoſe lands through which he chaſes the *Glatiſſant Beaſt*, as it is there called. See the Paris edition, 4to. s. d. Sign. F. iii. " Des Cheualiers qui furent deſplaiſans pour autant que le Cheualier aux armes doree pourſuyvoit la Beſte Glatiſſant ſur leurs terres & ſeigneuries." TODD.

And from the country back to private farmes
he ſcorſed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And ſhepheards ſinging, to their flockes that fed,
Layes of ſweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed faſt, and chaced him ſo nie,
That to the folds, where ſheepe at night doe ſeat,
And to the litle cots, where ſhepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V.

There on a day, as he purſew'd the chace,

IV. 9. *In winters wrathfull* time,] So all the editions. I think Spenſer gave, "In winter's wrathfull *tine*," i. e. *inclemency*. So, in F. Q. iv. xii. 34. "Through cruell winter's *tine*." And, in F. Q. iv. iii. 23, he uſes "winters *teene*."

CHURCH.

I believe Spenſer wrote *tine* or *teen*, which is Chaucer's expreſſion. See the note on F. Q. iv. iii. 23. UPTON.

V. 1. *There on a day, as he purſew'd the chace,*
He chaunſt to ſpy a fort of ſhepheard groomes
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beaſts there in the budded broomes
Beſide them fed,] Theſe verſes are a diſtant imitation of Chaucer. They are more immediately an imitation of himſelf in the Eclogues, *Febr.*

"So loytering live you little heard-groomes,
"Keeping your beaſts in the budded broomes:——
"And crowing in pipes made of grene corne:"

He chaunſt to ſpy a ſort of ſhepheard groomes
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beaſts there in the budded broomes
Beſide them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes;
For other worldly wealth they cared nought:
To whom Sir Calidore yet ſweating comes,
And them to tell him courteouſly beſought,
If ſuch a beaſt they ſaw, which he had thether brought.

VI.

They anſwer'd him that no ſuch beaſt they ſaw,

which are apparently an immediate imitation of theſe in Chaucer, *Houſe of Fame*, ver. 133.

" And many a floite, and litlyng horne,
" And pipis made of grene corne.
" As have theſe litle herdegromes.
" That keepen beaſtis in the bromes."

The word *herd-groome* occurs again in Spenſer's *Auguſt*: " Yonder *herd-groome* and none other." And again, in the poem before us, vi. xi. 39. " That they were poore *heard-groomes*." T. WARTON.

V. 2, ——— *a ſort of ſhepheard groomes*,] The word *ſort* occurs perpetually in Spenſer, for *flock*, *troop*, *company*, &c. So, in F. Q. v. iv. 36.

" And like a *ſort* of bees in cluſters ſwarmed."

That is, a *ſwarm*. Again, F. Q. v. iv. 44. " But like a *ſorte* of ſheepe:" That is, a *flock*. Again, F. Q. iv. x. 43.

" And all about her altar ſcattered lay
" Great *ſortes* of lovers."

That is, a great *number*, a large *aſſembly* of, &c. The word is not unfrequent in Harington's Arioſto. We find it in the Pſalms, where few perhaps underſtand its true ſenſe. " How long will ye imagine miſchief againſt every man? Ye ſhall be ſlain all the *ſort* of you," *Pſ.* lxii. 3. i. e. Your whole *company* or multitude, ſhall be ſlain. The Septuagint render it, Εως τινος επιλησεσθε επ' ανθρωπον; Φονευσατε ΠΑΝΤΕΣ. T. WARTON.

Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that ſuch there were (as none they kend)
They prayd High God them farre from them to ſend:
Then one of them him ſeeing ſo to ſweat,
After his ruſticke wife, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirſtie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: ſo adowne
They prayd him ſit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as ſerves the ſimple clowne,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the towne:
Tho, having fed his fill, he there beſyde

VI. 5. ——————— them *farre*] So Spenſer's own edition, and thoſe of 1751, Upton, and Church, read. The reſt, "*him* farre." TODD.

VII. 4. *Such homely* what] *Fare, things*, &c. So, in Chaucer's *Houſe of Fame*, ver. 651. "Nè ellis *what* [nor *any thing* elſe] fro women ſent." And in the *Rom. R.* 6737. "For to worchin as he had *what*," i. e. *wherewithal*. So likewiſe Spenſer in his *Shep. Cal.* September:

"Then plainly to ſpeake of ſhepheards moſt *what*."

Again, in *July*:

"Come downe, and learne the little *what*
"That Thomalin can ſaine." UPTON.

Saw a faire Damzell, which did weare a
crowne
Of ſundry flowres with ſilken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne
hands had dyde.

VIII.

Upon a litle hillocke ſhe was placed
Higher then all the reſt, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely laſſes; and them all without
The luſtie ſhepheard ſwaynes ſate in a rout,
The which did pype and ſing her prayſes dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder ſhout,
As if ſome miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them deſcended in that earthly
vew.

IX.

And ſoothly ſure ſhe was full fayre of face,

VIII. 5. ——————— *in a* rout,] *Company*, in which ſenſe Dr. Johnſon has not given a ſingle illuſtration under the word *rout*; neither has the author of the Supplement to Johnſon's Dictionary noticed this ſignification. It is true that *rout* is uſed by Spenſer for a *rabble* or *tumultuous crowd*. But here it is no *noiſy* or *diſorderly meeting*. Compare Chaucer's "nine and twenty in a *compagnie*, that toward Canterbury wolden ride;" one of *which company*, the Reve, is thus deſcribed, *Prol.* 624.

"And ever he rode the hindereſt of the *route*."

Again, *March. Tale*, 9424. "Of women many a *route*." This phraſe will remind the reader of that which modern faſhion has applied to one of its moſt frequent feſtivities; while the *company*, however, on ſuch occaſions often conſiſt almoſt (to uſe an expreſſion of Milton) of "*numbers numberleſs*," and conſequently violate the original ſimplicity of *rout*!! TODD.

And perfectly well ſhapt in every lim,
Which ſhe did more augment with modeſt grace
And comely carriage of her countenance trim,
That all the reſt like ſeeler lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as ſome heavenly wight,
Did for their ſoveraine goddeſſe her eſteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayreſt Paſtorella her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there ſhepheards ſwayne,
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with ſweet pleaſing payne
Full many a night for her did ſigh and grone:
But moſt of all the ſhepheard Coridon
For her did languiſh, and his deare life ſpend;
Yet neither ſhe for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind aſcend.

X. 1. ——————— heard,] *A keeper of cattle.* See ſt. 4. "Whereas the *heards* were keeping of their neat." See alſo Gloſſ. G. Douglas's Virgil, where Ruddiman remarks that "*hird* is a ſhepherd, nolt-herd, &c. paſtor, gregis cujuſcunque cuſtos, ab Anglo-Sax. *heard*, paſtor, grex. In Scotland it is uſed for the former, a *keeper*; in England for the latter, the *flock*." Theſe examples of Spenſer prove the uſage of it, however, in the former ſenſe in England. TODD.

XI.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the Blynd Boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the Damzels fantazy.

XIII.

By this the moystie Night approching fast

XI, 3. ——— *the* meane] That is, *mein*. TODD.
XIII, 1. ——— *the* moystie *Night*] Virgil, *Æn.* ii, 8. "*Humida* nox." UPTON.

Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepheards to their homes to haſt
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed:
Then came to them a good old aged Syre,
Whoſe ſilver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With ſhepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the Damzell riſe; the day did now expyre.

XIV.

He was to weet, by common voice, eſteemed
The father of the fayreſt Paſtorell,
And of herſelfe in very deede ſo deemed;
Yet was not ſo; but, as old ſtories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and nourſed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;

XIII. 5. *For feare* &c.] So, in his *Shep. Cal.* June:
"Then riſe, ye bleſſed flocks, and home apace,
"Leaſt Night with ſtealing ſteppes do you foreſloe,
"And wet your tender lambs that by you trace."
CHURCH.

XIV. 4. ———— *but, as old ſtories tell,* &c.] See F. Q. iv. xii. 9. This ſtory of Paſtorella is founded on the old Romance called *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, from which Shakſpeare borrowed the plan of his play called the *Winter's Tale*: Or rather Spenſer might borrow from the original, viz. the paſtoral of *Daphnis and Chloe* by Longus: which paſtoral-romance if the reader conſults, he will find ſome correſponding paſſages and imitations. UPTON.

That ſhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did ariſe,
And ſtreight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the reſt about her roſe likewiſe,
And each his ſundrie ſheepe with ſeverall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whyleſt every one with helping hands did ſtrive
Amongſt themſelves, and did their labours ſhare,
To helpe faire Paſtorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon moſt helpe did give.

XVI.

But Melibee (ſo hight that good old man)
Now being Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his ſimple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better ſo
To lodge then in the ſalvage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly ſoone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wiſh; and home with him did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honeſt Syre

And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him beſought himſelfe to diſattyre,
And reſt himſelfe, till ſupper time befell;
By which home came the fayreſt Paſtorell,
After her flocke ſhe in their fold had tyde;
And, ſupper readie dight, they to it fell
With ſmall adoe, and nature ſatisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fayre Mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell
In courteſie and well could doe and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſſe as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his Hoſt and his good Wife;
And, drawing thence his ſpeach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which ſhepheards lead, without debate or bitter ſtrife.

XIX.

"How much," ſayd he, "more happie is the ſtate
In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at eaſe,
Leading a life ſo free and fortunate
From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
Which toſſe the reſt in daungerous diſeaſe;

XVII. 6. ——————— their *fold*] The folio of 1679 and Tonſon's edition in 1758 read, "*her* fold." Todd.

Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appeaſe!
That certes I your happineſſe envie,
And wish my lot were plaſt in ſuch felicitie!"

XX.

"Surely, my Sonne," then answer'd he againe,
"If happie; then it is in this intent,
That having ſmall yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myſelfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nouriſhment;
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI.

"Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
They, that have much, feare much to looſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.
The litle that I have growes dayly more

XIX. 9. ——— *lot*] The folio of 1679, *love*. CHURCH.

XX. 1. *Surely, my Sonne,* &c.] This ſpeech is copied from that of the ſhepherd in Taſſo, C. vii. ſt. 8, &c. CHURCH.

XXI. 6. *And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.*] Almoſt literally from Horace,

"Creſcentem ſequitur cura pecuniam." UPTON.

Ibid. ——— *ſtore*] The folio of 1679, Hughes's firſt edition, and Tonſon's in 1758, read *do*. TODD.

Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it!

XXII.

"To them, that list, the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

XXI. 8. —— my flockes father] This expression is taken from the pastoral poets, Ὦ τράγε, τὰν λευκὰν αἰγῶν ἄνερ, *Theocr. Id.* viii. 49. "Vir gregis ipse caper," Virgil, *Ecl.* vii. 7. And Spenser again, *Shep. Cal.* Feb.

"Thy *flockes father* his courage hath lost." UPTON.

XXII. 8. —— in silver sleepe] In *quiet* sleep. The poets have applied from the qualities of metal, as Mr. Holt White has also observed in a note on Shakspeare's *First Part of K. Hen. IV.*, various epithets to *sleep*. Shakspeare has "*golden* sleep," and "*leaden* slumbes." Homer, ΧΑΛΚΕΟΣ ὕπνος. Virgil, "*ferreus* somnus;" agreeably to which, Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, has "*iron* sleep," p. 280. 4th edit. TODD.

XXIII.

" Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambes, and him diſlodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practiſe from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convay;
Another while I bayſes and nets diſplay
The birds to catch or fiſhes to beguyle;
And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every ſhade to reſt from toyle;
And drinke of every brooke, when thirſt my throte doth boyle.

XXIV.

" The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equall peares
To follow ſheepe and ſhepheards baſe attire;
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to roiall court I ſought,
Where I did ſell myſelfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld ſuch vaineneſſe as I never thought.

XXV.

" With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long deluded

XXIII. 8. ——— *in every ſhade*] That is, in the firſt ſhady place that offers itſelf. So, in the next line, *every brooke*. CHURCH.

With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myſelfe excluded
From native home, and ſpent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myſelfe to plaine,
And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then appeare:
Tho, backe returning to my ſheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

XXVI.

Whyleſt thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent;
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierſt his hart ſo neare,
That he was wrapt with double raviſhment,
Both of his ſpeach that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;

XXV. 2. ——— *them*] Thoſe who attend for preferment at Court. CHURCH.

XXVI. 1. ——— *greedy* care] This very poetical expreſſion, *greedy ear*, is converted into the lifeleſs phraſe of "greedy *care*" by the folios, Hughes's firſt edition, and Tonſon's in 1758. TODD.

XXVI. 2. *Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth*] Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 79.

——— "pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore." TODD.

That twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her faire
hew,
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe-entranced
grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occaſion meanes to worke his mind,
And to inſinuate his harts deſire,
He thus replyde: "Now ſurely, Syre, I
find,
That all this worlds gay ſhowes, which we
admire,
Be but vaine ſhadows to this ſafe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
Feareleſſe of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toſſeth ſtates, and under foot doth
tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every chaunges
dred.

XXVIII.

"That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongſt whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happineſſe ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordſhip and ambition;
And wiſh the heavens, ſo much had graced
mee,

XXVII. 5. ——— retyre] *Retirement.* So Milton, *Par. L.* B. xi. 267: "The place of her *retire*." And, in his manuſcript of *Comus*, ver. 376. "Solitarie ſweet *retire*." TODD.

As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

XXIX.

"In vaine," said then old Melibee, "doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.

XXVIII. 8. ——————— *transposed*] The folio of 1679, reads *transported*; and Tonson's edition in 1758, *transporsed*. Todd.

XXIX. 1. *In vain, said then old Melibee, doe men*
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse, &c.] Spenser has made this fine reflection before; and, like Homer, he repeats his fine reflections and good sayings, that you might not forget them. See F. Q. v. ix. 28. Upton.

Ibid. *In vaine, said then old Melibee, doe men*
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fit est is, that all contented rest
With that they hold; each hath his fortune in his brest.
It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill.] In these lines he plainly seems to have had his eye on those exalted Socratick sentiments, which Juvenal has given us in the close of his tenth Satire. The last-cited lines, in particular, point out to us the sense in which Spenser understood the two final controverted verses of that Satire:

"Nullum numen [abest] habes, si sit prudentia; sed te
"*Nos facimus fortuna deam*, cœloque locamus."

T. Warton.

For not that, which men covet moſt, is beſt;
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe;
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

XXX.

"It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
And other, that hath litle, aſks no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wiſe;
For wiſedome is moſt riches: fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize;
Sith each unto himſelfe his life may fortunize."

XXXI.

"Since then in each mans ſelf," ſaid Calidore,
"It is to faſhion his owne lyfes eſtate,
Give leave awhyle, good Father, in this ſhore
To reſt my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
In ſeas of troubles and of toyleſome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I ſhall reſolve or backe to turne againe,

XXX. 9. ——————— *fortunize.*] A word of his own. See preceding ſtanza, lin. 9. CHURCH.

I may here with yourſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe
obtaine."

XXXII.

"Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Beſides, for recompence hereof, I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him
it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the
offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; "Sir Knight, your
bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers
dread:
But, if ye algates covet to aſſay
This ſimple ſort of life that ſhepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to yourſelfe
aread."

XXXII. 9. ——— *drive.*] For *drove.* See F. Q. v. xi. 5. - CHURCH.

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whileſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Paſtorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne baine:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courteſies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

XXXV.

But ſhe that never had acquainted beene
With ſuch quient uſage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had ſuch knightly ſervice ſeene;
But, being bred under baſe ſhepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things;
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or e'er devize;
His layes, his loves, his lookes, ſhe did them all deſpize.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it beſt
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;

And doffing his bright armes himſelfe addreſt
In ſhepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Inſtead of ſteele-head ſpeare, a ſhepheards hooke;
That who had ſeene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Benone ſought,

XXXVI. 3. ——————— *himſelfe* addreſt] So all the editions. Quære, "himſelfe *he dreſt*." CHURCH.

XXXVI. 6. *That who had ſeene him then, would have bethought*
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus *brook,*
When he the love of faire Benone *ſought*, &c.]

This is the reading of the quarto and all the folios: Hughes has printed it *Oenone;* which is indeed right; and yet Spenſer I believe wrote *Benone;* for he loves to miſwrite proper names. Paris was educated on mount Ida, where he married the nymph Oenone. See Ovid, *Epiſt.* v. 3.

"*Pegaſis* Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima ſylvis."

Obſerve this word *Pegaſis*, and ſee if from hence we cannot get the true explanation and underſtanding of "*Plexippus'* brook." [Oenone, *fontis filia, ἀπὸ τῆς πηγῆς*: Burman's edit. and notes.] Spenſer loves, as I ſaid above, to miſwrite proper names; he does not ſay *Pege*, *Peguſis*, *Peuſis*, or *Pegaſion;* nor follows any commentator, but as he corrupts the name of *Oenone* and writes *Benone*, ſo he corrupts the name of the *brook* near which Oenone was educated, and who was ſaid to be the daughter of a fountain; and writes it *Plexippus*.—This is my real opinion of this very difficult paſſage. I formerly underſtood it otherwiſe: viz. that *Plexippus* was the ſame as *Hippocrene;* from πλήττω, *ξω*, *percutio* and ἵππος, *equus;* imaging that this whole ſtory of Paris and the three goddeſſes which appeared on mount Ida, was invented by the drinkers of the fountain Hippocrene. But let the reader pleaſe himſelf, and improve the hint here given, if he thinks it not ſatisfactory. UPTON.

What time the Golden Apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Paſtorella every day,
And kept her ſheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whyleſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milke: Love ſo much could.

XXXVIII.

Which ſeeing Coridon, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that Straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harveſt ere it ripened were;
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Paſtorell to all the ſhepheards there,

XXXVII. 3. ——— *attent*,] For *attention*. TODD.
XXXVII. 7. ——— *need*,] The folio of 1679 and Tonſon's edition in 1758 read *meed*. TODD.

That ſhe did love a ſtranger ſwayne then him
more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was preſent, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealouſie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other ſide did ſeeme ſo farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That, all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of iarre.

XL.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle ſparrowes ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrels in the woods farre
ſought,
Or other daintie thing for her addreſt,
He would commend his guift, and make the
beſt:
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her breſt:
This new-come Shepheard had his market
mard.

XXXIX. 4. ——— *his owne hart to devoure,*] Ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων, Hom. *Il.* ά. 129. UPTON.

XXXIX. 7. ——— good houre,] *Good fortune*, happineſs. Fr. *bonne heure*; as *malheur* is uſed for *ill fortune*. CHURCH.

XL. 1. *And oft*, &c.] Similar preſents are made by the Witch's ſon to Florimel, F. Q. iii. vii. 17. T. WARTON.

Old love is litle worth when new is more
prefard.

XLI.

One day, whenas the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met to make their ſports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire ſunſhynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded bee;
They fell to daunce: Then did they all agree
That Colin Clout ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
And Calidore ſhould lead the ring, as hee
That moſt in Paſtorellaes grace did ſit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip cloſely bit.

XLII.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the daunce, as was his faſhion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Paſtorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plaſt on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,

XLI. 6. *That Colin Clout ſhould pipe,*] See the note on the next Canto, ſt. 16. TODD.

And did it put on Coridons inſtead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did diſpoſe
To practiſe games and maiſteries to try,
They for their iudge did Paſtorella choſe;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon, forth ſtepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wreſtling game;
For he, through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practiſd was, and in the ſame
Thought ſure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great ſhame.

XLIV.

But Calidore he greatly did miſtake;
For he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His deareſt ioynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Paſtorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and ſaid he wonne it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle Knight himſelfe abeare
Amongſt that ruſticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,

Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and favour: So it ſurely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the ſeeds
Of perfect love did ſow, that laſt forth brought
The fruite of ioy and bliſſe, though long time dearely bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Paſtorell;
Which having got, he uſed without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged ſo well,
That he, of all the reſt which there did dwell,

XLV. 9. ——— *bought.*] So all the editions. Spenſer, I incline to think, gave *fought*, i. e. *fought by Calidore.*

—— "though long time dearly *fought.*"——

That is, though it was a long time before Calidore was in poſſeſſion of that fruite of joy and bliſſe. See too C. x. ſt. 38. CHURCH.

XLVI. 3. ——— *got,*] So all the editions. I could wiſh to have found *gain'd* or *won*, for a reaſon which is obvious in the next line. CHURCH.

XLVI. 5. ——— of *all the reſt*] That is, *above* all the reſt. CHURCH.

Ibid. ——— *did* dwell,] So I read with the ſecond and third folios, Hughes's ſecond edition, Tonſon's in 1758, and Upton. Mr. Church follows the reading of Spenſer's own edition, (to which the firſt folio, Hughes's firſt edition, and that of 1751, conform,) "did *well;*" and he explains it, *did ſtrive to recommend themſelves.* I am rather of opinion that *well* is an errour of the preſs. TODD.

Was favoured and to her grace commended:
But what ſtraunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Paſtorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

WHO now does follow the foule Blatant Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheaſt
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he ſhould never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of Love which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whoſe love his heart hath ſore engrieved.

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toile and paine;

I. 1. *Who now does follow* &c.] Sir Calidore neglects his queſt for the love of Paſtorella: ſo Ulyſſes was detained by Calypſo, Æneas by Dido, Ruggiero by Alcina, Rinaldo by Armida. UPTON.

Another queſt, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his Love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke ſort,
Rather then hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blaſte, and ſayling alwaies in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe unto ſo low;
For who had taſted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleaſures which doe grow
Amongſt poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales;
Would never more delight in painted ſhow
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe, as there is ſet for ſtales

II. 9. ——————————— in *the port.*] Sailing *in* the port, as Mr. Upton obſerves, without ever getting on ſhore. All the editions read *in*, except Spenſer's own, which gives *on*. TODD.

III. 8. ——————————— ſtales] *Devices.* Mr. Steevens, in a note on this word in Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, ſays that it is a term in *fowling*, being uſed to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds; as in *A Looking-glaſs for London and England*, 1617.

" Hence tools of wrath, *ſtales* of temptation!"

And in Green's *Mamilia*, 1595. " That ſhe might not ſtrike at the *ſtale*, leſt ſhe were canvaſſed in the nets." Mr. Upton's citation of this word, in his Gloſſary, from the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, is to the ſame effect:

" I, like the halke which ſores in good eſtate,
" Did ſpy a *ſtale*, &c." TODD.

T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſhunne-ſhine, that makes them looke aſkew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by courſe, I will declare.

V.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whileſt his faire Paſtorella was elſewhere,
He chaunſt to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whoſe pleaſaunce did appere
To paſſe all others on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by Natures ſkill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there;
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, ſhe all the reſt did pill.

V. 3. ——————————— troad,] *Treading*, footſteps. CHURCH.

VI.

It was an Hill plaſte in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleſſe hight, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſdaine;
In which all trees of honour ſtately ſtood,
And did all winter as in ſommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches ſung aloud;
And in their tops the ſoring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maieſty and powre:

VII.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His ſilver waves did ſoftly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged moſſe or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beaſtes, ne mote the ruder clowne,

VI. 4. ——————— ſtately *ſtood,*] So Milton ſtyles the trees of Paradiſe, " a woody theatre of *ſtateliest* view," *Par. L.* B. iv. 142. TODD.

VI. 8. *And in their tops the ſoring hauke did towre,* &c.] This is ſaid in honour of hawking, which, I have before obſerved, was a very faſhionable and courtly diverſion in Spenſer's time. And for the ſame reaſon, and ſomewhat after the ſame manner, he particulariſes the falcon, in the ſpeech of the Genius of Verulam, *Ruines of Time*, ſt. 19. T. WARTON.

VII. 1. *And at the foote thereof a gentle flud*
His ſilver waves did ſoftly tumble downe,
Unmar'd &c.] Ovid, *Met.* iii. 407.

" Fons erat illimis, nitidis argenteus undis,
" Quem neque paſtores, neque paſtæ monte capellæ,
" Contigerant, aliudve pecus; quem nulla volucris,
" Nec fera turbaret, nec lapſus ab arbore ramus."

JORTIN.

Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein
drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks
did ſit
In the woods ſhade which did the waters
crowne,
Keeping all noyſome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII.

And on the top thereof a ſpacious plaine
Did ſpred itſelfe, to ſerve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce
would faine,
Or elſe to courſe-about their baſes light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleaſure
might
Deſired be, or thence to baniſh bale:
So pleaſauntly the Hill with equall hight
Did ſeeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

IX.

They ſay that Venus, when ſhe did diſpoſe
Herſelfe to pleaſaunce, uſed to reſort
Unto this place, and therein to repoſe

VII. 7. *In the woods ſhade which did the waters* crowne.] "Sylva *coronat* aquas," Ovid, *Met.* v. 388. "Summum myrteta *coronant*," lb. ix. 355. UPTON.

VIII. 4. *Or elſe to courſe-about their* baſes *light;*] See the note on F. Q. v. viii. 5. He ſeems to allude to the country ſport called Priſon-baſe, or Priſon-bars. UPTON.

And reſt herſelfe as in a gladſome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and ſport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She uſed moſt to keepe her royall court
And in her ſoveraine majeſty to ſit,
She in regard hereof refuſde and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him ſeemed that the merry ſound
Of a ſhrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete faſt thumping th' hollow ground,

IX. 6. ——————— *Cytheron,*] So all the editions. Chaucer, Spenſer's old maſter, uſes the ſame termination and accent, p. 15, ver. 1938, edit. Urr.

" For ſothly all the mount of *Citherón*,
" Where Venus hath her principal dwelling:"

Spenſer (as Dr. Jortin obſerves,) " ſhould have ſaid *Cythera.*" And ſo too ſhould Chaucer have ſaid; as it would have prevented confuſion in the names of places; for both the poets plainly mean to ſpeak of the Iſland *Cythēra*, now called *Cerigo*; and not of *Citheron* or *Cithēron*, which is a mountain in Bœotia. As our poet elſewhere rightly places the accent, though he uſes the ſame termination, F. Q. iii. vi. 29.

" Whether in Paphos, or *Cythēron* hill."

Perhaps here too he gave:

" That *ev'n* her own *Cythēron*, &c."

which would have preſerved the accent, at leaſt, upon the ſecond ſyllable, where it ought to be placed. CHURCH.

I cannot admit that Spenſer intended the accent to be placed on the firſt ſyllable of *Cytheron*. We are to pronounce *even* as a word of one ſyllable; and all is right. But, if *Cytheron* were to be accented on the firſt ſyllable, and *even* to be read as a diſſyllable, the remaining part of the verſe *though in it*, would not then correſpond with the other rhymes. TODD.

X. 4. ——————— *faſt* thumping *th' hollow ground,*] See Hor. *Od.* I. xxxvii. 1. " Nunc pede libero *pulſanda* tellus."

That through the woods their eccho did
rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midſt a Shepheard piping he did ſee.

XI.

He durſt not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be deſcryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were
ſeene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them uneſpyde:
There he did ſee, that pleaſed much his ſight,
That even he himſelfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked Maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

XII.

All they without were raunged in a ring,

And Sir J. Davies, in his *Orcheſtra*, firſt publiſhed in 1596, deſcribing the Graces:

——————— " the *Graces* painted are
" With hand in hand dancing an endleſs round;—
" With equal foot they *beat* the flowry ground." TODD.

XI. 3. For *breaking* &c.] That is, *leſt* they ſhould break their dance, if he were ſeen. I cannot however help thinking, that *for* repeated is an errour of the preſs; and a much better reading occurs, viz. " *And* breaking of &c." That is, " *for* dread to be deſcryde, AND *for dread* of breaking off their dance if he were ſeene." UPTON.

I could rather wiſh to have found, " *Or* breaking of their daunce &c." CHURCH.

And daunced round; but in the midſt of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and ſing,
The whileſt the reſt them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compaſſe ſtemme:
And in the middeſt of thoſe ſame three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidſt a ring moſt richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly preſence all the reſt much graced.

XIII.

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore

XII. 5. ——————— *did in compaſſe* ſtemme:] Did *ſtem* or *ſtay* them in compaſs, i. e. did *encompaſs* them.
UPTON.

XII. 6. *And in the* middeſt *of thoſe ſame* three *was placed*] So the poet's own edition and that of 1751 read, which is certainly wrong, becauſe the verſe has ſix feet. The firſt folio and Hughes read, "And in the *midſt* of thoſe ſame three was placed." The ſecond and third folio, "And in the *midſt* of thoſe ſame *there* was placed." But Spenſer, I ſhould ſuppoſe, gave
"And in the middeſt of thoſe *Three* was placed
"Another Damzell—" CHURCH.

Mr. Upton follows the original reading. Tonſon's edition in 1758 conforms to the ſecond and third folios. Mr. Church's aſſertion that the verſe has ſix feet, renders it a very choice ſpecimen of the Engliſh *hexameter!* The fact appears to be that the *e* in *middeſt* is inſerted, by the poet, without intention of lengthening the word into two ſyllables; juſt as the *e* in *whileſt* is in the ſame ſtanza, and in other places, which nobody, I think, would pronounce a diſſyllable, although not ſpelt *whilſt*.
TODD.

XIII. 1. *Looke! how the crowne,* &c.] The compariſon of theſe faire damzels, dancing in a ring, to the conſtellation

Upon her yvory forehead that ſame day
That Theſeus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them diſmay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams diſplay,
And is unto the ſtarres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whoſe ſundry parts were here too long to tell:
But ſhe, that in the midſt of them did ſtand,

called Ariadne's crown, is very elegant and juſt: but our poet differs from the mythologiſts, in ſuppoſing that the Centaurs and Lapithæ fought at the wedding of Theſeus. If the reader, at his leiſure, is deſirous of ſeeing the various accounts of this conſtellation, he may conſult Hyginus, *Poet. Aſtron.* L. ii. C. 5. The accounts of Ariadne, as well as of her conſtellation, are very various, as may be ſeen in Plutarch's Life of Theſeus; Homer's *Odyſſ.* xi. 324, and the Scholiaſt. This beautiful conſtellation is deſcribed by Ovid, *Met.* viii. 178, *Faſt.* iii. 511. And by Manilius, L. i. 326. UPTON.

XIII. 3. ——————— *his* bridale] The ſubſtantive *bridal* is Saxon for *the nuptial feaſt*, as Mr. Warton has ſhewn, *Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 128. See alſo Butler's *Engliſh Grammar*, 1634, 4to. a. 2. Index. "A *brideale*, of *bride* and *ale*; the word ſignifying not the wedding, but the wedding feaſt." The adjective *bridal* for *connubial* occurs alſo in Spenſer, and often in Milton. TODD.

Seem'd all the reſt in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a roſie girlond that right well
Did her beſeeme: and ever, as the crew
About her daunſt, ſweet flowres that far did ſmell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
But, moſt of all, thoſe Three did her with gifts endew.

XV.

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this Hill, and daunce there day and night:
Thoſe Three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that Venus in herſelf doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them: but that faire one,
That in the midſt was placed paravaunt,
Was ſhe to whom that Shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe ſo merrily, as never none.

XVI.

She was, to weete, that iolly Shepheards Laſſe,

XV. 7. ——— paravaunt,] *Publickly* or *in front*. See the note on this word in *Colin Clouts come home again*, ver. 940. TODD.

XVI. 1. *She was, to weet, that iolly Shepheards Laſſe,*] Colin Clout is Spenſer: this Laſs, whom he ſo much praiſes and characteriſes in ſt. 25, images her whom he married, being forſaken by the fair Roſaline. UPTON.

Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That iolly Shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whileſt they him daunſt about.
Pype, iolly Shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy Love that made thee low to lout;
Thy Love is preſent there with thee in place;
Thy Love is there advaunſt to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred Calidore at this ſtraunge ſight,
Whoſe like before his eye had never ſeene;
And ſtanding long aſtoniſhed in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſaunce, wiſt not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of Beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted ſhow,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, reſolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go.

XVIII.

But, ſoone as he appeared to their vew,

They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All ſave the Shepheard, who, for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But Calidore, though no leſſe ſory wight
For that miſhap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne:

XIX.

And, firſt him greeting, thus unto him ſpake;
"Haile, iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadeſt in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of theſe gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me what mote theſe dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleaſant playes:
Right happy thou, that mayeſt them freely ſee!
But why, when I them ſaw, fled they away from me?"

XVIII. 2. *They vaniſht all away*] Perhaps the alluſion is that Sir Philip Sidney, imaged in Calidore, drew Spenſer from his ruſtick muſe to Court. UPTON.

XX.

" Not I ſo happy," anſwerd then that Swaine,
" As thou unhappy, which them thence didſt chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themſelves liſt ſo to grace."
" Right ſory I," ſaide then Sir Calidore,
" That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace:
But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore,
Tell me what were they all, whoſe lacke thee grieves ſo ſore."

XXI.

Tho gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;
" Then wote, thou Shepheard, whatſoe'er thou bee,
That all thoſe Ladies, which thou ſaweſt late,
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend;
Beſides a thouſand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, whenſo ſhe forth doth wend;
But thoſe Three in the midſt, doe chiefe on her attend:

XXII.

" They are the Daughters of ſky-ruling Iove,

XXII. 1. *They are the Daughters of ſky-ruling Iove, &c.*] What Spenſer here ſays of the Graces, is from Heſiod and

By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastful glee
Of Thetis wedding with Aecidee,

Seneca. See Hesiod, *Theog.* ver. 907. Τρεῖς δὲ οἱ Εὐρυνόμη Χάριτας τέκε κ. τ. λ. And Seneca *De Benef.* i. 3. "Num dicam quare tres Gratiæ et quare sorores sint, &c." JORTIN.

Compare Hygin in Præfat. "Ex Jove et Eurynome Gratiæ:" with the notes of the learned editor. And Natal. Comes, L. iv. C. 15. UPTON.

Milton, in *L'Allegro*, represents the Graces as the offspring of Venus and Bacchus. This mythology, as an ingenious critick on that passage observes, suits the nature of Milton's subject; but I cannot be persuaded, that such a licence is allowable on any occasion. The mention of *Eurynome*, in this stanza, puts me in mind of another passage in Milton, where the same goddess is also mentioned, *Par. L.* B. x. 580.

"And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
"Ophion, with *Eurynome*, the wide-
"Encroaching Eve, perhaps, had first the rule
"Of high Olympus—"

Which, as the learned Dr. Newton and others, observe, is copied from these verses of Apollonius, *Argon.* i. 496.

Ηειδεν δ' ὡς πρωτον Οφιων, Ευρυνομητε
Ωκεανις, νιφοεντος εχον κρατος Ουλυμποιο.

What I would further observe here, is, that Apollonius, as well as Milton, has hinted, that Ophion was of the *serpent* race. This will appear from considering the lines just preceding. Orpheus begins his song with the creation of things. After mentioning the sun and moon, mountains and rivers, he speaks of the creation of serpents.

Ουρεα τ' ὡς ανετειλε, καὶ ὡς ποταμοι κελαδοντες
Αυτησι Νυμφησι, καὶ ΕΡΠΕΤΑ παντ' εγενοντο.

And in the next line, from those ΕΡΠΕΤΑ, or *serpents*, he directly passes on to Ophion. Ηειδεν δ' ὡς πρωτον ΟΦΙΩΝ, &c. Thus there is a closer connection, and an easier transition, in the context of the Greek poet, than appears at first sight.—Spenser alludes to the song of Orpheus, and the occasion on which it was sung, more than once. See F. Q. iv. ii. 1. and *Sonnet* 44. T. WARTON.

XXII. 5. ———————— *Aecidee*,] He should have

In ſommers ſhade himſelfe here reſted weary.
The firſt of them hight mylde Euphroſyne,
Next faire Aglaia, laſt Thalia merry:
Sweete goddeſſes all Three, which me in mirth
do cherry!

XXIII.

"Theſe Three on men all gracious gifts beſtow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured ſhow;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete ſemblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curteſie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We ſhould ourſelves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which ſkill men call Civility.

XXIV.

"Therefore they alwaies ſmoothly ſeeme to
ſmile,

ſaid *Æacides*, but the rhyme would not admit it. Perhaps *Æacidee*: but the old Engliſh poets took ſtrange liberties with proper names. Milton endeavours to juſtify this abuſe, unſucceſsfully in my opinion. JORTIN.

Chaucer, in his *Legend of Ariadne*, affords a remarkable inſtance of this abuſe that Dr. Jortin complains of. Three ſeveral times, within the compaſs of forty lines, he tranſpoſes the letters which form the name *Ariadne*, and for the ſake of his rhyme writes *Adriane*. CHURCH.

XXII. 9. ——— *cherry!*] For *cheriſh*. CHURCH.

XXIII. 6. *And all the* complements] *Complements*, as Mr. Church obſerves, are every thing which ſerves to complete the virtue of Courteſy. Hughes, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, have corrupted the word into *compliments*, as before, F. Q. iii. v. 55, where ſee the note. TODD.

That we likewiſe ſhould mylde and gentle be;
And alſo naked are, that without guile
Or falſe diſſemblaunce all them plaine may ſee,
Simple and true from covert malice free;
And eeke themſelves ſo in their daunce they bore,
That two of them ſtill froward ſeem'd to bee,
But one ſtill towards ſhew'd herſelfe afore;
That good ſhould from us goe, then come, in greater ſtore.

XXIV. 7. ——————— *froward*] A friend of mine conjectures that for *forward*, [Spenſer's own reading,] it ſhould be *froward*; as oppoſed to *towards*. JORTIN.

Froward, that is, *from-ward*, in oppoſition to *to-wards*. So the ſecond and third folios read, which is undoubtedly the true reading. Spenſer's own edition, the firſt folio, Hughes, and the edition of 1751, read *forward*. CHURCH.

Mr. Upton has printed it *forward*; but, in his note, he ſays it ſhould have been printed *froward*, that is, as Spenſer explains it in the laſt verſe of this ſtanza, "That good ſhould goe *from us* in greater ſtore than come *towards us*." And, in his Letter to G. Weſt, the ſame critick has cited Chaucer, *Rom. R.* 4940.

"So *froward* is it from ſadneſſe."

Tonſon's edition in 1758 reads *forward*. TODD.

XXIV. 9. That &c.] *Thereby intimating*, that &c. CHURCH.

Ibid. *That good ſhould from us goe, then come, in greater ſtore.*] As it is not unlikely that this laſt line will be miſunderſtood by ſome readers, I ſhall explain it. In old writers, *then* is the ſame as *than*:

"That good ſhould from us goe, then come, in greater
"ſtore:"

So the commas ſhould be placed; and the meaning is, *that good ſhould go from us in greater ſtore than come to us*; that we ſhould be more ready to give than to receive. JORTIN.

The ſecond folio points the paſſage as Dr. Jortin has propoſed to point it; as have alſo ſome ſubſequent editions. TODD.

XXV.

" Such were thoſe goddeſſes which ye did ſee:
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidſt them traced,
Who can aread what creature mote ſhe bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddeſſe graced
With heavenly gifts from heven firſt enraced!
But whatſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
To be the Fourth with thoſe Three other placed:
Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe;
Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe;

XXVI.

" So farre, as doth the Daughter of the Day
All other leſſer lights in light excell;
So farre doth ſhe in beautyfull array
Above all other laſſes beare the bell;
Ne leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well
Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

" Another Grace ſhe well deſerves to be,

XXV. 5. ——————— enraced?] To *enrace* is to *enroot*, *implant*, Fr. *enraciner*, *enracer*; or from the ſubſtantive *race*, a *ſtock*, a *root*. See F. Q. iii. v. 52. UPTON.

In whom ſo many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine reſemblaunce, beauty ſoveraine rare,
Firme chaſtity, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare!
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when ſhe is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the ſky,
That all the earth doeſt lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greateſt Maieſty!
Pardon thy Shepheard, mongſt ſo many layes
As he hath ſung of Thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore Handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayſe;
That, when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

XXIX.

When thus that Shepheard ended had his ſpeach,
Sayd Calidore; "Now ſure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliſſe I made this luckeleſſe breach,

XXVII. 5. ——— *ne blemiſh dare!*] Dare not find fault with. See the note on F. Q. i. vi. 1. CHURCH.

XXVIII. 6. *To make one* minime] To compoſe one little ſong; *minim* is a term in muſick. TODD.

XXVIII. 8. *That, when Thy glory* &c.] So, in his Dedication to the Queen, he conſecrates his labours, "to live with the eternitie of her fame." CHURCH.

As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy Loves deare ſight from thee:
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that which I mote not ſee."
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

XXX.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led;
With which the Knight himſelfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red,
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſences raviſhed,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht that with that Shepheard he mote dwelling ſhare.

XXXI.

But that envenimd ſting, the which of yore
His poyſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rancle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart;
Which to recure, no ſkill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe

To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breſt had bred his reſtleſſe paine;
Like as the wounded whale to ſhore flies from
the maine.

XXXII.

So, taking leave of that ſame gentle Swaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire Paſtorella did remaine:
To whome in ſort, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply himſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſervice, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

XXXIII.

And evermore the ſhepheard Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtrive to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate

XXXI. 8. Dinting] *Striking*, from the ſubſtantive *dint*; often uſed by Chaucer, as well as Spenſer, for *ſtroke* or *blow*. TODD.

XXXII. 5. ——————————— donne] *Do*. Chaucer uſes this orthography frequently, from the Anglo-Sax. *don*, to act, to do. See Somner. And thus Fairfax, B. i. 70. "To *done* his lord's beheſt." UPTON.

XXXIII. 2. ——————————— her to *aggrate*,] That is, in order to pleaſe her. The ſecond and third folios, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, render the paſſage leſs perſpicuous by reading, without neceſſity, "*to her* aggrate." TODD.

Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunſt to arize
To him, the Shepheard ſtraight with iealouſie did frize.

XXXIV.

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather ſtrawberies,
There chaunſt to them a dangerous accident:
A tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Paſtorell her to ſurprize;
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

XXXV.

Which Coridon firſt hearing, ran in haſt
To reſkue her; but, when he ſaw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the daunger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſaw ready now to rend

XXXIII. 9. *To* him,] To *Calidore*. CHURCH.
XXXIV. 7. ——————— ſurprize:] *Seize*, Fr. *ſurprendre*. CHURCH.

His Loves deare ſpoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, inſtead of being frayde.

XXXVI.

He had no weapon but his ſhepheards hooke
To ſerve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire Paſtorell;
Who, ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

XXXVII.

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reiect,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, unfit for loves content:

XXXV. 8. ——— *in which his heart was* prayde,] In which his own heart was *the prey*. So below, ſt. 40. "the which they did then *pray*," i. e. did *prey upon*. UPTON.

XXXVI. 6. *And, hewing off his* head, *it preſented*] So all the editions read, except Tonſon's in 1758, which gives,

"And, hewing off his head, *he* it preſented &c."

Dr. Jortin is of opinion that, in order to make the verſe complete, Spenſer makes *head* a diſſyllable, as the word is ſtill pronounced in ſome places; and Mr. Upton countenances this explanation by introducing the Anglo-Sax. heapob, *the hēăd*. But Mr. Church obſerves, if any alteration is neceſſary, he greatly prefers, "*he* it preſented;" which, as I have ſhewn, has been adopted by another editor. TODD.

The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement.
Yet Calidore did not deſpiſe him quight,
But uſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip he colour might
Both his eſtate and love from ſkill of any wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he wood her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſervice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt unto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in cloſe felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long proſperity,
Blew up a bitter ſtorme of foule adverſity.

XXXIX.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,

XXXVIII. 1. So well &c.] See F. Q. iv. vi. 41. CHURCH.

XXXVIII. 7. *Till Fortune, fraught with malice,* blinde *and* brute,] Cebes, Ἐγὼ δὲ τύχην ὃ μόνον ΤΥΦΛΗ ἀλλὰ καὶ μανομένην καὶ ΚΩΦΗΝ. See alſo Pacuvius apud Auct. ad Heren.

"Fortunam infanam eſſe et *cæcam* et *brutam* perhibent philoſophi:
"Saxoque inſtare globoſo prædicant volubili:
"Ideo, quo faxum impulerit fors, eo cadere Fortunam autumant:
"*Cæcam* ob eam rem iterant, quia nihil cernat quo ſeſe applicet:
"Infanam autem aiunt, quia atrox, incerta, inſtabilisque ſit:
"*Brutam*, quia dignum atque indignum nequeat internoſcere." UPTON.

A lawleſſe people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never uſde to live by plough nor ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of theſe ſhepheards did invade;
And ſpoyld their houſes, and themſelves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much diſorder.

XL.

Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,
They ſpoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongſt which this luckleſſe Mayd away was lad,
Faire Paſtorella, ſorrowfull and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowfull, moſt ſad, that ever ſigh't,

XXIX. 3. ——————— *Brigants*] Ital. *brigante*, Fr. *brigand*, a robber, a vagabond. See Menage in V. *Brigand*. The *Brigantes* likewiſe are the inhabitants of the northern parts of England. UPTON.

The poet, I think, alludes to the incurſions ſo frequently made by the Scottiſh and Engliſh *borderers* upon the property of each other; in which, murder was often added to rapine. In the reign of queen Eliſabeth, cruelties of this kind ſtill exiſted. See the *State of the Borders*, prefixed to Burn's *Hiſt. of Cumb. and Weſtmoreland*, xcii, & ſeq. TODD.

XL. 1. ——————— did pray,] *Made a prey of*. CHURCH.

XL. 6. ——————— *that ever* ſigh't,] That ever *did ſigh* or grieve, as Spenſer elſewhere uſes it. TODD.

Now made the ſpoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

XLI.

With them alſo was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by thoſe theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſkue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them cloſe convay:
Their dwelling in a little iſland was,
Covered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote diſcover
For the thicke ſhrubs, which did them alwaies ſhade
From view of living wight and covered over;

XL. 9. ——— *th'* onely] *Greateſt.* See F. Q. i. vii. 50.
CHURCH.

XLI. 5. *Unto their dwelling* &c.] The reader, at his leiſure, may compare this epiſode of Paſtorella being carried away by theſe brigands to a cave, with a like deſcription in *Orl. Fur.* C. xii, and xiii, where Orlando finds Iſabella in a cave of robbers. See likewiſe the deſcription of the cave in Heliodorus, where the Egyptian Thyamis confines the beautiful Chariclea. UPTON.

But Darkeneſſe dred and daily Night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene as felt.

XLII. 5. ——— daily *Night*] So all the editions. I incline to think Spenſer gave "*deadly* Night." So, in F. Q. i. v. 14. "With cloud of *deadly night*;" and below, ſt. 44. "Shut up in *deadly* ſhade." *Darkneſs* and *Night* are, I think, both repreſented here, as perſons hovering &c. If we read:

"But *Darkneſſe* dred and deadly *Night* did hover
"Through all &c."

It is parallel to F. Q. iv. xi. 4.

"And in the midſt thereof did Horror dwell
"And *Darkneſſe dred* that never viewed day." CHURCH.

XLII. 7. *Ne* lightned *was*] The ſecond and third folios, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, read, without any neceſſity, *lighted*. TODD.

Ibid. ——— lover,] Or *loover*. Fr. *louver*. A place to let in light on the top of a houſe, ſuch as is on dove-houſes. CHURCH.

A *lover* is an opening in a poor cottage at the top, to let out the ſmoke, and to let in the light. Fr. *l'ouverte*, apertura; *ouvrer*, aperire. Spenſer ſeems to have in view the Iriſh poor cottages which were thus built in his time. UPTON.

XLII. 8. ——— *candle light, which delt*
A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene as felt.] After this manner Milton, *Par. L.* B. ii. 406.

"And through the *palpable obſcure* find out
"His uncouth way."

But the phraſe is founded on the following expreſſion of Scripture: "And the Lord ſaid unto Moſes, ſtretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkneſs over the land of Egypt, even *darkneſs* which may be *felt*." It is rendered by the Septuagint, Ψηλαφητὸν σκότος. The like expreſſion

XLIII.

Hither thoſe Brigants brought their preſent pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, ſo ſoone as they convenient may,
For ſlaves to ſell them for no ſmall reward.
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or ſold againe. Now when faire Paſtorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grieſly theeves, ſhe thought herſelf in hell,
Where with ſuch damned fiends ſhe ſhould in darkneſſe dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there ſhe made,
(Where day and night ſhe nought did but lament
Her wretched life ſhut up in deadly ſhade,

occurs in Hobbes: "To this *palpable darkneſſe* I might add, the ambiguous obſcurity of expreſſion more than is perfectly conceived, *Anſw.* to Gondibert's Pref. 1650. p. 137. T. WARTON.

XLIII. 5. ——— *which* them &c.] Who either made ſlaves of them, or ſold them to others. The folio of 1679 reads, "which *they* &c." CHURCH.

XLIV. 3. ——— glade;] *Make glad*, as in Chaucer's *Nonnes Pr. Prol.* 14817, edit. Tyrwhitt. "Tell us ſwiche thing, as may our hertes *glade*." TODD.

And waſte her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of ſunne
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;)
And what befell her in that theeviſh wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

XLV. 8. And *what* &c.] This is the correction of the firſt folio, to which every ſubſequent edition has attended except that of 1751, in which Spenſer's own reading "*But* what &c." is followed. TODD.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Paſtorell,
Whileſt Melibee is ſlain:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.

THE ioys of love, if they ſhould ever laſt
Without affliction or diſquietneſſe
That worldly chaunces doe amongſt them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchedneſſe:
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
To make it ſeeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Paſtorell, of whom is now my ſong:

II. 1. *Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,*
Faire Paſtorell, &c.] The diſtreſs of Paſtorell is certainly ſomewhat ſimilar to that of Arioſto's Iſabel, who is ſeized by certain outlaws or pirates, and impriſoned in a cave, in order to be ſold for a ſlave, C. xii. ſt. 91. ſeq. But this paſtoral part of the *Faerie Queene* ſeems to have been occaſioned by Sidney's

Who being now in dreadfull darkneſſe layd
Amongſt thoſe Theeves, which her in bondage ſtrong
Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That whoſo heares her heavineſſe, would rew
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſaunt hew.

III.

Whyleſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unreſt,
It ſo befell, as Fortune had ordayned,

Arcadia, and in conformity to the common faſhion of the times, which abounded in paſtoral poetry. Hence our author, in his *Tears of the Muſes:*

" Our pleaſant groves which planted were with paines,
" That with our muſicke wont ſo oft to ring,
" And arbors ſweet in which the ſhepherd ſwaines
" Were *wont ſo oft their* PASTORALS *to ſing*,
" They have cut downe, and all their pleaſance mard,
" That now *no paſtoral* is to be hard."

And Hall, in the Prologue to his *Satires*, publiſhed in 1597.

" Would yee but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
" Pan's ſeven-fold pipe, ſome *plaintive* PASTORAL;
" To teach each hallow'd grove, and ſhrubbie hill,
" Each murmuring brook, and ſolitarie vale,
" To ſound our love, and to our ſong accord,
" Wearying echo with one changeleſſe word."

And, in the firſt Satire, he declares that he cannot follow the faſhionable cant of the times:

" Nor under everie bank, and everie tree,
" Speake rimes unto mine oaten minſtralſie."

The Miſcellanies of queen Elizabeth's age, and of the following reign, are filled with this ſpecies of poetry, in which it was uſual for every young writer, at leaſt, to try his ſkill.

T. WARTON.

That he which was their Capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day, as he did all his priſoners vew,
With luſtfull eyes beheld that lovely gueſt,
Faire Paſtorella, whoſe ſad mournefull hew
Like the faire morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

IV.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging whot,
That her alone he for his part deſired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himſelfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndneſſe to her ſhowed,
And ſought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V.

But all that ever he could doe or ſay
Her conſtant mynd could not a whit remove,

IV. 8. ——————————— *wowed*,] For *wooed*. CHURCH.

IV. 9. *And mixed threats among*,] Ovid, *Faſt.* i.
" Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc agit ille minis."
Again, *Met.* ii. 397.
—— " precibuſque minas regaliter addit." UPTON.

Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

VI.

At laſt, when him ſhe ſo impórtune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the raines would lend
Unto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or friend;
She thought it beſt, for ſhadow, to pretend
Some ſhew of favour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes ſhe did him entertaine;
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perſwade,
That he in time her ioyance ſhould obtaine:
But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall favours gaine,

VI. 4. *Sith in his powre ſhe was to* foe *or* friend;] That is, for him *to be a foe* or *a friend* to her, "to *foe* her or to *friend* her." The ſubſtantive is changed into a verb. UPTON.

That further then ſhe willing was he preſt;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A ſodaine ſickeneſſe which her ſore oppreſt,
And made unfit to ſerve his lawleſſe mindes beheſt.

VIII.

By meanes whereof ſhe would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meete for remedy:
But ſhe reſolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her ſickeneſſe was not of the body but the mynde.

IX.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſicke did lie,
It chaunſt a ſort of Merchants, which were wount
To ſkim thoſe coaſtes for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this iſle, though bare and blunt,

IX. 5. ——————— *though bare and* blunt,] Though barren and *uncivilized.* So, in his *Shep. Cal.* Sept.
" All for her ſhepherds is beaſtly and *bloont.*" CHURCH.

T' inquire for ſlaves; where being readie met
By ſome of theſe ſame Theeves at th' inſtant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was ſet
By his faire patients ſide with ſorrowfull regret.

X.

To whom they ſhewed, how thoſe Marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondſlaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that thoſe ſame captives there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.
This their requeſt the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iuſt demaund deny,
And willed ſtreight the ſlaves ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt advantage not to be forſtalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverſe ſpoyles had caught;
All which he to the Marchants ſale did ſhowe:

X. 7. ——————————— *demaund*] The folio of 1679 and Tonſon's edition in 1758 read *demands*. TODD.

Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire Shepherdeſſe,
Which with the reſt they tooke not long agoe;
And gan her forme and feature to expreſſe,
The more t' augment her price through praiſe of comlineſſe.

XII.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made anſwere, that " the Mayd of whom they ſpake
Was his owne purchaſe and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himſelfe which did that conqueſt make;
Litle for him to have one ſilly laſſe;
Beſides through ſickneſſe now ſo wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandiſe to paſſe:"
So ſhew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake ſhe was.

XIII.

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light,
Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,

XI. 6. ——— *that*] The folios and Hughes's firſt edition read *the*. CHURCH.

In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkeſome night
With ſtarrie beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe Marchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

XIV.

At laſt when all the reſt them offred were,
And priſes to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her;
Ne ought would buy, however priſd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth above all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold:
But then the Captaine, fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bad them be ſtill; "his Love ſhould not be ſold;
The reſt take if they would; he her to him would hold."

XV.

Therewith ſome other of the chiefeſt Theeves
Boldly him bad ſuch iniurie forbeare;
For that ſame Mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay;

And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth
ſweare
That whoſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

XVI.

Thus, as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much
talke,
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grieſly night,
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them
ſtalke,
And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-
light
Out-quenched leaves no ſkill nor difference of
wight.

XVII.

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs, ymet
About ſome carcaſe by the common way,

XVI. 3. ——————————— *fiercely*] The ſecond and third folios read *freely*. CHURCH.

XVI. 4. ——————— *ne leaving any* balke,] *Balke* is here uſed in the ſenſe of *balke* in agriculture, that is, a ridge of land between two furrows. *Ne leaving any balke*, i. e. leaving no ridges or furrows; making all even. UPTON.

Mr. Warton, in a note on *balk'd* in Shakſpeare's *Firſt Part of K. Hen.* IV., obſerves that *balk*, in the ſenſe here mentioned, is a common expreſſion in Warwickſhire and the northern counties; and that it is ſo uſed by Chaucer, *Plowmans Tale*, ver. 2428. edit. Urr. TODD.

Doe fall together, ſtryving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray;
All on confuſed heapes themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them ſees would wonder at their fray,
And who ſees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell Brigants there.

XVIII.

But, firſt of all, their captives they doe kill,
Leaſt they ſhould ioyne againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will:
Old Melibee is ſlaine; and him beſide
His aged wife; with many others wide:
But Coridon, eſcaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilſt darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as faſt as he can hye,
Ne ſtayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

XIX.

But Paſtorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her ſafety then himſelfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;

XIX. 4. ——————— pretended;] *Stretched*

By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was ſlaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding faſt twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Paſtorell, who with the ſelfe ſame wound
Launcht through the arme fell down with him in drerie ſwound.

XX.

There lay ſhe covered with confuſed preaſſe
Of carcaſes, which dying on her fell:
Tho, whenas he was dead, the fray gan ceaſſe;
And each to other calling did compell
To ſtay their cruell hands from ſlaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cauſe of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreëd well;
And, lighting candles new, gan ſearch anone,
How many of their friends were ſlaine, how many fone.

XXI.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying Mayd,
Like a ſweet angell twixt two clouds uphild;

or *held* over her. This Latiniſm is to be found in Milton, but in a ſenſe ſomewhat different, *Par. L.* B. x. 872.

—— "Leſt that too heavenly form, *pretended*
"To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them." T. WARTON.

XXI. 3. —— *uphild*:] For *upheld*. See the note on *hild*, F. Q. iv. xi. 17. TODD.

Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes diſplayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darkneſſe layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To ſparke out litle beames, like ſtarres in foggie night.

XXII.

But, when they mov'd the carcaſes aſide,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helpes they buſily applyde
To call the ſoule backe to her home againe;
And wrought ſo well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at laſt:
Who, ſighing ſore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-ſtrings braſt,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghaſt.

XXIII.

There ſhe beheld, that ſore her griev'd to ſee,
Her father and her friends about her lying;
Herſelfe ſole left a ſecond ſpoyle to bee
Of thoſe, that having ſaved her from dying
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,

Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying!
Ne cared ſhe her wound in teares to ſteepe,
Albe with all their might thoſe Brigants her did keepe.

XXIV.

But when they ſaw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her ſo, in charge of one, the beſt
Of many worſt, who with unkind diſdaine
And cruell rigour her did much moleſt;
Scarſe yeelding her dne food or timely reſt,
And ſcarſely ſuffring her infeſtred wound,
That ſore her payn'd, by any to be dreſt.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore, where we him found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And ſaw his ſhepheards cottage ſpoyled quight,
And his Love reft away; he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull ſight;

XXIV. 1. ——— *reliv'd*] This is Spenſer's own reading, to which the edition of 1751, Church, and Upton, conform. The reſt read *reviv'd*; which errour they have before committed, conſidering it, however, no doubt, as an emendation, although Spenſer has repeatedly uſed *relived*. See F. Q. i. ix. 52, iii. iv. 35, iii. viii. 3. TODD.

XXIV. 9. ——— *where we him found.*] That is, where we lately found him hunting in the woods. See F. Q. vi. x. 39. CHURCH.

That even his hart, for very fell deſpight,
And his owne fleſh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he ſigh't,
And fared like a furious wyld beare,
Whoſe whelpes are ſtolne away, ſhe being otherwhere.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increaſt the anguiſh of his paine:
He ſought the woods, but no man could ſee there;
He ſought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waſte and emptie did appeare;

XXV. 5. *That even his* hart, *for very fell deſpight,*
And his owne fleſh he readie was to teare:] *To teare* or *rend the heart* is a ſcriptural phraſe, and a metaphor from people uſing to tear their garments or their hair in affliction: "*Rend* (or *teare*) your *hearts*, and not your garments," *Joel* ii. 13. Old Homer has the ſame expreſſion, *Il. ά.* 243. Σὺ δ' ἐθέλεις θυμὸν ἀμύξεις. The ſame alluſion our poet has in F. Q. i. v. 39.

"Which hearing, his raſh fire began *to rend*
"His hair and haſty tongue that did offend." UPTON.

XXV. 8. *And fared like a furious wyld beare,*
Whoſe whelpes are ſtolne away,] This ſimile is ſcriptural. See II. *Sam.* xvii. 8, *Prov.* xvii. 12. UPTON.

Where wont the ſhepheards oft their pypes reſound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

XXVII.

At laſt, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunſt one coming towards him to ſpy,
That ſeem'd to be ſome ſorie ſimple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upſtaring hye,
As if he did from ſome late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by ſignes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the ſilly ſhepheards hynd.

XXVIII.

Tho, to him running faſt, he did not ſtay
To greet him firſt, but aſkt Where were the reſt,
Where Paſtorell?—Who full of freſh diſmay,
And guſhing forth in teares, was ſo oppreſt,
That he no word could ſpeake, but ſmit his breſt,
And up to heaven his eyes faſt-ſtreming threw:
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not reſt,

XXVII. 6. *And yet his feare* &c.] That is, and *that* his fear did ſtill follow &c. CHURCH.

But aſkt againe, What ment that rufull hew;
Where was his Paſtorell? Where all the other crew?

XXIX.

"Ah! well away," ſayd he, then ſighing ſore,
"That ever I did live this day to ſee,
This diſmall day, and was not dead before,
Before I ſaw faire Paſtorella dye!"
"Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the Death dare ever her to quell!
But read thou, Shepheard, read what deſtiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell."

XXX.

Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began; "Where ſhall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how thoſe Brigants vyle
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence;
Or how faire Paſtorell ſhould have bene ſold

XXX. 2. ——— *Where ſhall I then commence*
This wofull tale? or how &c.] The conſtruction is deſignedly embarraſſed; for the words are ſpoken by a man in a fright and hurry. UPTON.

The meaning is, "Where ſhall I begin to tell, how thoſe Brigants &c." CHURCH.

To Marchants, but was ſav'd with ſtrong defence;
Or how thoſe Theeves, whileſt one ſought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

XXXI.

" In that ſame conflict (woe is me !) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whoſe heavy tydings now I have to tell.
Firſt all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them ſlaine by generall conſent;
Old Melibee and his good wife withall
Theſe eyes ſaw die, and dearely did lament:
But, when the lot to Paſtorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withſtood, and did her death forſtall.

XXXII.

" But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
It could not boot; needs mote ſhe die at laſt!
I onely ſcapt through great confuſione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongſt them paſt,
In dreadfull darkneſſe, dreadfully aghaſt;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſt,

Deſpoyled of thoſe ioyes and iollyhead,
Which with thoſe gentle ſhepheards here I
wont to lead."

XXXIII.

When Calidore theſe ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguiſh great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh diſ-
traught,
That he his face, his head, his breſt did beat,
And death itſelfe unto himſelfe did threat;
Oft curſing th' heavens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft, that he were preſent there
When ſhe was ſlaine, or had bene to her ſuc-
cour nere.

XXXIV.

But after griefe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent itſelfe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt
How he might ſave her life, if life did laſt;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might
wreake;
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake,

XXXII. 8. ——————— iollyhead] *A ſtate of jollity.* UPTON.

XXXIII. 1. *When Calidore* &c.] That is, when this rueful ſtory had reached Calidore. CHURCH.

Then for to die with her, and his lives threed
to breake.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he prayd, ſith he well knew
The readie way unto that theeviſh wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne:
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late
fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former
drede;
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did
ſhonne:
Yet Calidore ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt
agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes; but Ca-
lidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily:
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunſt, upon an hill not farre away,

XXXVI. 1. ——————— *God before,*] See this expreſſion, adopted by Shakſpeare, in the note on F. Q. i. i. 28. TODD.

XXXVI. 2. ——————— agreeably,] *Alike*, like each other. See alſo F. Q. vi. vii. 3. CHURCH.

XXXVI. 4. ——— him] *Himſelf.* CHURCH.

Some flóckes of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote beſt aſſay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The ſelf-ſame flocks the which thoſe Theeves had reft
From Melibee and from themſelves whyleare;
And certaine of the Theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themſelves then kept:
Right well knew Coridon his owne late ſheepe,
And, ſeeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But, when he ſaw the Theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare; for nought may feare diſſwade;
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,

XXXVII. 5. ——— heards] *Herdſmen.* So Spenſer elſewhere employs this word. TODD.

Whom Coridon him counſeld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the ſpoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

XXXIX.

Tho, ſitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of ſundrie things he purpoſe gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Paſtorell, were ſhe alive or ſlaine:
Mongſt which the Theeves them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their maiſters fled, and now ſought hyre elſwhere.

XL.

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe:

XXXIX. 7. ——————— *as did appertaine,*] As was ſuitable both to their dreſs, and to Calidore's deſign.
CHURCH.

For they themſelves were evill groomes, they ſayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the land, or ſcoure the deepe.
Thereto they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe;
For they for better hyre did ſhortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke.

XLI.

Tho, whenas towards darkſome night it drew,
Unto their helliſh dens thoſe Theeves them brought;
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrayles ſought:
There did they find, contrárie to their thought,
That Paſtorell yet liv'd; but all the reſt

XL. 3. ——— *evill groomes,*] That is, ſuch as were not uſed to the buſineſs of keeping ſheep. CHURCH.

XL. 5. ——— *to* forray *the land,*] To *ravage* or *ſpoil* the land. See alſo F. Q. i. xii. 3. It is uſed as a ſubſtantive, in the 42d ſtanza. And thus, in *Certayne Statutes and Ordenaunces of Warre*, &c. 1513. Sign. A. vi. "Alſo that euery man be obeyſſant to his capitayne, and vnder his capitayne kepe his watch and warde ſtale and *forrey*, and to do all that belongeth to a ſouldyoure to doo, &c." In the *Border Hiſt.* the word *forray* alſo is ſimilar to *inroad*. TODD.

XLI. 4. ——— *the ſecrets of their entrayles*] That is, their moſt hidden ſecrets. CHURCH.

Were dead, right ſo as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did reſt,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

XLII.

At length, when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night, when all the Theeves did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought beſt;
Having of late by diligent inqueſt
Provided him a ſword of meaneſt ſort;
With which he ſtreight went to the Captaines neſt:
But Coridon durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind for dread of worſe effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came, they found it faſt:
But Calidore with huge reſiſtleſſe might
The dores aſſayled, and the locks upbraſt:
With noyſe whereof the theefe awaking light

XLIII. 4. ——————— light] *Light*, I apprehend, is here uſed for *lightly*, nimbly. All the editions point thus:

——————— " awaking light,
" Unto &c." CHURCH.

Unto the entrance ran; where the bold Knight
Encountring him with ſmall reſiſtence ſlew:
The whiles faire Paſtorell through great affright
Was almoſt dead, miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some uprore were like that which lately ſhe did vew.

XLIV.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Paſtorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long ſin,
She ſudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her ſpirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each houre into Deathes mouth to fall,
At length eſpyes at hand the happie coſt,
On which he ſafety hopes that earſt feard to be loſt.

XLIV. 3. ——————— ſin,] *Since.* The word *ſin* is ſtill thus uſed in the North of England. And Mr. Upton has obſerved that, in the Swediſh language, *ſinn* is *ſince.* TODD.

XLIV. 5. ——————— *thrall:*] For *thrill,* pierce, CHURCH.

XLIV. 6. *Like him that being long* &c.] Compare this ſimile with F. Q. i. iii. 31, and with Homer, *Od.* xxiii. 233, and Taſſo, C. iii. 4. UPTON.

XLIV. 7. ——————— *Deathes* mouth] *The jaws* of Death. See alſo F. Q. vi. xii. 16.

——— " Misfortunes *mouth*—" CHURCH.

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmacke of comfort new to taſt,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele that long for death had ſought:
Ne leſſe in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one diſtraught
And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore;
A thouſand times embraſt, and kiſt a thouſand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyſe of late uprore,
The hue and cry was rayſed all about;
And all the Brigants flocking in great ſtore
Unto the cave gan preaſſe, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But Calidore in th' entry cloſe did ſtand,
And, entertayning them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt that came firſt to hand;

XLV. 3. ——— *new*] The ſecond and third folios read *now*. CHURCH.

XLVI. 7. ——— entertayning] Mr. Church here interprets the word, *receiving*. Mr. Upton, in his edition of the Poem, takes no notice either of the expreſſion or ſentiment; but, in his Letter to Weſt, he had referred both to the Greek and Latin poets; in the ſenſe of *cruento excipere hoſpitio*. TODD.

So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day;
Which when he ſpyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way,
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the reſt for him did readie ſtay,
And, fierce aſſayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII.

How many flyes in whotteſt ſummers day
Do ſeize upon ſome beaſt, whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarmes do overlay,
And with their litle ſtings right felly fare;

XLVII. 5. ——————————— ſay,] *Aſſay*, proof. CHURCH.

XLVIII. 1. *How many flyes* &c.] See note on F. Q. i. i. 23. Here are two ſimiles following each other; the one of the loweſt kind, the other great and majeſtick: The thieves were as deſerving of the one image, as Sir Calidore of the other. This ordering of various compariſons is agreeable to Homer's manner; for in the ſecond Iliad, where the troops are aſſembled for battle, he compares the troops to a ſwarm of flies, and their general to a majeſtick bull. UPTON.

XLVIII. 2. ——————————— bare,] *Raw*. Elſewhere he uſes *raw* for *bare*. See F. Q. iv. xii. 20. CHURCH.

So many theeves about him ſwarming are,
All which do him aſſayle on every ſide,
And ſore oppreſſe, ne any him doth ſpare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickeſt troups, and round about him
ſcattreth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a lion mongſt an heard of dere,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choyſeſt pray;
So did he fly amongſt them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and
ſlay,
Till he had ſtrowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelves
convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to
hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then, backe returning to his deareſt Deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull ſpeaches and with lovely
cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,

XLIX. 6. ——— his *daunger*] Mr. Upton ſays that the conſtruction requires "*their* danger:" but I apprehend the poet's own reading is right; "*his* danger" meaning "the danger *of him*." TODD.

XLIX. 9. *Ne any left*,] Nor were there any left. CHURCH.

Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at laſt he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

LI.

This doen, into thoſe theeviſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoyles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent:
But Fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the beſt he did his Love betake;
And alſo all thoſe flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his Make,
He did them all to Coridon reſtore:

L. 8. ——uneath] *Scarcely.* See the note, F. Q. i. ix. 38. TODD.

LI. 5. ——betake;] *Deliver.* See the note, F. Q. i. xii. 25, and F. Q. iii. vii. 25. The ſenſe here is, *Of the beſt of which he made Paſtorella a preſent.* Quære, "Of which the beſt he did *to'* his Love betake." CHURCH.

LI. 8. *He did them all reſtore:* &c.] It was an inſtance of Sir Calidore's *courage* to reſtore to Coridon his flocks; but not of his *courteſie*, to carry away his miſtreſs Paſtorell. The poet ſhould have managed the character of his PATRON OF COURTESIE with more art. *Courteſie* was one of the cardinal virtues of Knight-errantry. Of this accompliſhment, Sir Gawain, king Arthur's nephew, was eſteemed the chief pattern. Chaucer, to give the higheſt idea poſſible of the reverence and obeiſance with which the *Strange Knight*, on his braſen horſe,

So drove them all away, and his Love with him bore.

ſalutes Cambuſcan and his queen, compares him to Sir Gawaine, *Squ. Tale*, ver. 110. edit. Urr.

" This ſtraunge knight, that come thus ſodeinly,
" All armid, ſave his hede, full royally,
" Salued the king and queene, and lordis all,
" By ordir as they ſittin in the hall,
" With ſo hie reverence and obeiſaunce,
" As well in ſpeche as in countinaunce,
" That *Syr Gawayn* with *his old curteſy*,
" *Although he come agen out of Fairy*,
" He cou'de him nought amendin with no worde."

T. WARTON.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Paſtorella by great hap
Her parents underſtands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beaſt
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ſhip, that through the ocean wyde
Directs her courſe unto one certaine coſt,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe herſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt;
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtayd, yet never is aſtray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle Knight from ſewing his firſt queſt,

l. 6. *Yet making* &c.] "To *make a board*, or to *board it up to a place*, is to turn the ſhip up to the windward, ſometimes on one tack, and ſometimes on another:" Kerſey. CHURCH.

l. 7. *Still* winneth way,] This expreſſion is uſed by Milton, *Par. L.* B. ii. 1016.

——— "And through the ſhock
"Of fighting elements on all ſides round
"Environ'd *wins* his *way*." UPTON.

Though out of courſe, yet hath not bene miſ-ſayd,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt
Even unto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beaſt;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine.

III.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Paſtorella from thoſe Brigants powre,
Unto the Caſtle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;

II. 3. ——— *out of* courſe,] "*Courſe*, in Navigation, is a ſhip's *way*, or that point of the compaſs on which it is to be ſteer'd:" Kerſey. CHURCH.

II. 7. *To his atchievement of the Blatant Beaſt;*] See vol. ii. p. lxx, et ſeq. TODD.

III. 3. *Unto the Caſtle of* Belgard] I am apt to imagine that Spenſer, beſide his moral allegory, has here an hiſtorical alluſion: and it ſeems to me that the *Caſtle* of *Belgard* hints at *Belvoir Caſtle*; for *garder*, *regarder*, is the ſame as *voir*: and the *Lord of the Caſtle*, viz. *the good Sir Bellamoure*, by no far-fetched equivocal alluſion, leads us to the real name of the *Lord of the Caſtle*: for the name *Bellamoure* might contain in its compoſition *mœurs*, MANNERS, as well as *amour*, love. Nor does the poet ſtop here; but carries you ſtill farther into the hiſtory of this noble family, who married into the royal houſe of York. See ſt. 4. This Lady ſeems to have been intended for the King of Scotland:

"This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
"Unto the prince of Picteland bordering nere:"

But ſhe privately gave her love to Sir Bellamoure. UPTON.

Who whylome was, in his youthes freſheſt
flowre,
A luſtie Knight as ever wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayreſt Ladie then of all that living were:

IV.

Her name was Claribell; whoſe father hight
The Lord of many ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did
abound,
This Daughter thought in wedlocke to have
bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering
nere;
But ſhe, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forreign
fere:

V.

And Bellamour againe ſo well her pleaſed
With dayly ſervice and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father underſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage that them in dongeon deepe

V. 4. ——— cloſely] *Secretly.* CHURCH.

Without compaſſion cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtreightly them aſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI.

Nathleſſe Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or ſecret guifts, ſo with his keepers wrought,
That to his Love ſometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe unwiſt to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a Mayden Child forth brought:
Which ſhe ſtreightway (for dread leaſt if her ſyre
Should know thereof to ſlay he would have ſought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred under ſtraunge attyre.

VII.

The truſtie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle Babe, to take thereof a ſight:

VI. 7. ——————— he *would*] So all the editions read; and yet perhaps "*her* would &c." might be the true reading. UPTON.

Whom whyleſt ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle breſt, like chriſtall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a roſe her ſilken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII.

Well ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe;
But, cloſing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched Infants helpe provyde;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

IX.

At length a ſhepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,

VII. 8. ——————————— mold,] *Mole.* CHURCH.

IX. 1. *At length a ſhepheard,*] This is taken, as mentioned before, from the old ſtory of *Doraſtus and Faunia*, or from the *Paſtoral* of Longus. 'Tis to be obſerved, that, when infants were expoſed, they generally expoſed with them ſeveral trinkets and tokens, by which they might be known hereafter; and theſe trinkets were as a kind of gratification to thoſe who took up the expoſed infant: the Greeks call them γνωρίσματα. So Heliodorus, L. iv. And Terence, *Eun.* Act. iv.

" Abi tu ciſtellam, Pythias, domo effer cum *monumentis.*"

See below, ſt. 20.

" She found at laſt, by very certain ſigns
" And ſpeaking markes of paſſed *monuments.*" UPTON.

Led with the Infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond ſpoyle, he ſoftly it unbound;
And, ſeeing there that did him pittie ſore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honeſt wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurſt and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands; till that her ſyre
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the ſtormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happineſſe together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without diſquiet or diſlike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Paſtorella thether.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his proweſſe, ſith they twaine
Long ſince had fought in field: als Claribell
Ne leſſe did tender the faire Paſtorell,

IX. 6. ——— *that did him pittie ſore,*] That which did greatly move his compaſſion. CHURCH.

Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wex more ſound and ſtrong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his firſt queſt, which he had long forlore,
Aſham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forſlacked had ſo ſore;
That much he feared leaſt reproachfull blame
With foule diſhonour him mote blot therefore;
Beſides the loſſe of ſo much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby ſhould glorifie his name.

XII. 1. ——————— *him to advize*] To bethink himſelf. Fr. *s' aviſer.* CHURCH.

XII. 5. ——————— forſlacked] *Delayed;* as in F. Q. v. xii. 3. Arthegal *forſlacks* his exploit. TODD.

XII. 8. ——————— loos] *Praiſe.* Lat. *laus.* So Chaucer, edit. Urr. p. 349.

" And Hercules that had the grete *loos.*"

Spenſer's own edition and that of 1751 read *loos;* the folios and Hughes, *praiſe.* CHURCH.

Mr. Upton conſiders the emendation of *praiſe,* made by the firſt folio, as the poet's own alteration; and adds that there is a diſagreeable jingle in *laſs* and *loos,* without any addition of beauty or turn of thought. Tonſon's edition in 1758 reads alſo *praiſe.* TODD.

XIII.

Therefore, reſolving to returne in haſt
Unto ſo great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his Love, now perill being paſt,
With Claribell; whyleſt he that Monſter ſought
Throughout the world, and to deſtruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Paſtorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his queſt, and did that him befell.

XIV.

But firſt, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Paſtorell,
During his abſence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient Matrone all ſhe might,
To cheriſh her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Meliſſa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XIV. 8. *And her own handmayd, that* Meliſſa *hight,*] The neceſſary-women, which attended the temple of Ceres, were from their induſtry named Μελισσαι, *bees*. One of the ſame name nurſed Jupiter. Meliſſa is likewiſe the name of a prophetes in Arioſto, Canto iii. UPTON.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her ſnowy breſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely treſſes dewly dreſt,
Chaunſt to eſpy upon her yvory cheſt
The roſie marke, which ſhe remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth ſhe keſt,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which ſhe bore the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, ſtreight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that ſame Infant, which ſo long ſith paſt
She in the open fields had looſely layd
To Fortunes ſpoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of ioy, ſtreight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Unto her Miſtreſſe, being halfe diſmayd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her graſte,

XV. 7. ——————————— keſt,] *Caſt.* So uſed by Chaucer, Phaer, and G. Douglas. See F. Q. i. xi. 31, ii. xi. 42. UPTON.

XVI. 1. ——————— *well avizing,*] Looking upon with attention. See the note on *aviſing*, F. Q. iv. ii. 22. Where the original reading, however, is *advizing*. And I have ſince found this ſpelling in Sir Tho. More's *Workes*, bl. l. fol. 1557, where he is ſpeaking of Jane Shore: "Whoſo wel *adviſe* her viſage, might geſſe and deviſe which partes how filled wold make it a faire face." TODD.

XVI. 8. ——————————— graſte,] *Graced*, favoured. CHURCH.

To ſave her Chylde, which in Misfortunes mouth
was plaſte.

XVII.

The ſober Mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that ſodaine thro,
Aſkt her, how mote her words be underſtood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her ſo.
"My liefe," ſayd ſhe, "ye know that long ygo,
Whileſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little Mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The ſame againe if now ye liſt to have,
The ſame is yonder Lady, whom High God did ſave."

XVIII.

Much was the Lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtreight how ſhe it knew.

XVII. 2. ——————————— thro,] *Thro* is here uſed for *throw*, agony: "That ſodaine *thro*," that ſudden *agony of joy* which Meliſſa diſcovered. CHURCH.

XVII. 7. ——— *the which ye* chylded] *Childing* is uſed in Chaucer for *conceiving*, Ball. Lady, v. 133.

"Unknowing hym, *chylding* by miracle."

Junius obſerves, that, in Wicliff's Bible, we frequently find, "And Eve *childed*, &c." In Shakſpeare *childed* is uſed for *begot*, K. Lear, A. iii. S. v.

"When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
"He *childed*, as I father'd."——

In Lydgate it is to *bring forth*, as before us, *Lyfe of our Lady*, 1531. Ch. 27.

"And in this while, with her eyen meke,
"She *chylded* hath." T. WARTON.

"Moſt certaine markes," ſayd ſhe, "do me
it teach;
For on her breaſt I with theſe eyes did vew
The litle purple roſe which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Beſides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do ſurely prieve
That yond ſame is your Daughter ſure, which
yet doth live."

XIX.

The Matrone ſtayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haſt ran to the ſtraunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great deſire
Rent up her breſt, and boſome open layd,
In which that roſe ſhe plainely ſaw diſplayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armës twaine,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſayd;
"And liveſt thou, my Daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
faine?"

XX.

Tho further aſking her of ſundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt, by very certaine ſignes

XVIII. 8. *Matched with equall years,*] Correſponding with the diſtance of time. CHURCH.

Ibid. ——————————— *prieve*] For *prove*. So *priefe* is uſed for *proof*, F. Q. ii. i. 48, and elſewhere. So likewiſe G. Douglas ſpells the word. See alſo Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, *March. Tale*, 10112.

— "Experience ſo *preveth* it every day." TODD.

And ſpeaking markes of paſſed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her preſents,
Is her owne Daughter, her owne Infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at thoſe ſo ſtraunge events,
A thouſand times ſhe her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kiſſe and many a melting teare.

XXI.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead ſhe fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which ſhe hath fylde
In her owne breaſt, this Mothers ioy deſcrive:
For other none ſuch paſſion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When ſhe ſo faire a Daughter ſaw ſurvive,
As Paſtorella was; that nigh ſhe ſwelt
For paſſing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

XXI. 1. *Whoever is the mother* &c.] Compare this ſimile with Arioſto, C. i. 53. UPTON.

XXI. 3. ——————————— fylde] *Feeled, felt;* the ſpelling anſwers to the rhyme. UPTON.

XXI. 4. ——————————— deſcrive:] *Deſcribe.* See F. Q. ii. iii. 25. This ſpelling is uſed alſo by Chaucer. See *Squ. Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, v. 10354.

"If he ſhuld hire *deſcriven* ony part." TODD.

XXI. 8. ——————————— ſwelt] *Swelt* is here uſed for *fainted.* The ſenſe is—She was almoſt ready to faint with exceſs of joy, but was relieved by ſhedding abundance of tears. Compare F. Q. iv. vii. 9. CHURCH.

So, in *Piers Plowman*, fol. cxiij. "Swoned and *ſwelted.*"

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd, for his owne, faire Paſtorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, ſeeking all this while
That monſtrous Beaſt by finall force to quell,
Through every place with reſtleſſe paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious ſpoile.

XXIII.

Through all eſtates he found that he had paſt,
In which he many maſſacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laſt;

And in Chaucer's *Kn. Tale*, 1358. "He *ſwelt*." Again, *Troil. and Creſſ.* L. iii. 348. "Made his hert to *ſwelt*." See alſo Verſtegan: "*Swelt*, dead; it ſeemeth to be meant of being dead by violence: We ſay yet, when one taketh exceſſive pains, that he will be *ſwelt* out of his heart." And G. Douglas: "*Swelt*, to be choked, ſuffocated, to die, ab Anglo-Sax. ȝpelcan, *mori*." UPTON.

XXII. 7. ——————————*by finall force*] That is, finally. See F. Q. v. viii. 50. CHURCH.

XXIII. 1. *Through all eſtates* &c.] Spenſer's deſcription of the *Blatant Beaſt*, under which is ſhadowed *Scandal* or *Calumny*, attacking all ranks of life, and making havock in cities, courts, monaſteries, and cottages, is exactly ſimilar to this paſſage in the *Lingua* of Eraſmus, edit. Baſil. apud Froben. 1580, p. 220. "Circumferat quiſque oculos ſuos, per domos privatas, per collegia, per monaſteria, per aulas principum, per civitates, per regna; et compendio diſcet, quantam ubique peſtem ingerat *Lingua calumniatrix*." T. WARTON.

See alſo vol. ii. p. cix, cx; and the note *n* in the former of thoſe pages. TODD.

XXIII. 3. *And to the Clergy* &c.] It has been before ob-

In which ſuch ſpoile, ſuch havocke, and ſuch theft
He wrought, that thence all goodneſſe he bereft,
That endleſſe were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place beſides unſought had left,
At length into a Monaſtere did light,
Where he him found deſpoyling all with maine and might.

ſerved, that Spenſer took his *Blatant Beaſt*, from the *Queſting Beaſt* in *La Morte d' Arthur*. But yet I am of opinion, that, in repreſenting Scandal under the ſhape of a monſtrous and unnatural beaſt, at the ſame time he copied Arioſto, who has figured Avarice and Jealouſy under the picture of two hideous monſters; the firſt of which, like Spenſer's *Blatant Beaſt*, attacks all conditions of life alike; enters the palace as well as the cottage, but vents his rage in a more particular manner *againſt the Clergy*, ſparing not even the pope himſelf. She is ſuppoſed at laſt to be bound by Leo X. while Jealouſy is driven to her den by Renaldo. Luther and Calvin have ſuffered the ſame ſignificant transformations from the hands of the painters; and are often exhibited, in the churches abroad, under the forms of terrible dragons, and other deteſtable figures, expiring beneath the feet of triumphant popery. It ſeems probable, that theſe allegorical beaſts, formed of the moſt frightful combinations, firſt took their riſe from the beaſt in the *Revelations*, which "roſe out of the ſea, having ſeven heads, and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of *blaſphemy*; and the beaſt which I ſaw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion." T. WARTON.

The beaſt imaging calumny and ſcandal made havock *among the clergy*; that is, the ſcandalous behaviour of the popiſh clergy gave juſt occaſion for calumny: And this their ſcandalous behaviour was one of the reaſons given for the entire ſuppreſſing of monaſteries and abbies. UPTON.

XXIII. 8. *At length into a Monaſtere did light,*
Where he him found deſpoyling all with maine and might.] Thoſe, who complain of the outrages committed at

XXIV.

Into their cloyſters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,

the diſſolution of monaſteries, ſeldom obſerve, that literature ſuffered an irreparable loſs, in the diſperſion and deſtruction of books, which followed that important event. Bale, a notorious and profeſſed reformer, laments the injuries ſuſtained in this article. See In Proem. ad lib. cui tit. *Iter Laborioſum*, &c. Lond. 1549. Many moſt valuable pieces, both printed and manuſcript, were either inſtantly deſtroyed, or conſigned to the moſt mean and ſordid uſes. Wood tells us, that two famous libraries were purchaſed at the price of forty ſhillings, by a common ſhop-keeper at Oxford, for the purpoſe of waſte paper: Some of the books were ſold to merchants who carried them abroad. See Hiſt. et Antiq. Un. Oxon. pag. 272. l. i. The ſpirit of purging the libraries from what they called popery, prevailed ſo far, that the reforming viſitors of the univerſity of Oxford, in the reign of Edward VI. left only a manuſcript of Valerius Maximus, in the public library. Wood, ut ſup. lib. 2. p. 50. The greateſt part of the reſt of the books they burned in the market-place, or ſold to the loweſt artificers. Ibid. Rubricks, mathematical figures, and aſtronomical demonſtrations, were judged to be the genuine characteriſticks of popiſh deluſion and impoſture. For this reaſon, they took from the library of Merton-college, more than a cart-load of manuſcripts. Wood, ut ſup. 1. 271. The monks at leaſt protected and preſerved, if they did not propagate and practiſe, literature. We are told, that there were no leſs than a thouſand and ſeven hundred manuſcripts in the abbey of Peterborough. Gunton's Peterborough, pag. 173. See Tanner's *Notit. Monaſt.* fol. pref. pag. 41. T. WARTON.

Fuller thus paſſionately deplores the irreparable calamity which literature then ſuffered. "How many admirable manuſcripts of the fathers, ſchoolmen, and commentators, were deſtroyed by this means! What number of hiſtorians of all ages and countries! The Holy Scriptures themſelves, as much as *theſe goſpellers pretended* to regard them, underwent the fate of the reſt.—If a book had a croſs on't, it was condemn'd for *popery*; and thoſe with lines and circles were interpreted the *black art*, and deſtroy'd for *conjuring*, &c." TODD.

And them purſu'd into their dortours ſad,
And ſearched all their cels and ſecrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkeſome to report; yet that foule Beaſt,
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſſe and teare,
And ranſacke all their dennes from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heaſt.

XXV.

From thence into the ſacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deſkes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blaſphémy ſpoke,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whileſt none was them to rew;
So all confounded and diſordered there:
But, ſeeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him faſt purſuing ſoone approached neare.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce aſſailing forſt him turne againe:

XXIV. 3. ——————————— *dortours*] The places where the Monks lay were called *dortours*, from *dormitorium*. See Chaucer. UPTON.

XXV. 8. ——————————— *by former feare*;] See F. Q. vi. iii. 25. CHURCH.

Sternely he turnd againe, when he him ſtrooke
With his ſharpe ſteele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that ſeemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmoſt brim,
All ſet with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grieſly grim:

XXVII.

And therein were a thouſand tongs empight
Of ſundry kindes and ſundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And ſome of cats, that wrawling ſtill did cry;
And ſome of beares, that groynd continually;
And ſome of tygres, that did ſeeme to gren
And ſnar at all that ever paſſed by:
But moſt of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which ſpake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

XXVIII.

And them amongſt were mingled here and there
The tongues of ſerpents, with three-forked ſtings,
That ſpat out poyſon, and gore-bloudy gere,

XXVII. 5. ——— groynd] *Grunted.* Anglo-Sax. Grennian. UPTON.
I think it ſhould be *royn'd.* See F. Q. v. ix. 33. CHURCH.
XXVII. 7. ——*ſnar*] Belg. *ſnarren*, to ſnarl. UPTON. Hughes's ſecond edition and Tonſon's in 1758 read, without authority, *ſnarl.* Mr. Church propoſes to read *gnar.* TODD.

At all that came within his ravenings;
And ſpake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne keſars ſpared he a whit nor kings;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

XXIX.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with ſo impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he ſtayd,
And bet abacke threatning in vaine to bite,
And ſpitting forth the poyſon of his ſpight
That fomed all about his bloody iawes:
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

XXX.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did caſt his ſhield atweene; and, therewithall
Putting his puiſſaunce forth, purſu'd ſo hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His ſhield he on him threw, and faſt downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy ſtall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beaſt did rage and rore
To be downe held, and mayſtred ſo with might,
That he gan fret and ſome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himſelf upright:
For ſtill, the more he ſtrove, the more the Knight
Did him ſuppreſſe, and forcibly ſubdew;
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight:
He grind, he bit, he ſcracht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

XXXII.

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathëmore his heavy load releaſt,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaſt.

XXXII. 1. ——— *the* hell-borne *Hydra,*] This epithet was in Milton's memory, when he made Satan thus to addreſs Death, *Par. L.* B. ii. 687.

——— " Learn by proof,
" *Hell-born*, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven."
TODD.

XXXII. 9. *But* &c.] That is, the more the Beaſt ſtruggled, the greater ſtrength Calidore exerted to keep him under.
CHURCH.

XXXIII.

Tho, when the Beaſt ſaw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of ſhamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he never once did ſpeake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing ſo unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtreightly that he chokt him neare.

XXXIV.

At laſt, whenas he found his force to ſhrincke
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzle ſtrong
Of ſureſt yron made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein ſhut up his blaſphémous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong:
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,

XXXIII. 4. ——— *infamy*;] See ſt. 28. CHURCH.

XXXIV. 4. ——— mured] *Encloſed.* Ital. *murare.* UPTON.

XXXIV. 6. *For never more* &c.] That is, that he might never more defame &c. See the note, F. Q. vi. x. 11. CHURCH.

XXXIV. 7. *Or* unto] The ſecond and third folios, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, inaccurately read "Or *any*." TODD.

XXXIV. 8. ——— tight,] *Tied.* UPTON.

With which he drew him forth, even in his own
despight.

XXXV.

Like as whylóme that strong Tirynthian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of
hell
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in Darkenesse which day light doth
shonne:

XXXV. 1. *Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine* &c.] Sir Calidore's taming and leading this monstrous beast, is aptly compared to *Hercules*, who dragged to light Cerberus. Homer mentions this story, *Il.* 9'. 368. I will cite the Greek, because Spenser translates from it:

Ἐξ Ερέβους ἄξοντα κύνα στυγερῶ Αἴδαο.

"Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of hell."

Compare Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 395, and Ovid, *Met.* vii. 412.

UPTON.

XXXV. 4. *And roring horribly* &c.] That is, notwithstanding Cerberus roared horribly, yet Hercules compelled him &c. CHURCH.

XXXV. 6. To *griesly* &c.] The second and third folios read "*The* griesly &c." CHURCH.

XXXV. 8. —— *Darknesse* which *day-light* doth *shonne*:] So, in F. Q. iv. xi. 4.

"And *Darknesse* dredd that never viewed day."

Hughes's second edition reads "*do* shun." CHURCH.

A small alteration makes this passage easy:

———————— "which dwell
For aye in darkenesse *and* daylight *do* shonne:"

If we keep the old reading, *which* agrees with *darkenesse*; i. e. *which darkness doth shun daylight*; and Spenser might mean *utter darknesse*, darkness palpable which no light can penetrate.

UPTON.

So led this Knight his captyve with like conqueſt wonne.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Straunge bands, whoſe like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durſt till then impoſe;
And chauffed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durſt he not draw backe, nor once withſtand
The proved powre of noble Calidore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereſo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To ſee him leade that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong;
And, ſeeing it, much wondred at the ſight:
And all ſuch perſons, as he earſt did wrong,
Reioyced much to ſee his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beaſt, but more admyr'd the Knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this Monſter, by the mayſtring might
Of doughty Calidore, ſuppreſt and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate ſo framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth more miſchieſe and more ſcath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne mayſtred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand;
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore;
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth ſore in each degree and ſtate;
Ne any is that may him now reſtraine,
He growen is ſo great and ſtrong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,

Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne ſpareth he moſt learned Wits to rate,
Ne ſpareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But rends, without regard of perſon or of time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely Verſe, of many meaneſt,
Hope to eſcape his venemous deſpite,
More than my former Writs, all were they cleaneſt
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which ſome wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres diſpleaſure,
That never ſo deſerved to endite.

XL. 6. *Albe they*] Whether they be. See F. Q. v. ii. 6. Hughes reads "*All be.*" CHURCH.

XL. 7. ——————— *learned*] This is the genuine reading; to which Hughes, the edition of 1751, Church, and Upton, conform. The reſt read *gentle*. TODD.

XLI. 3. *More than my* former *Writs*.] What were theſe "*former* Writs, that brought him into a mighty Peer's diſpleaſure?" Doubtleſs his *Paſtorals*, in which he ſo ſeverely reflects on biſhop Elmor [Elmer or Aylmer] in particular; ſcarcely hiding his ſatire under the tranſparent covering of an anagram; and this mighty peer means the lord treaſurer Burleigh. There is nothing in *Mother Hubberds Tale* that could give any juſt offence; for the ſatire is there general. But his encomiums on archbiſhop Grindal, and his ſeveral reflections on biſhop Elmor, could not but give very juſt reaſons for the lord treaſurer to be offended. UPTON.

Ibid. ——————— *cleaneſt*] So Hughes reads, which, no doubt, is the word which our poet gave as a rhyme to *meaneſt*. Spenſer's own edition, the folios, and the edition of 1751, read *cleareſt*. CHURCH.

Mr. Upton reads *cleareſt*, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, *cleaneſt*. TODD.

Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better meaſure,
And ſeeke to pleaſe; that now is counted wiſe mens threaſure *.

* Let us cloſe our notes on this Sixth Book, with a ſhort review of the Legend of Courteſy. The reader needs not be put in mind, that the Fairy Queen annually held a ſolemn feaſt, which continued with great magnificence for twelve ſeveral days. In one of thoſe days, (ſuppoſing the ſixth,) there came in preſence a Hermit, who complained of the cruel ravagings of a monſtrous beaſt, called the Blatant Beaſt; and at the ſame time deſired ſome Knight might be appointed, that alone might undertake the enterprize, not of deſtroying, but ſubduing, this monſter of ſcandal. The petition was granted; and the adventure aſſigned to Sir Calidore; who, binding himſelf by a vow to perform it without aid or companion, ſets forward on his queſt, and, after many a courteous enterprize firſt achieved, at length overtakes and entirely maſters and tames the Blatant Beaſt. The meeting of Arthegal and Calidore ſhows the connection of this with the former Book; ſo likewiſe does the introducing of Timias in the fifth Canto; but more particularly Prince Arthur, the hero of the Poem; who is to be perfected in all virtues, that he might be worthy of the glory to which he aſpires. If we turn our thoughts towards thoſe myſteries that lie enveloped in types and allegories, we cannot help applying the following verſes of our poet, in the introduction to the ſecond Book, to many of the epiſodes herein related:

"And thou, O faireſt Princeſs under ſky,
"In this fair mirrour mayſt behold thy face,
"And thine own realms in Lond of Faëry!"

Methinks, by no far-fetcht alluſions, we might diſcover pictured out to us that truly courteous Knight Sir Philip Sidney, in the character of Sir Calidore; whoſe name Καλλιόδωρος leads us to conſider the many graceful and goodly endowments that heaven peculiarly gave him. This is that *brave courtier* mentioned by our poet in *Mother Hubberds Tale:*

"Yet the *brave courtier*, in whoſe beautious thought
"Regard of honour harbours——
"He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face,
"But walks upright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
"And unto all doth yield due *Courteſie.*"

With this hint given, who can help thinking of Sidney's *Arcadia*, when he finds Sir Calidore miſpending his time among *the Shepherds*? And when this Knight of Courteſy meets in his paſtoral retirement with Colin Clout, and by his abrupt appearance drives away the rural Nymphs and Graces, which makes the ſhepherd,

——————— " for fell deſpight
" Of that diſpleaſure, break his bag-pipe quite:"—

Do not all theſe circumſtances, agreeably to the tenor of this Poem, allude to our poet's leaving the country, and the rural muſe, at Sir Philip Sidney's requeſt? I make no doubt myſelf, but the *Country Laſs* deſcribed in C. x. ſt. 25, 26, 27, is the ſame as deſcribed in his *Sonnets*, lxi. &c. Her name was Elizabeth, as he tells us in *Sonnet* lxxiv. And he was married to her after his unſucceſsful love of the fair Roſalind, who ſeems imaged in that *Wondrous Fair* (as her name imports) who is ſo juſtly puniſhed for love's diſdain in Canto vii. I have mentioned in the notes that *Belgard Caſtle*, in Canto xii, ſeems from its very name to point out *Belvoir Caſtle*: If this is granted, Sir Bellamoure muſt be the noble Lord of the Caſtle, who married into the royal houſe of York: and this ſeems hinted at in Canto xii. ſt. 4. Another of this noble family likewiſe married the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney: but how far the ſtory told of Paſtorella, who found her parents in Belvoir Caſtle, may allude to this alliance, I neither affirm nor deny. In theſe kind of hiſtorical alluſions Spenſer uſually perplexes the ſubject; he leads you on, and then deſignedly miſleads you: for he is writing a Fairy Poem, not giving you the detail of an hiſtorian. It ſeems to me that our poet makes uſe of the ſame perplexing manner in hinting at the calumnious tale, then in every good woman's mouth, told of a certain Lady at Court, no leſs than a maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, and a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who had been too free of her favours before marriage to Sir Walter Raleigh: This Lady he married afterwards, and ſhe made him the moſt quiet, the moſt *ſerene*, and beſt of wives. But the reader will not fail to apply this ſtory, when he finds Serena and Timias (in whom all along, and almoſt in every circumſtance is imaged Sir Walter Raleigh,) both carried to the Hermit's cell, to be cured of their ſore maladies that they had contracted by the bite of Calumny and Scandal. This ſtory too he will apply, when he finds Timias under the diſcipline of Diſdain and Scorn, in Canto vii, and viii. The Salvage Man characteriſed in Canto iv. ſt. 2, and in Canto v. ſt. 2, and 41, was intended to be ſhewn in a new light in ſome

other part of this Poem, now left unfinished; and this Salvage perhaps repreſents, by way of type, the heir of *Lord Savage* mentioned by Spenſer in his *View of Ireland*; "now (he ſays) a poor gentleman of very mean condition, yet dwelling in the Ardes." And the epiſode of the Infant ſaved from a bear, and delivered to the wife of Sir Bruin to be brought up as their ſon, might allude to the noble Iriſh family of the *Macmahons*, deſcended from the *Fitz-urſulas*. Theſe kind of types and ſymbols, and hiſtorical alluſions, the Engliſh reader will not fail to apply to many Parts of this Poem, when he conſiders what Spenſer himſelf tells us, in his Introduction to B. ii. ſt. 4, that there are "*certain* SIGNS *by which* FAIRY LORD *may be found.*" Hence the Poem itſelf, by this pleaſing maſk, partakes of the nature of fable, myſtery, and allegory; not only in its moral repreſentations of virtues and vices, and in what relates to nature and natural philoſophy, but likewiſe in its hiſtory. UPTON.

TWO CANTOS

OF MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER,

Appeare to be parcell of ſome following Booke of

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE

LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleaſd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne)
Pretends, as well of gods as men,
To be the ſoveraine.

I.

WHAT man that ſees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth ſway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell ſports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearſe, that whylome I heard ſay,
How ſhe at firſt herſelfe began to reare
Gainſt all the gods, and th' empire ſought from them to beare.

I. 9. ——————————————— *to beare.*] See the note, F. Q. iii. iii. 45. But I now think *beare*, in both places, is uſed for *gain, win.* See ſt. 4. CHURCH.

II.

But firſt, here falleth fitteſt to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it regiſtred of old
In Faery Land mongſt records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old Titans that did whylome ſtrive
With Saturnes ſonne for heavens regiment;
Whom though high Iove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their ſtemme long after did ſurvive:

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Iove, and high authority:
As Hecatè, in whoſe almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her diſpoſed diverſly
To gods and men, as ſhe them liſt divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth ſound on hie

II. 5. *She was*, &c.] Spenſer here makes Hecate the daughter of the Titans. Authors differ about the parentage of Hecate. Onomacritus calls her, *Argon.* v. 975. Ταρταροπαις Εκαλη. The Titans were indeed thrown into Tartarus; but it could not be concluded from thence that the Titans were Hecate's parents; although this, I preſume, is the beſt argument our author could have offered for his genealogy. In this ſtanza Bellona is likewiſe feigned to be the offspring of the Titans; but Bellona was the ſiſter of Mars, who was ſon of Jupiter and Juno; or, as Ovid reports, of Juno alone.

T. WARTON.

III. 3. *As Hecate*, &c.] Heſiod, *Theog.* 411.

——— Ἑκάτην τίκτε, τὴν περὶ πάντων
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης τίμησε· πόρεν δέ οἱ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,
Μοῖραν ἔχειν γαίης κ. τ. λ. JORTIN.

Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

IV.

So likewiſe did this Titaneſſe aſpire
Rule and dominion to herſelfe to gaine;
That as a goddeſſe men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine:
And firſt, on earth ſhe ſought it to obtaine;
Where ſhe ſuch proofe and ſad examples ſhewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom ſhe ſoone ſubdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

V.

For ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all which Nature had eſtabliſht firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durſt

IV. 6. ——— ——— *example*]. The edition of 1751 and Tonſon's in 1758 read *examples*. TODD.

V. 4. ——— *and all* their *ſtatutes burſt*:] I would rather read,

——— " and all *her* ſtatutes burſt:

That is, Nature's. So below, ſt. 6. " She brake the *laws of Nature*." UPTON.

Of gods or men to alter or miſguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurſt
That God had bleſt, and did at firſt provide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne ſhee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iuſtice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhlie:
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worſe.
O pittious worke of Mutabilitie,
By which we all are ſubiect to that curſe,
And death, in ſtead of life, have ſucked from our nurſe!

VII.

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt and thralled to her might,
She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,

V. 7. ——————*and made them* &c.] That is, and brought a curſe upon thoſe things which God had bleſſed, and intended, at firſt, that they ſhould always have continued in a ſtate of happineſs. So Milton, *Par. L.* B. x. 617.

—————— "which I
"So fair and good created, and had ſtill
"Kept in that ſtate, had not the folly of man &c."
CHURCH.

And Iove himſelfe to ſhoulder from his right,
And firſt, ſhe paſt the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contraire,
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepaire.

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the Moone ſhe clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlaſting glory,
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly ſtory;
Whoſe ſilver gates (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glaſſe in hand,
Hight Tyme,) ſhe entred, were he liefe or ſory;
Ne ſtaide till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,

VII. 8. ——————— *contraire,*] Fr. *contrarier*, to contrarie, croſſe, thwart, &c. Cotgrave, in V. TODD.

VIII. 8. ——————— *ſtage*] Mr. Upton is of opinion that Spenſer wrote *ſiege*, an old word for *ſeat*, and generally uſed for a ſeat of dignity. See the notes on F. Q. ii. ii. 39. And he contends that Cynthia did not ſit on a *ſtage*, but on a *ſiege* royal or ſovereign *ſeat*, agreeably to the cuſtom of the gods having their proper thrones, as in Ovid, *Met.* i. 174, Hom. *Il. ά.* 606, and Milton, *Par. L.* B. i. 796. But the old reading, *ſtage*, may be defended. Cotgrave interprets *eſtage*, "a ſtorie, *ſtage*, loft, or height of a houſe, &c." And thus the palace at Theobald's is divided into *ſtages*, in 1583. See Murdin's *State-Papers*, p. 378. "For the *fourth* STAGE: A ſingle chamber in the turrett, &c." TODD.

Ibid. ——————— ſcand,] *Climbed up to.* Lat. *ſcandere.* CHURCH.

Where Cynthia did ſit, that never ſtill did ſtand.

IX.

Her ſitting on an ivory throne ſhee found,
Drawne of two ſteeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thouſand ſtarres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her ſide there ran her Page, that hight
Veſper, whom we the evening-ſtarre intend;
That with his torche, ſtill twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend,
And ioy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

X.

That when the hardy Titaneſſe beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heavens ſubſtance, and up-held
With thouſand cryſtall pillors of huge hight;
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious ſpright,
And t' envie her that in ſuch glorie raigned.
Eftſoones ſhe caſt by force and tortious might

VIII. 9. ——— *that never ſtill did ſtand.*] Alluding to the continual increaſe and decreaſe of the moon, CHURCH.

IX. 9. *And ioy* &c.] Dryden, in his *Religio Laici*, had an eye to this paſſage:

" Dim, as the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
" To lonely, *weary, wandering travellers*,
" Is Reaſon to the Soul." CHURCH.

X. 1. *That*] Hughes and Upton read, without authority, *Tho.* TODD.

Her to diſplace, and to herſelfe t' have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

XI.

Boldly ſhe bid the goddeſſe downe deſcend,
And let herſelfe into that ivory throne;
For ſhe herſelfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or unto gods whoſe ſtate ſhe did maligne,
Or to th' infernall powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty moſt benigne,
Herſelfe of all that rule ſhee deemed moſt condigne.

XII.

But ſhee that had to her that ſoveraigne ſeat
By higheſt Iove aſſign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But, with ſterne countenaunce and diſdainfull cheare
Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coaſt to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wrack.

X. 9. *The kingdome of the Night,*] Alluding to *Pſ.* cxxxvi. 9. "The Moon and the Stars to *govern* the Night." CHURCH.

XI. 3. ——————————— *wend,*] For *weened,* thought. CHURCH.

XIII.

Yet nathëmore the Gianteſſe forbare;
But, boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to ſtrike her if ſhe did with-ſtand:
Whereat the Starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon ſtill did ſtand,
All beeing with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and ſterne looke ſtill gazed.

XIV.

Mean while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid and wondred at that ſight;
Fearing leaſt Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,

XIV. 8. *But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,*] Spenſer, when ſpeaking of the heavenly bodies, always follows Ptolemy's ſyſtem, which here luckily ſuits with his deſign. According to that ſyſtem, Mercury was the Planet neareſt to the Moon, and therefore might be ſuppoſed firſt to have diſ-

Ran forth in haſte unto the King of gods to plaine.

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Ioves faire palace fixt in heavens hight;
And, beating at his gates full earneſtly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that ſuddaine lack of light.
The Father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their ſo ſtrange affright,
Doubting leaſt Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him ſorely fear'd.

XVI.

Eftſoones the Sonne of Maia forth he ſent
Downe to the circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cauſe of this ſo ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
And why ſhee did her wonted courſe forſlowe;
And, if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her moleſt,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arreſt

covered this diſturbance in that region: and he was the moſt proper perſon (as *Meſſenger of the gods*) to carry the intelligence to Jupiter. CHURCH.

XV. 2. *To Ioves faire* palace] Ovid, *Met.* i. 175.
" Hic locus eſt, quem, ſi verbis audacia detur,
" Haud timeam magni dixiſſe *palatia* cœli." UPTON.

XVI. 5. *And, if* &c.] See the note, F. Q. i. vii. 34. CHURCH.

The author, and him bring before his preſence
preſt.

XVII.

The wingd-foot god ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoone he came whereas the Titaneſſe
Was ſtriving with faire Cynthia for her ſeat;
At whoſe ſtrange ſight and haughty hardineſſe
He wondred much, and feared her no leſſe:
Yet, laying feare aſide to doe his charge,
At laſt he bade her, with bold ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Ceaſſe to moleſt the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Iove her dooings to diſcharge.

XVIII.

And therewithall he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed mace, whoſe awfull power
Doth make both gods and helliſh fiends affraid:
Whereat the Titaneſſe did ſternely lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd; That in evill hower
He from his Iove ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthias ſilver bower;
Sith ſhee his Iove and him eſteemed nought,
No more then Cynthias ſelfe; but all their kingdoms ſought.

XVI. 9. ——— preſt.] *Immediately:* here uſed adverbially. See Mr. Warton's note on *preſt*, F. Q. vi. vii. 19. TODD.

XVII. 9. ——— *her dooings to* diſcharge.] To *clear* her actions *from the charge* laid againſt them. Fr. *deſcharger*. CHURCH.

XIX.

The heavens Herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' higheſt ſky,
Was placed in his principall eſtate,
With all the gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Iove; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe unfold;

XX.

"Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers:
Ye may remember ſince th' Earths curſed ſeed
Sought to aſſaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them deſtroied quite;
Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed

XIX. 5. ———————— congregate:] *Aſſembled together.* Milton uſes this Latin participle, *Par. L.* B. vii. 308. "The great receptacle of *congregated* waters." TODD.

XX. 6. *Yee all doe knowe*, &c.] From Ovid, *Met.* i. 156.

" Obruta mole ſuâ cum corpora dira jacerent,
" Perfuſam multo natorum ſanguine Terram
" Incaluiſſe ferunt, calidumque animâſſe cruorem;
" Et, ne nulla feræ ſtirpis monumenta manerent,
" In faciem vertiſſe hominum: ſed et illa propago
" Contemtrix ſuperûm, ſævæque avidiſſima cædis,
" Et violenta fuit: ſcires e ſanguine natos." JORTIN.

An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet
despite.

XXI.

" Of that bad ſeed is this bold Woman bred,
That now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
To thruſt faire Phœbe from her ſilver bed,
And eke ourſelves from heavens high empire,
If that her might were match to her deſire:
Wherefore it now behoves us to adviſe
What way is beſt to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counſell wiſe:
Areed, ye Sonnes of God, as beſt ye can
deviſe."

XXII.

So having ſaid, he ceaſt; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomefull dreaded
beck

XXI. 5. *If that her might were* match *to her deſire:*] This is the reading of all the books excepting the folio of 1679, where 'tis printed *matcht*. UPTON.

XXI. 6. *Wherefore* &c.] The judicious reader will obſerve that there is much of Milton's manner in this and the preceding ſtanza. That Milton drew from hence is plain; particularly he has copied Spenſer (but fallen ſhort of his maſter's dignity) in the cloſe of Satan's ſpeech in the Infernal Council. *Par. Loſt*, B. ii. 40.

——— " and by what beſt way,
" Whether of open war or covert guile,
" We now debate; who can adviſe, may ſpeak."

CHURCH.

XXI. 9. *Areed, ye Sonnes of* God,] Spenſer would have avoided, I ſhould think, this manner of ſpeaking: I believe he gave it, " Areed, ye ſonnes of *gods*." UPTON.

Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the higheſt powers of heaven to check,)
Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake:
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell grave and wiſe.
Meanewhile th' Earths daughter, though ſhe nought did reck
Of Hermes meſſage, yet gan now adviſe
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold emprize.

XXIII.

Eftſoones ſhe thus reſolv'd; that whil'ſt the gods
(After returne of Hermes embaſſie)
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelves at ods;
Before they could new counſels re-allie,
To ſet upon them them in that extaſie,

XXII. 9. ——— *in this* hot *bold emprize.*] So the folios and the edition of 1751 read. Hughes, "in this *her* bold emprize;" which ſeems better. CHURCH.

I would by no means diſcard the word *hot*. The epithet is rightly employed to expreſs a dangerous or daring enterpriſe. So we ſtill ſay of a ſevere battle, that it was a *hot* engagement. Shakſpeare makes the Clown, in the *Winter's Tale*, exclaim over the rags of the impoſtor Autolycus; "if this be a horſeman's coat, it hath ſeen very *hot* ſervice." TODD.

XXIII. 4. ——— re-allie,] *Rallie*, get in order, from *rallier*: q. d. *realligare*: So Skinner; agreeable to our poet's ſpelling. UPTON.

XXIII. 5. ——— extaſie,] *Sudden ſurpriſe*. CHURCH.

And take what fortune, time, and place would
lend:
So forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To Ioves high palace ſtraight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot: Good onſet boads good
end.

XXIV.

Shee there arriving boldly in did paſs;
Where all the gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At ſight of her they ſuddaine all aroſe
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe:
But Iove, all feareleſſe, forc't them to aby;
And in his ſoveraine throne gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelfe, more full of grace and maieſtie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote
terrifie.

XXV.

That when the haughty Titaneſſe beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld;
And, inly quaking, ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe
And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience;
Untill that Iove himſelfe herſelfe beſpake:

XXIV. 3. ——————— *their*] Mr. Church reads *there*. TODD.

"Speake, thou fraile Woman, ſpeake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what dooſt thou here now make?
What idle errand haſt thou earths manſion to forſake?"

XXVI.

Shee, halfe confuſed with his great commaund,
Yet gathering ſpirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly anſwer'd thus to his demaund;
"I am a daughter, by the mothers ſide,
Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos child:
But by the fathers, be it not envide,
I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

XXVII.

"For Titan, as ye all acknowledge muſt,
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right;
Both ſonnes of Uranus; but by uniuſt

XXV. 8. ——— make?] *Deviſe.* See the note, F. Q. i. ii. 9. CHURCH.

XXV. 9. ——— *haſt* thou &c.] So the folios and the edition of 1751 read. Hughes omits *thou*; which alteration appears to me to be right. Probably *thou* crept in, by a ſlip of the printer's eye, from the preceding line. CHURCH.

As *thou* is abſorbed in ſcanſion, it may fairly be admitted without any violence to the meaſure. UPTON.

The *e* in *idle* is ſunk, or cut off; as the *y* is in *mery*, F. Q. i. x. 61. T. WARTON.

And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes ſlight,
The younger thruſt the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Iove, iniuriouſly haſt held
The heavens rule from Titans ſonnes by might;
And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt feld:
Witneſſe, ye heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!"

XXVIII.

Whil'ſt ſhe thus ſpake, the gods that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the goddeſſes in place,)
Stood all aſtonied; like a ſort of ſteeres,
Mongſt whom ſome beaſt of ſtrange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres:
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

XXIX.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Iove thus beſpake;
"Will never mortall thoughts ceaſſe to aſpire

XXVII. 9. ——— *teld!*] For *told.*
See alſo the next C. ſt. 13. CHURCH.

In this bold ſort to heaven claime to make,
And touch celeſtiall ſeates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procruſtes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus taſting of our ire,
Would have ſuffiz'd the reſt for to reſtraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refraine:

XXX.

" But now this off-ſcum of that curſed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th' heritage of this our ſkie;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?" With that, he ſhooke

XXIX. 5. ——— *that bold* Procruſtes *hire*, &c.] The example of Procruſtes is not to the purpoſe, ſince he neither offended particularly againſt Jupiter, nor was puniſhed by him. He was ſlain by Theſeus. JORTIN.

Procruſtes is put here for any robber, or oppreſſor of mankind, that met with his due puniſhment. UPTON.

XXX. 1. ——— that *curſed* &c.] The folio of 1679 reads " *this* curſed fry." CHURCH.

XXX. 6. ——— *With that, he ſhooke*
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,]
Ovid, *Met.* i. 179.

" Terrificam capitis concuſſit terque quaterque
" Cæſariem, cum quâ terram, mare, ſidera, movit."

His nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

XXXI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace,
(Such ſway doth beauty even in heaven beare,)
He ſtaide his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began;
"But ah! if gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere,

See alſo Taſſo, C. xiii. 74, and Milton, *Par. L.* B. ii. 331. But compare Homer:

Η, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων.
—— μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Whom Spenſer had in view above, ſt. 22.

"His black eye-brow, whoſe doomefull dreaded beck
"Is wont to wield the world—"

So Horace, L. 3. Od. i.

"Cuncta ſupercilio moventis."

And Virgil, *Æn.* ix. 106.

"Annuit, et totum nutu tremfecit Olympum." UPTON.

XXX. 8. —— quooke,] *Quaked*, the old preterite of *quake*. So Chaucer, *Monkes Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, v. 14210.

"For fere of which he *quoke*, &c." TODD.

XXX. 9. —— eft] *Moreover*. CHURCH.

XXXI. 7. *But ah! if gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere,*
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Iove ſhould doe ſtill what he can!]

"My ſpirit ſhall not always ſtrive with man, for that he alſo is

Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Iove ſhould doe ſtill what he
can!

XXXII.

" But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
Through ſome vaine errour, or inducement
light,
To ſee that mortall eyes have never ſeene;
Or through enſample of thy ſiſters might,
Bellona, whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſpight,
Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power
belowe,
Mongſt wretched men, diſmaide with her
affright,
To bandie crownes, and kingdoms to be-
ſtowe:
And ſure thy worth no leſſe then hers doth ſeem
to ſhowe.

ſleſh," *Gen.* vi. 3. " Yea, many a time turned he his wrath away: for he conſidered that they were but ſleſh," *Pſal.* lxxviii. 39. The conſtruction is ſomewhat confuſed: *If gods ſhould ſtrive* TOGETHER *with fleſh, and if Jove ſhould doe ſtill what he is able to do, then ſhortly would the progeny of man be rooted out.* In Chaucer and our old poets we frequently meet with *yfere, ifere, in fere,* for *together.* UPTON.

Spenſer has, in this paſſage, very improperly introduced the language of Holy Writ. TODD.

XXXII. 2. ——————— *light,*] So all the editions. I incline to think the poet gave *hight*, i. e. *called, invited.* I would read and point thus:

" But thee, faire Titan's child, I rather weene,
" Through ſome vaine errour or inducement, *hight*
" To ſee &c." CHURCH.

XXXIII.

" But wote thou this, thou hardy Titaneſſe,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in heavens intereſſe;
Much leſſe the title of old Titans right:
For we by conqueſt, of our ſoveraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the empire of the heavens bright;
Which to ourſelves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

XXXIV.

" Then ceaſſe thy idle claime, thou fooliſh gerle;
And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
Thereto thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine
Have Iove thy gracious Lord and Soveraigne."
So having ſaid, ſhe thus to him replyde;
" Ceaſſe, Saturnes Sonne, to ſeeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy ſide,
For to betray my right before I have it tride.

XXXV.

" But thee, O Iove, no equall iudge I deeme
Of my deſert, or of my dewfull right;

XXXIII. 3. ——————— *intereſſe*;] For *intereſt*, i. e. right or title to. Hughes reads *intereſt*. CHURCH. Spenſer uſes the Italian *intereſſe*. UPTON.

XXXIV. 4. ——————— *faine Have*] That is, deſire to have. CHURCH.

That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme:
But to the higheſt him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the god of Nature, I appeale."
Thereat Iove wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade Dan Phœbus ſcribe her appellation
ſeale.

XXXV. 6. *To weet, the* god *of Nature,*] But, in the next Canto, he ſays, " Then forth iſſu'd (great *goddeſſe*) great dame Nature," ſt. 5. The reader muſt not be ſurprized to find in one place a deity called a *god*, in another a *goddeſſe*: for, as Milton obſerves, *Par. L.* B. i. 423.

—— " Spirits, when they pleaſe,
" Can either ſex aſſume, or both.—"

According to the Orphick verſes, Jupiter (i. e. as there intended, Univerſal Nature, or in Spenſer's words, (*The god of Nature,*) is of both ſexes, male and female; as conſiſting of active and paſſive principles. Pan likewiſe (as the name imports) is ſaid to be the god of Nature: " Pan totius Naturæ deus eſt." Servius in Virg. *Ecl.* ii. 31. " Pan ab antiquis *dicbus fuit* [lego, *dictus fuit*] deus Naturæ." Albricus *De Deor. Imag.* Cap. ix. *Nature* is ſpoken of as the chiefeſt of the deities in Statius, xii. 561.

—— " Heu princeps Natura! ubi numina, ubi ille
" Fulminis injuſti jaculator?—"

When Lucretius, and the like atheiſtical writers, ſpeak of Nature, with the epithets, *creatrix rerum, gubernans, omniparens*, &c. they mean ſome unknown power working blindly for the general good: but Seneca, as a good theiſt, ſays, *By Nature I mean the God of Nature.* And the Stoicks, when they addreſs Nature, mean not that blind goddeſs of the Epicureans, but an univerſal mind acting for the good of the whole, hereby recognizing a Divine Nature, or making Nature a kind of handmaid of the Deity. From theſe and the like conſiderations of the *various* energies of Nature, and her myſterious appearances, we may ſee into the meaning of ſtanzas 5, and 6, in Canto vii. UPTON.

XXXV. 9. —————— appellation] *Appeal.* Lat. *appellatio.* CHURCH.

XXXVI.

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their titles and beſt rights:
That was, to weet, upon the higheſt hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the higheſt head, in all mens ſights,
Of my old father MOLE, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall ſkill.

XXXVII.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To ſing of hilles and woods mongſt warres and Knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,

XXXVI. 6. *Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not* &c.] See the ſame form of expreſſion, F. Q. vi. x. 16.

" Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)"

So Hall, in his *Satires*, B. iii. Sat. 6.

" When Gullion died, (who knowes not Gullion?)"

Hence Milton, in *Comus*, v. 50.

" On Circe's iſland fell: (who knows not Circe, &c.)"

TODD.

XXXVI. 7. ——— *is all mens* ſights,] That is, in the opinion of all men. See F. Q. iv. iii. 30. Hughes reads, " in all mens *ſight*." CHURCH.

XXXVI. 8. ——— *whom Shepheards quill* &c.] See *Colin Clouts come home again*. CHURCH.

XXXVII. 1. ——— *this* file] That is, this *ſtile*. Lat. *filum*. CHURCH.

Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes ſpights,
(Beeing of old the beſt and faireſt hill
That was in all this Holy-Iſlands hights,)
Was made the moſt unpleaſant and moſt ill:
Meane while, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland floriſhed in fame
Of wealth and goodneſſe, far above the reſt
Of all that beare the Britiſh Iſlands name,
The gods then us'd, for pleaſure and for reſt,
Oft to reſort thereto, when ſeem'd them beſt:
But none of all therein more pleaſure found
Then Cynthia, that is ſoveraine Queene profeſt
Of woods and forreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholſom waters more then moſt on ground:

XXXIX.

But mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game,

XXXVII. 7. ——————— *this Holy-Iſlands*] "The Iriſh were a People anciently (according to the name of the Holy Iland given to Ireland) much devoted to, and by the Engliſh much reſpected for, their holineſs and learning." See Selden's Notes on Drayton's *Polyolb.* p. 15. edit. fol. CHURCH.

XXXVIII. 2. *Of* wealth *and goodneſſe,*] So Hughes reads, which I ſhould imagine is as Spenſer himſelf gave. The folios and the edition of 1751 read *wealths.* CHURCH.

Upton and Tonſon's edition in 1758 rightly alſo read "Of *wealth* and goodneſſe." TODD.

(Either for chace of beaſts with hound or bowe,
Or for to ſhroude in ſhade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freſhly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,)
She choſe this Arlo; where ſhee did reſort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft conſort;
For with the nymphes the ſatyres love to play and ſport:

XL.

Amongſt the which there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole,
And ſiſter unto Mulla faire and bright:
Unto whoſe bed falſe Bregog whylome ſtole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her luckleſſe loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,

XL. 1. *Amongſt the which* &c.] Compare this ſtory of Molanna, with that of her ſiſter Mulla, in *Colin Clouts* &c. CHURCH.

XL. 5. *That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,*] Which ſtory Colin Clout (Spenſer himſelf) did dearly condole in his Poem, entitled *Colin Clouts come home again.* UPTON.

XL. 7. ——————————ſhole,] *Shallow.* As the epithet is here applied to the River, as being a Perſon, it means *little of ſtature.* CHURCH.

Were no leſſe faire and beautifull then ſhee:
Yet, as ſhe is, a fairer flood may no man ſee.

XLI.

For firſt ſhe ſprings out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond ſeemes to deck the locks
Of ſome faire bride, brought forth with pompous ſhowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers ſtrowes:
So through the flowry dales ſhe tumbling downe
Through many woods and ſhady coverts flowes,
That on each ſide her ſilver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine ſhe come, whoſe valleyes ſhee doth drowne.

XLII.

In her ſweet ſtreames Diana uſed oft,
After her ſweatie chace and toileſome play,
To bathe herſelfe; and, after, on the ſoft
And downy graſſe her dainty limbes to lay
In covert ſhade, where none behold her may;
For much ſhe hated ſight of living eye:
Fooliſh god Faunus, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her nymphes in privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compaſſe his deſire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her Maid,
Her to diſcover for ſome ſecret hire:
So her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid;
And, after, pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her Lady ſee
When ſhe herſelfe did bathe, that he might ſecret bee.

XLIV.

Thereto hee promiſt, if ſhe would him pleaſure
With this ſmall boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas ſhee had out of meaſure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did ſet her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well:
Beſides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The leaſt of which this little pleaſure ſhould excell.

XLV.

The ſimple Maid did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he cloſe might view

That never any ſaw, ſave onely one,
Who, for his hire to ſo foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on ſunny day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
To this ſweet ſpring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Iove a likely pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus ſaw that pleaſed much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his breſt,
That, for great ioy of ſomewhat he did ſpy,
He could him not containe in ſilent reſt;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profeſt
His fooliſh thought: a ſooliſh Faune indeed,
That couldſt not hold thyſelfe ſo hidden bleſt,
But wouldeſt needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of ſo divine a meed.

XLVII.

The Goddeſſe, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſte forth ſtarted from the guilty brooke;
And, running ſtraight whereas ſhe heard his voice,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him tooke

XLV. 3. ——— *ſave onely one;*] viz. Actæon. UPTON.

Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whoſe ſight before ſo much he fought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and ſhooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas ſome wicked beaſt unware
That breakes into her dayr' houſe, there doth draine

XLVII. 5. *Like* darred *larke*;] A glaſs, made uſe of in catching larks, is called a *daring*-glaſs. "*Dare*, an old Engliſh word for *ſtare;* becauſe they, which behold a man ſtedfaſtly with a wide open *ſtaring* eie, are ſaid to be *bold* or *daring*." Minſheu. CHURCH.

This alluſion occurs in Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*, and in Shakſpeare's K. Hen. VIII, as Mr. Steevens has noticed, who alſo relates that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by ſmall mirrours faſtened on ſcarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of theſe birds while the fowler drew his net over them. TODD.

XLVIII. 1. *Like as an huſwife*, &c.] This ſimile is of the ſame ludicrous turn and comick caſt, as that in Arioſto, C. iv. 22, where the necromancer Atlanta, intending to take Bradamante by the help of his enchanted ſhield, is compared to a cat, and Bradamante to a mouſe. UPTON.

Ibid. ——————————*buſie care*] We have the ſame expreſſions, F. Q. i. ii. 45, iv. i. 43, which Mr. Upton propoſes to alter to "buſie *cure*." But *care* requires not to be altered: it is an ancient phraſe. Thus, in *The Deſtruction of Troy*, bl. l. B. i. Ch. xxxviii. It is ſaid of Jupiter; "All his delight and *buſie care* was in beholding the Ladies." TODD.

Her creaming pannes, and fruſtrate all her paine;
Hath, in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what puniſhment were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deathes deviſeth in her vengefull mind:

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Uſe ſilly Faunus, now within their baile:
They mocke and ſcorne him, and him foule miſcall;
Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the taile,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him haile:
Yet he (poore ſoule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought againſt their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he ſaid, whatever he did heare;
But, hanging downe his head, did like a mome appeare.

XLIX. 2. ——— *now within their* baile:] That is, now within their *power*. See Kerſey in V. *Bail*, "a certain limit or bound within a foreſt." CHURCH.

XLIX. 9. ——— *a mome*] A dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſ-

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that ſame would ſpill
The wood-gods breed, which muſt for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that ſeem'd penaunce light:
But moſt agreed, and did this ſentence give,
Him in deares ſkin to clad; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himſelfe ſave how hee might.

LI.

But Cynthia's ſelfe, more angry then the reſt,
Thought not enough to puniſh him in ſport,

querade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken. From hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. HAWKINS.

The preceding note is on Shakſpeare's uſe of the word in the *Comedy of Errors;* and Mr. Steevens has added to it an illuſtration from Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630.

" Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
" Hence with that *Mome!*"
—— " Brutus, forbear the preſence."

See alſo Cotgrave in V. *Mommon*. TODD.

L. 5. ———————— *drive*] For *driven*. CHURCH.

And of her ſhame to make a gameſome ieſt;
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort
That 'twas Molanna which her ſo bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deeres-ſkin they covered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds that after him did ſpeed;
But he, more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any deere; ſo ſore him dread aghaſt.
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braſt;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the ſkie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there

Her whelm'd with ſtones: Yet Faunus, for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves paſſe through a pleaſant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin ſhe herſelfe doe wed,
And, both combin'd, themſelves in one faire river ſpred.

LIV.

Nath'leſſe Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whoſe ſweete ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe tooke:
Ne onely her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about Arlo hid;
And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richeſt champian that may elſe be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thouſand ſalmons bred.

LIV. 8. ——————————— rid;] *Red, rad,* be ſpoken of, or declared; from the Anglo-Sax. ɲæban. UPTON.

LIV. 9. ——— *the faire Shure,*] See F. Q. iv. xi. 43. CHURCH.

LV.

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,
Thenceforth ſhe left; and, parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy hapleſſe curſe did lay;
To weet, that wolves, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all thoſe woods deface,
And thieves ſhould rob and ſpoile that coaſt around.
Since which, thoſe woods, and all that goodly chaſe
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:

LV. 1. ——————— way,] *Eſteem.* Hughes reads *weigh.* CHURCH.

LV. 7. *Since which,* &c.] In *Colin Clouts come home again,* where Spenſer is praiſing England, he does it by an enumeration of ſome of the miſeries of Ireland:

"No wayling there, no wretchedneſſe is heard,
"No bloodie iſſues, &c."

Spenſer, ſpeaking of the maſſacres committed upon the people of Munſter, in Ireland, after the rebellion, paints alſo in the ſtrongeſt colours though in proſe. See his *View of the State of Ireland:* "Out of every corner of the woodes and glennes they came creeping forth upon their handes; for their legges could not bear them: they looked like anatomies of death; they ſpake like ghoſtes crying out of their graves; they eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, yea, and one another ſoon after; inſomuch, as the very carcaſes they ſpared not to ſcrape out of their graves. And, if they found a plot of water-creſſes or ſhamrockes, they flocked, as to a feaſt, for the time; yet not able long to continue there withall, &c."

T. WARTON.

Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers ſince
have found!

LV. 9. *Which* too-too *true* &c.] The reduplication of *too* ſignifies *exceedingly*, as I have before obſerved. Again, in *Honours Academie*, folio 1610. part 3, p. 138. "Venus was faire, &c. And ſo were Thais, Flora, and Lais, louely to behold, but yet accounted of as common, becauſe of their ſhameleſſe and *too too* wanton behauiour."—Mr. Church places a comma, improperly, after the firſt *too*. TODD.

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Iove to Natures bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence: but Nature ſoone
Her righteous doome areads.

I.

AH! whither dooſt thou now, thou greater
Muſe,
Me from theſe woods and pleaſing forreſts
bring?
And my fraile ſpirit, that dooth oft refuſe
This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens king
(Thy ſoveraine Sire) his fortunate ſucceſſe;
And victory in bigger noates to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that Titaneſſe,
That him of heavens empire ſought to diſ-
poſſeſſe?

II.

Yet, ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Doe thou my weaker wit with ſkill inſpire,

I. 1. ——————— *thou greater Muſe,*] Clio. See C. vi. ſt. 37, and note, F. Q. i. Introd. 2. 1. CHURCH.

I. 7. ——— *in* bigger *noates to* ſing,] Perhaps alluding to Virgil's "paullò *majora canamus.*" TODD.

Fit for this turne; and in my ſable breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven ſo long ygone,
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne?

II. 3. ——————— *my* ſable *breſt*] So the folios and the edition of 1751 read. Hughes, "my *feeble* breaſt." But I prefer the old reading. So Fletcher, in his *Purple Iſland*, C. iii. ſt. 4.

"Thou Shepherd-god——
"Shed in my *miſtie* breaſt thy ſparkling light."

So Milton, *Par. Loſt*, B. i. 22.

——— "what in me is *dark*
"Illumine—"

Elſewhere indeed Spenſer uſes *feeble breſt*, F. Q. i. xi. 6.

"O, gently come into my *feeble breſt*,
"Come gently; but not with that mighty rage," &c.

Again, *Hymn in Hon. of Love:*

"Come then; O come, thou mighty god of love—
"Come ſoftly, and my *feeble breaſt* inſpire
"With gentle furie."

Again, *Hymn in Honour of Beautie:*

"Ah! whither, Love, wilt thou now carry me!
"What wontleſſe fury doſt thou now inſpire
"Into my *feeble breaſt* too full of thee!"

But the judicious reader will ſee that there is a peculiar propriety in the uſe of the epithet *ſable* here, and in that of *feeble* in the other invocations. CHURCH.

Mr. Upton ſilently reads "*feeble* breſt;" and Tonſon's edition in 1758 reads the ſame. TODD.

II. 6. ————*for who, but thou alone,*
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven ſo long ygone,] The poet, reaſſuming his ſubject, calls upon the aſſiſtance of the Muſe, in imitation of his brother poets. Compare Homer, *Il. β.* 484. See likewiſe Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 641. and Milton, *Par. Loſt*, i. 27. UPTON.

III.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods aſſembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heavenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both ſea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proſérpina were preſent there.

IV.

And thither alſo came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their ſundry kinds of features;
That Arlo ſcarſly could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and plaine:
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

V.

Then forth iſſew'd (great Goddeſſe) great Dame Nature
With goodly port and gracious maieſty,

IV. 6. ——————————— Order)] *Order* is introduced as a marſhal in F. Q. v. ix. 23. And Luis de Camöens, in his *Luſiad*, Canto i, makes *Order* the herald and marſhal of the deities. UPTON.

Being far greater and more tall of ſtature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry;
For, with a veile that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that note to none appeare.

VI.

That, ſome doe ſay, was ſo by ſkill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that ſhould be ſore agrized;
For that her face did like a lion ſhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it ſo beautious was,
And round about ſuch beames of ſplendor threw,
That it the ſunne a thouſand times did paſs,
Ne could be ſeene but like an image in a glaſs.

VII.

That well may ſeemen true; for well I weene
That this ſame day, when ſhe on Arlo ſat,
Her garment was ſo bright and wondrous ſheene,

V. 5. ——————— *phyſnomy,*] See the note on *viſnomie*, F. Q. v. iv. 11. TODD.

V. 8. ——— *a* veile *that* wimpled] See F. Q. i. i. 4, and the notes on the paſſage. TODD.

VI. 9. ——————— *like an image in a glaſs.*] That is, by being reflected. CHURCH.

That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like ſtuffe to that:
As thoſe three ſacred ſaints, though elſe moſt wiſe,
Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in ſtrange diſguiſe
Transfigur'd ſawe; his garments ſo did daze their eyes.

VIII.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not ſuch as crafteſmen by their idle ſkill
Are wont for princes ſtates to faſhion;
But th' Earth herſelf, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull boſome made to growe

VIII. 4. ——— *princes* ſtates] So all the editions. Quære, "Princes *ſtate*," i. e. the ſtate and grandeur of Princes. So F. Q. i. xii. 14.

"My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
"The large diſcourſe of roiall princes *ſtate*."

CHURCH.

States, the original word, is the right reading. And the meaning of *ſtates* is *canopies* or *pavilions*, as indeed the ſecond line of the ſtanza points out. *State* was frequently uſed by our old poets in this ſenſe. See Mr. Warton's note on Milton's employment of the phraſe in his *Arcades*, ver. 81. "her glittering *ſtate*;" i. e. the *ſtate* or *canopy* under which the Counteſs of Derby was ſeated. See alſo Cotgrave, in V. *Pavillon*. TODD.

VIII. 5. *But th' Earth* herſelf, *of her owne motion,*
Out of her fruitfull boſome made to growe
Moſt dainty trees;] He explains what he means by *herſelf*, viz. of her own motion; ſpontaneouſly: ſo the

Moſt dainty trees, that, ſhooting up anon,
Did ſeeme to bow their bloſming heads full lowe
For homage unto her, and like a throne did ſhew.

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and veſtiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey (in whoſe gentle ſpright,

Greeks uſe αὐτὸς, and the Latins *ipſe*; and, in a ſimilar paſſage, Virg. *Ecl.* iv. 23.

" *Ipſa* tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores."

Ipſa, i. e. *ſponte ſua*. And in ver. 21.

" *Ipſæ* lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
" Ubera :—"

Ipſæ, i. e. *ſponte ſua*. Compare a like image in Lucretius, L. i. " Tibi ſuaves dædala Tellus ſummittit flores." And in Homer, *Il.* ξ. 347. From whom Milton, *Par. L.* B. viii. 513. See our poet again in ſt. 10. UPTON.

VIII. 7. *Moſt dainty trees; that, ſhooting up anon,*
Did ſeeme to bow their bloſming heads full lowe
For homage unto her,] Compare Milton's ſublime addreſs to all the Works of God, *Par. L.* B. v. 193.

——————— " Wave your tops, ye Pines,
" With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave."

And ſee the note on the paſſage, edit. 1801. TODD.

IX. 1. *So hard it is* &c.] This ſtanza I think miſplaced. It ſeems to me that it ſhould be put after the 12th ſtanza. For ſee how regularly they follow each other:

" But th' Earth itſelf, of her free motion, &c." ſt. 8.
" And all the earth far underneath her feet, &c." ſt. 10.
" And Mole himſelf, to honour her the more, &c." ſt. 11.
" Was never ſo great joyance, &c." ſt. 12.
" So hard it is for any living wight, &c." ſt. 9. UPTON.

IX. 3. *That old Dan Geffrey* &c.] This ſtanza is no obſcure hint, that our poet had been conſulting Chaucer's *Aſſembly of Fowles* for this deſcription of *Nature*. But Spenſer has

The pure well-head of poeſie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durſt not with it mell,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* deſcrib'd it well:
Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that Alane where he may be ſought.

X.

And all the earth far underneath her feete

given many new and delicate touches to Chaucer's rough ſketch, as will appear upon compariſon:

" Tho' was I ware, where there yſate a quene,
" That as of light the ſommer ſonne ſhene
" Paſſith the ſterre, right ſo ovir meſure,
" She fairer was than any other creture.
" And in a launde, upon a hill of floures,
" Was ſet this quene, this noble goddeſſe *Nature*,
" Of branchis were her hallis and her boures,
" Irought aftir her craft and her meſure, &c."

T. WARTON.

IX. 6. *But it transferd to* Alane, *who he thought*
Had in his Plaint of kindes *deſcrib'd it well*:] We muſt read *Plaint of Kinde:* ſo Chaucer, in *The Aſſemble of Foules*, ver. 316.

" And right as Alaine, in the *Plaint of Kinde*,
" Deviſeth Nature of ſoch araie and face, &c."

He refers to a treatiſe written by Alanus de Inſulis, " *de Planctu Naturæ* contra Sodomiæ vitium." This book was never (ſo far as I can find) printed, nor ever ſeen by Spenſer, which makes him ſay;

" Which who will read ſet forth, ſo as it ought,
" Go ſeek he out that Alane, where he may be ſought."

There is a MS. of this Alane, *De Planctu Naturæ*, Of the Plaint of Kinde, or of Nature, in the Bodley Library; which begins thus;

" In lacrymas riſus, in luctus gaudia verto,
" In planctum plauſus, in lacrymoſa jocos." UPTON.

X. 1. *And all the Earth* &c.] 'Tis a common thing among

Was dight with flowers, that voluntary
grew
Out of the ground, and ſent forth odours
ſweet;
Tenne thouſand mores of ſundry ſent and
hew,
That might delight the ſmell, or pleaſe the
view,
The which the nymphes from all the brooks
thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-ſtoole threw;
That richer ſeem'd then any tapeſtry,

the poets to call forth flowers and make them ſpring up ſpontaneous to honour the gods, or perſons of diſtinction. Homer led the way, *Il.* ξ. 347. See alſo Heſiod, *Theog.* 194. Claudian is very profuſe of graſs and flowers. See *Conſ. Pr. et Ol.* 115, *Nupt. Hon. et Mar.* 188, *Rapt. Proſ.* ii. 71, *Laud. Serenæ*, 89.
JORTIN.

X. 4. ———— *mores*] In Hughes's edition 'tis ſpelt *more*. We uſe the word *mores* in the Weſt of England for *roots* &c. Somner, Anglo-Sax. moɲah, *acini*, *baccæ*, *ſemina*.
UPTON.

Hughes's reading is right. The folios and the edition of 1751 read *mores*. CHURCH.

Mr. Church accordingly reads *more*; as Tonſon's edition in 1758 alſo does. I have retained the old reading on account of Mr. Upton's note. TODD.

X. 7. *Had gathered, they* &c.] So Hughes reads. The folios and the edition of 1751, "Had gathered, *which* they &c." But *which* certainly crept in from the foregoing line.
CHURCH.

I have followed this neceſſary emendation. Mr. Upton and Tonſon's edition in 1758 retain the ſuperfluous *which*. TODD.

X. 8. ———— *tapeſtry*,] In the age of the poet, tapeſtry was the moſt faſhionable furniture of halls and ſtate-rooms; as it was when Milton wrote his *Comus*, who mentions tapeſtry as a circumſtance of grandeur, ver. 324. As

That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI.

And Mole himſelfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himſelf in freſheſt faire attire;

the general faſhion of furniſhing halls and grand apartments, is at preſent entirely different from this, the reader paſſes over the expreſſion, *Tapeſtry-halls*, without feeling any ſtriking idea of the thing conveyed to him, becauſe the object from whence it is drawn, does not at preſent commonly exiſt: and we may obſerve, from that paſſage, how much of their force and propriety both expreſſions and deſcriptions muſt neceſſarily loſe, when the objects, or cuſtoms, or manners, to which they allude, are diſuſed, and forgotten. There is another reference to tapeſtry in Milton, which is not immediately felt and underſtood by a modern reader, *El.* 6.

" Auditurque chelys *ſuſpenſa tapetia* circum,
" Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes."

In Hentznerus's *Itinerarium*, 1568, may be ſeen ſome curious deſcriptions of rich tapeſtry in queen Elizabeth's palaces. Bacon, deſcribing a cabinet, or cloſet, at the end of a gallery, which is to be furniſhed and finiſhed in the moſt delicate taſte, directs, that it be " daintily paved, *richly hanged*, glazed with cryſtalline glaſſe, a rich cupola in the midſt, and all other elegancie that may be thought upon." *Of Building*, Eſſ. xlv. Harriſon, who wrote a Deſcription of England about the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign, obſerves; " Certes in noblemens houſes it is not rare to ſee abundance of *arras*, rich hangings of *tapeſtrie*, &c.—Likewiſe, in the houſes of knights, gentlemen, &c. it is not geſon to behold generallie this *great proviſion* of *tapeſtrie*." Prefixed to Holinſhed's *Chron.* p. 188. Before the uſe of tapeſtry became very common, they painted the walls of their rooms. Chaucer tells us, that the room in which he ſlept, in his *Dreme*, was painted with the hiſtory of the *Romaunt of the Roſe*:

" And ſoothe to ſaine my chamber was
" Full well depaintid.——
" And all the walls with colours fine
" Were paint, both text and gloſe,
" And [with] all the Romaunt of the Roſe."

T. WARTON.

And his high head, that ſeemeth alwaies hore
With hardned froſts of former winters ire,
He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of ſome new nymph late ſeene
Had in him kindled youthfull freſh deſire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah! gentle Mole, ſuch ioyance hath thee well beſeene.

XII.

Was never ſo great ioyance ſince the day
That all the gods whylome aſſembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the ſolemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there;
Where Phœbus ſelf, that god of poets hight,
They ſay, did ſing the ſpouſall hymne full cleere,

XI. 8. ——— *his* gray *attire*] So, in *Colin Clout's* &c. "Mole, that mountain *gray*." CHURCH.

XII. 3. *On* Hæmus *hill*] He ſays the bridale of Peleus and Thetis was celebrated on Hæmus, (a hill on the confines of Theſſaly,) becauſe Ovid reciting the amours of Peleus and Thetis (*Met.* xi. 229.) begins, "Eſt ſinus *Hæmoniæ*," &c." And Peleus is called "*Hæmonius* Peleus," by Tibullus, L. i. *Eleg.* vi. ver. 9. But Apollodorus ſays expreſly, that the marriage was celebrated on mount Pelion: and Catullus who wrote the Epithalamium (Spenſer alluding to it ſays *Phœbus ſelf did ſing the ſpouſall hymne*) begins with, "*Peliaco* quondam, &c." UPTON.

XII. 5. ——— *pointed*] For *appointed*. CHURCH.

That all the gods were raviſht with delight
Of his celeſtiall ſong and muſicks wondrous
might.

XIII.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her ſted;
Unſeene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came Dame Mutabilitie;
And, being lowe before her preſence feld
With meek obayſance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to am-
plifie:

XIV.

"To thee, O greateſt Goddeſſe, onely great,
An humble ſuppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
Who right to all doſt deale indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
Oppreſſing them with power unequally,

XIII. 1. *This great Grandmother* &c.] He ſeems to call Nature *great Grandmother*, &c. in imitation of Orpheus's Hymn to Nature:

Ω Φύσι, παμμήτειρα θεά, πολυμήχανε μῆτερ.

And, ſpeaking of Nature *ſtill moving, yet unmoved from her ſted*, he ſeems to have Boetius in his eye, who thus addreſſes the God of Nature,

—— "ſtabiliſque manens das cuncta movere."

UPTON.

Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knitteſt each to each, as brother unto brother:

XV.

"To thee therefore of this ſame Iove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themſelves the whole worlds raign,
Of which the greateſt part is due to me,
And heaven itſelfe by heritage in fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more then men thou doeſt eſteeme:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do ſeeme.

XVI.

"Then weigh, O ſoveraigne Goddeſſe, by what right
Theſe gods do claime the worlds whole ſoverainty;
And that is onely dew unto my might

XV. 6. ——————— I *both alike* do *deeme*,] The ſecond and third folios, "*are* both alike *to* deeme." CHURCH.

XVI. 3. ——————— *unto* my *might*] So the ſecond and third folios, and Hughes's ſecond edition, read. The firſt folio, Hughes's firſt edition, and the edition of 1751, "unto *thy* might." But, as *Mutability* contends with the gods for the ſovereignty of the world, *my* appears to me the better reading. CHURCH.

Mr. Upton reads "*thy* might;" but Tonſon's edition in 1758 follows the emendation, *my*. TODD.

Arrogate to themſelves ambitiouſly:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Iove uſurpes uniuſtly, that to be
My heritage, Iove's ſelfe cannot deny,
From my great grandſire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew deſcent; as is well known to thee.

XVII.

"Yet mauger Iove, and all his gods beſide,
I doe poſſeſſe the worlds moſt regiment;
As if ye pleaſe it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And firſt, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only ſeems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutability not thrall,
Yet is ſhe chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

XVIII.

"For all that from her ſprings, and is ybredde,

XVII. 2. *I doe poſſeſſe the worlds* moſt regiment;] *The chief government* of the world. UPTON.

XVII. 4. ——— inholders] *Inhabitants.* See the note on *inne*, F. Q. vi. iii. 29. TODD.

Ibid. ——— *convent,*] Summon to appear. CHURCH.

XVII. 5. ——— incontinent.] *Immediately.* See the notes, F. Q. i. vi. 8. TODD.

XVII. 6. *And firſt* &c.] What follows concerning the mutability of all things, may be compared with the diſcourſe of Pythagoras upon that ſubject in Ovid, *Met.* xv. 165.

"Omnia mutantur; nihil interit, &c."

Spenſer certainly had it in view. JORTIN.

However fayre it flouriſh for a time,
Yet ſee we ſoone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again unto their earthly ſlime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily ſee new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter ſpring another Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by ſtrange diſguiſe:
So turne they ſtill about, and change in reſtleſſe wiſe.

XIX.

"As for her tenants; that is, man and beaſts;
The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy
As thralls and vaſſals unto mens beheaſts;
And men themſelves doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly;

XVIII. 5. ——————— *mortall crime,*] Mortality. CHURCH.

XIX. 1. *As for her tenants; that is, man and beaſts;*] 'Tis a happy expreſſion to call man and beaſts joint-tenants of the earth. Sidney very elegantly calls the beaſts, "The wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." And Davenant, in *Gondibert*, B. ii. C. 69. ſt. 6. with Spenſer, perhaps, in his eye, ſays;

"Each, humbled thus, his beaſts led from aboard,
"As fellow paſſengers and heirs to breath,
"Joint-tenants to the world, he not their Lord."

The thought was too pretty to eſcape the notice of Mr. Pope. Hence in his *Eſſay on Man*, iii. 152.

"Man walk'd with beaſt joint-tenant of the ſhade."

UPTON.

But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occaſions fall.

XX.

"Ne is the Water in more conſtant caſe;
Whether thoſe ſame on high, or theſe belowe:
For th' ocean moveth ſtill from place to place;
And every river ſtill doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any lake, that ſeems moſt ſtill and flowe,
Ne poole ſo ſmall, that can his ſmoothneſſe holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd,
Now like great hills; and ſtreight, like fluces, them unfold.

XXI.

"So likewiſe are all watry living wights
Still toſt and turned with continuall change,
Never abyding in their ſtedfaſt plights:
The fiſh, ſtill floting, doe at randon range,
And never reſt, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the ſtreames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange

XXI. 7. ——— grange] In the ſenſe of *dwelling-place*. The word *grange* is generally uſed for a *ſolitary farm-houſe*. Mr. Warton ſays, that *grange*, ſtrictly and properly ſpeaking, is the farm of a monaſtery, where the religious

Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead do tarry;
But flitting ſtill doe flie, and ſtill their places vary.

XXII.

" Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by ſenſe
(For of all ſenſe it is the middle meane)
To flit ſtill, and with ſubtill influence
Of his thin ſpirit all creatures to maintaine
In ſtate of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing ſo tickle as th' unſteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blaſt that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII.

" Therein the changes infinite behoue,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot; ſtreight friezing deadly cold;
Now faire ſun-ſhine, that makes all ſkip and daunce;
Streight bitter ſtorms, and balefull countenance

depoſited their corn; *grangia*, Lat. from *granum*; but that in Lincolnſhire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone houſe, or farm which ſtands ſolitary, a *grange*. See alſo Cotgrave, in V. *Grange*, where it is rendered a *barn*. This paſſage of Spenſer ſeems indebted to *Luke* xii. 24, where the *ravens* are deſcribed as having " neither *ſtorehouſe* nor *barn*."
TODD.

That makes them all to ſhiver and to ſhake:
Rayne, hayle, and ſnowe do pay them ſad penánce,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flaſhing lights that thouſand changes make.

XXIV.

"Laſt is the Fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, every day,
We ſee his parts, ſo ſoone as they do ſever,
To loſe their heat and ſhortly to decay;
So makes himſelf his owne conſuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed;
But all, that are of others bredd, doth ſlay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren aſhes without feede.

XXV.

"Thus all theſe Fower (the which the ground-work bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thouſand ſorts of change we ſubject ſee:

XXV. 1. *Thus all theſe Fower* &c.] The poet had his eye on Pythagoras's doctrine in Ovid, *Met.* xv. 239.

"Quatuor æternus genitalia corpora mundus
"Continet——" UPTON.

Ibid. ——— *theſe fower,*] Theſe four Elements.

CHURCH.

Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous ſlights
Into themſelves, and loſe their native mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th'Ayre to Water ſheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching neere;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
However theſe, that gods themſelves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and ſoverainty;
As Veſta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us ſo uſuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Iuno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of ſeas; and Nymphes, of rivers all:
For all thoſe rivers to me ſubiect are;
And all the reſt, which they uſurp, be all my ſhare.

XXVII.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchſafe, O Goddeſſe, to thy preſence call
The reſt which doe the world in being hold;
As Times and Seaſons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or iudge thyſelfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not ſubiect all."
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Maieſty.

XXVIII.

So forth iſſew'd the Seaſons of the yeare:
Firſt, luſty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres
That freſhly budded and new blooſmes did beare,
In which a thouſand birds had built their bowres
That ſweetly ſung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike ſtoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as ſome did him love, ſo others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin ſilken caſſock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beſeene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The ſweat did drop; and in his hand he bore

XXVIII. 1. *So forth iſſew'd* &c.] Theſe four ſeaſons are characteriſed as perſons in Ovid, *Met.* ii. 27, xv. 206; Lucretius, L. v. 736; and in Spanheim's notes on Callimachus, p. 726, there is an engraving of a medal, repreſenting the four ſeaſons with their proper ſymbols. UPTON.

XXVIII. 2. —— luſty *Spring*,] That is, *beautiful, lovely* Spring. So, in Grove's *Epigrammes and Sonnets*, 1587. Sign. E. i. "The *luſty* flowers greene." See alſo ſt. 46. "A faire young *luſty* boy;" and the note on *Shep. Cal.* Jan. v. 37. TODD.

A bowe and ſhaftes, as he in forreſt greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated ſore.

XXX.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious ſtore,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had baniſht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched ſore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every ſort, he bore;
And in his hand a ſickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

XXXI.

Laſtly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'ſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe,

XXX. 9. ——————— yold.] *Yielded.* So Chaucer, *Troil. and Creſſ.* L. i. 802. "For fere is *yoldin* up thy brethe." See alſo F. Q. iii. xi. 17. TODD.

XXXI. 3. ——————— *his breath did freeſe,*
And the dull drops, &c.] So all the editions. I could wiſh to read thus:

"Laſtly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
"Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
"Whilſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe
"*Into* dull drops, that from his purpled bill,
"As from a limbeck, did adown diſtill." CHURCH.

And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown diſtill:
In his right hand a tipped ſtaffe he held,
With which his feeble ſteps he ſtayed ſtill;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That ſcarſe his looſed limbes he hable was to weld.

XXXII.

Theſe, marching ſoftly, thus in order went.
And after them the Monthes all riding came:
Firſt, ſturdy March, with brows full ſternly bent
And armed ſtrongly, rode upon a Ram,
The ſame which over Helleſpontus ſwam;
Yet in his hand a ſpade he alſo hent,
And in a bag all ſorts of ſeeds yſame,
Which on the earth he ſtrowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nouriſhment.

XXXII. 6. ——————————— hent,] *Held*, from *hend*, which is alſo uſed by Spenſer. Anglo-Sax. *hendan*, Lat. *prehendere*. See F. Q. v. xi. 27. See alſo *hent*, F. Q. iii. vii. 61. Chaucer thus uſes *hent*. See *Prol.* v. 700. edit. Tyrwhitt. Speaking of St. Peter:

——————— "whan that he went
"Upon the ſee, till Jeſu Chriſt him *hent*." TODD.

XXXII. 7. ——————————— yſame,] "*Yſame*, *yſome*, *ſimul*, *unà*. Spenſ. Anglo-Sax. ȝam. Goth. *ſamana*. Conſonum eſt Gr. ἁμα." Jun. edit. Lye. "Anglo-Sax. ȝame, *alſo*, *together*, *likewiſe*." Somner. — "*Sam*, *unà*, *pariter*." Wachter.—I rather think that, in this paſſage, *yſame* is originally from the Germ. *ſammen*, *colligere*, *congregare*. Hence the Anglo-Sax. ȝeȝamnian, *to gather together*, *to collect*; and the Anglo-S. ȝe is changed into *y*: hence *yſame*, i. e. *collected together*. UPTON.

XXXIII.

Next came freſh Aprill, full of luſtyhed,
And wanton as a kid whoſe horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the ſame which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden ſtuds,
And garniſhed with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the faireſt flowres and freſheſt buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he ſeem'd in ſight
With waves, through which he waded for his Loves delight.

XXXIV.

Then came faire May, the fayreſt Mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her ſeaſons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two Brethrens ſhoulders ſhe did ride,
The Twinnes of Leda; which on eyther ſide
Supported her like to their ſoveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they ſpide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had raviſht beene!
And Cupid ſelfe about her fluttred all in greene.

XXXV.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd

XXXV. 1. ——————— iolly *Iune*,] That is,

All in greene leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling ſteps an uncouth paſe,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contráry to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demureſt grace.

handſome June. So Milton, in his *Sonnet to the Nightingale*, deſcribes the Hours:

" Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt fill,
" While the *jolly* Hours lead on propitious May."

TODD.

XXXV. 2. *All in greene leaves, as he a* player *were;*] This is an alluſion perhaps to ſome particular character, which had appeared on the ſtage, in Spenſer's time, *arrayed in green leaves*. The Hiſtory of the Engliſh Stage has not furniſhed me with any example in point. And, I believe, this paſſage in Spenſer has not been noticed by thoſe commentators on Shakſpeare, who have minutely examined, and faithfully delivered to us, ſo many curious anecdotes of the old Engliſh drama. TODD.

XXXV. 4. ——————— *mote* right *well appeare*;] So all the editions. But I could wiſh to have read thus:

——————— " mote well appeare." CHURCH.

Yrons is here contracted into a monoſyllable, as it alſo is by Milton. Spenſer often thus converts diſſyllables into monoſyllables. Mr. Church's propoſed reading is awkward.

TODD.

XXXV. 9. *Like that ungracious crew which faines demureſt grace.*] He ſeems here to have intended a ſatirical ſtroke

XXXVI.

Then came hot Iuly boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had caſt away:

againſt the Puritans who were a prevailing party in the age of queen Elizabeth; and, indeed, our author, from his profeſſion, had ſome reaſon to declare himſelf their enemy, as poetry was what they particularly ſtigmatiſed, and bitterly inveighed againſt. In the year 1579, one Stephen Goſſon wrote a pamphlet, with this title, "*The School of Abuſe*, containing a pleaſaunt invective againſt poets, pipers, plaiers, jeſters, and ſuch-like caterpillers of a commonwealth." I think, in one of the abſurd books of this kind, there is a chapter "Of the Vanity of wearing cork-heeled ſhoes!" This was ſoon followed by many others of the ſame kind. But the moſt ridiculous treatiſe of this ſort was one written many years afterwards by W. Prynne; as a ſpecimen of which, I ſhall beg leave to entertain the reader with its title-page. "*Hiſtriomaſtix, the Players Scourge*, or *Actors Tragedie*, divided into two parts; wherein it is largely evidenced by divers arguments, by the concurring authorities, and reſolutions of ſundry texts of Scripture; of the whole primitive church, both under the law and goſpel; of fifty-five ſynods and councils, of ſeventy-one fathers, and Chriſtian writers, before the year of our Lord 1200; of above one hundred and fifty foraigne and domeſtick proteſtant and popiſh authors ſince; of forty heathen philoſophers, hiſtorians, poets; of many heathen, many Chriſtian nations, republicks, emperors, princes, magiſtrates; of ſundry apoſtolical, canonical, imperial conſtitutions, and of our own Engliſh ſtatutes, magiſtrates, univerſities, writers, preachers.—That popular ſtage-playes (the very pompes of the devil, which we renounce in Baptiſme, if we believe the fathers,) are ſinfull, heatheniſh, lewd, ungodly ſpectacles, and moſt pernicious corruptions; condemned in all ages as intolerable miſchiefes, to churches, to republicks, the manners, mindes, and ſoules of men: and that the profeſſion of play-poets, of ſtage-players, together with penning, acting, and frequenting of ſtage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous, and miſbeſeeming Chriſtians: all pretences to the contrary are here likewiſe fully anſwered; and the unlawfullneſs of acting, of beholding academical enterludes, briefly diſcuſſed; beſides ſundry other particulars concerning dancing, dicing, health-drinking, &c." London, 1633.

T. WARTON.

Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
(It was the beaſt that whylome did forray
The Némæan forreſt, till th' Amphytrionide
Him ſlew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behinde his backe a ſithe, and by his ſide
Under his belt he bore a ſickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The ſixt was Auguſt, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd

XXXVI. 6. The Némæan *forreſt*,] I would reject Hughes's reading, "*Th'* Nemæan foreſt." Indeed there was no neceſſity of this eliſion, unleſs Spenſer had written *Nemœean;* for *Nemæan*, with a diphthong, is plainly miſprinted for *Nemean*. *Nemeus* occurs often: In Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 295.

——— "vaſtum *Nemea* ſub rupe leonem."

In Prudentius, *Adv. Sym.* l. 1.

——— "*Nemea* ſub pelle fovere
"Concubitus —"

Nemea occurs in Statius, *Sylv.* lib. i. 3. v. 6. "*Nemees* frondentis Alumnus." This place was ſometimes called Νεμεος, and ſometimes Νεμεαιος, but never Νεμαιος. But, if Spenſer had really by miſtake written *Nemœan*, he would not have ſcrupled to have made the ſecond ſyllable, though a diphthong, ſhort; for he frequently violates the accents of proper names, &c. In the Introduction to the fifth Book of F. Q. he writes,

"Into the great *Nemœan* lions grove." T. WARTON.

So, in his *Muiopotmos*, he places the accent on the ſecond ſyllable, edit. 1590.

"When the *Nœméan* conqueſt he did win."

However, I agree with Mr. Warton and Mr. Church that the accent, in this paſſage of the F. Q., ſhould be laid on the firſt ſyllable; as in Shakſpeare's *Hamlet*, cited by Mr. Church:

"As hardy as the *Némean* lion's nerve."

And alſo in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, S. xvii.

"The *Némean* lyon's hyde,—"

Mr. Upton prefers "*Th' Nemœan.*" TODD.

Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iuſtice ſolde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

XXXVIII.

Next him September marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the ſpoyle
Of harveſts riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the ſoyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harveſts toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A Paire of Waights, with which he did aſſoyle

XXXVII. 4, ——— *the which was crownd*
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:] That is, And her hand was found full of eares of corn. See the figure of *Virgo* in Hyginus: ſhe is there pictured with *three eares of corne* in her right hand. UPTON.

XXXVII. 5. ——— *and* full *her* hand *was found:*] Alluding to *Pſ.* cxxix. 7. "Whereof the mower *filleth* not his *hand*," CHURCH.

XXXVII. 6. ——— *the righteous Virgin* &c.] Aſtræa. So, in *Mother Hubberds Tale:*

"It was the month in which *the righteous Maide*,
"That for diſdaine of ſinfull world's upbraide
"Fled back to heav'n whence ſhe was firſt conceived,
"Into her ſilver bowre the Sunne received;—"

See alſo F. Q. v. i. 2. CHURCH.

XXXVIII. 7. *A Paire of Waights,*] Intending the ſign *Libra*. See alſo F. Q. v. ii. 45. TODD.

Ibid. ——— aſſoyle] *Determine*. CHURCH.

Both more and leſſe, where it in doubt did
ſtand,
And equall gave to each as Iuſtice duly ſcann'd.

XXXIX.

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the muſt,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats ſee,
And of the ioyous oyle, whoſe gentle guſt
Made him ſo frollick and ſo full of luſt:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The ſame which by Dianaes doom uniuſt

XXXIX. 2. ——— noule] *Noddle.* Germ. *nol*, *nal*, caput, the crown or top of the head. Hereof *nol* in jobbernol or gabbernol. UPTON.

Ibid. ——— totty] *Wavering.* So, in the *Shep. Cal.* Feb.

"Or ſiker thy *head* very TOTTIE is,
"So on thy corbe ſhoulder it lies amiſſe." CHURCH.

There is an appoſite illuſtration of this expreſſion in Chaucer, *Reves Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, v. 4251.

"My *hed* is TOTTIE of my ſwink to night,
"That maketh me that I go nat aright." TODD.

XXXIX. 3. ——— *in the wine-fats* ſee.] *See*, or *ſea*, is, by a kind of a catachreſis, uſed for the liquour in the vats. UPTON.

XXXIX. 7. ——— *by Dianaes doom uniuſt* &c.] Why *unjuſt*? ſince Orion had provoked her by attempting to raviſh her. But, according to ſome authors, he did nothing that deſerved puniſhment. JORTIN.

Dacier ſays (Horace, B. III. *Ode* IV.) that ſome are of opinion that Diana ſlew Orion becauſe he would force her to play with him at quoits; and others, becauſe he attempted to raviſh the Nymph Opis. Be that as it may; I am fully perſwaded that our poet, who never gives the leaſt countenance to an *immorality* which is univerſally condemned throughout his whole Poem, and more particularly in the Legend of Britomartis, did not believe that Orion made any attempt upon

Slew great Orion; and eeke by his ſide
He had his ploughing-ſhare and coulter ready tyde.

XL.

Next was November; he full groſſe and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with ſweat did reek and ſteem,
And yet the ſeaſon was full ſharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no ſmall delight:
Whereon he rode, not eaſie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in ſight,

the perſon of Diana; and that he thought Orion did nothing that deſerved puniſhment. CHURCH.

Orion was a famous hunter, in love with Aurora; or the morning, as hunters generally are: Diana, out of a fit of womaniſh jealouſy becauſe ſhe was not the ſole object of his care and love, ſent a ſcorpion that killed him. Her *doom* therefore was *unjuſt*. UPTON.

XL. 1. *Next was November; he full groſſe and fat*
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late——
And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he through merry feaſting which he made, &c.]
In deſcribing theſe figures, Spenſer ſeems to have remembered ſome circumſtances in Chaucer's picture of Janus, or JANUARY, *Frank. Tale*, v. 2808. edit. Urr.

" Janus ſit by the fire with double berde,
" And drinketh of his bugle horne the wine;
" Before him ſtant brawn of the tuſkid ſwine,
" And nowil [i. e. *Chriſtmas*] ſingeth every luſtie man."

T. WARTON.

The ſeed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

XLI.

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feaſting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviours birth his mind ſo much did glad:
Upon a ſhaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The ſame wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares,
They ſay, was nouriſht by th' Iæan Mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

XLII.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well

XL. 9. *The ſeed of Saturne* &c.] He was ſon of Saturn and Philyra, daughter of Oceanus. JORTIN.

See my note, F. Q. iii. xi. 43. CHURCH.

XLI. 7. ——————— *by the* Iæan *Mayd*;] What does he mean by *the Iæan Mayd*? The mythologiſts (Hyginus and Eratoſthenes) inform us that Capricornus was made a conſtellation, becauſe he was educated with Jupiter: and, when Jupiter aſſumed the throne of heaven, he placed Capricorn and the goat his foſter-mother among the ſtars. *Capricorn* is called *Caper* in the verſes deſcribing the names of the Zodiack: hence perhaps Spenſer, in the hurry of a poet, took the goat that nouriſhed Jupiter for the goat that was nouriſhed with Jupiter:

" Nais Amalthea, Cretæâ nobilis Idâ,
" Dicitur in ſilvis occuluiſſe Jovem."

So that " *Iaean* Mayd" is probably an errour of the preſs for " *Idean* Mayd." UPTON.

In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needleſſe ſpray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he ſtood,
From whoſe wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane Flood.

XLIII.

And laſtly came cold February, ſitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fiſhes for the ſeaſon fitting,
Which through the flood before did ſoftly ſlyde
And ſwim away; yet had he by his ſide
His plough and harneſſe fit to till the ground,

XLII. 3. ——————— *like to quell,*] Like to die; or to be ſtarved. UPTON.

XLII. 8. *Upon an huge great* Earth-pot Steane *he ſtood,*
From whoſe wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane Flood.] *Earth-pot Steane,* viz. *Amphora:* ſo the conſtellation is named in the well-known verſes that mention the twelve ſigns of the Zodiack: by Eratoſthenes called ὑδροχόη, by Ovid and Manilius, *Urna.* Spenſer's ſpelling *ſteane* is agreeable to the Belgic word *ſteen, a ſteen-pot.* Aquarius is painted pouring out from his ſteen-pot or *urn,* a flood, χύσις ὑδάτων, *effuſio aquæ,* which Spenſer calls *the Roman Flood*: not to be confounded with the conſtellation called by various names, viz. ὁ ποταμὸς, *Fluvius, Oceanus, Nilus, Eridanus, Padus,* &c. UPTON.

And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of haſting Prime did make them burgein round.
So paſt the Twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

XLIV.

And after theſe there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall paſe;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white:
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and ſtars were pight,
And Sleep and Darkneſſe round about did trace:
But Day did beare upon his ſcepters hight
The goodly ſun encompaſt all with beamës bright.

XLV.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove

XLIII. 7. ——— *the* pride
Of haſting Prime &c.] Hence perhaps the expreſſion in a very beautiful paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Lover's Progreſs*, A. iv. S. i.
" I'll gather all the *pride* of Spring to deck him, &c."
TODD.

XLIII. 8. ——— *burgein*] Fr. *bourgeonner*, to burgeon, ſpring forth, or bud. UPTON.

XLV. 1. ——— *the Howres*,] Spenſer ſays they were daughters of Jupiter and Night, i. e. of day and night. Our poet has a mythology of his own: Heſiod ſays, of Jupiter and Themis, *Theog.* ver. 900, " They were *porters of Heaven's*

And timely Night; the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eſchewed
That might forſlack the charge to them foreſhewed
By mighty Iove; who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods iſſued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forſake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life; and laſtly Death:
Death with moſt grim and grieſly viſage ſeene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to ſee, but like a ſhade to weene,
Unbodied, unſoul'd, unheard, unſeene:

gate:" So Homer, *Iliad i*, 749. Ovid introduces Janus in his *Faſt.* Lib. i, ſaying that he and the Hours together were porters of Heaven:

" Præſideo foribus cœli cum mitibus Horis."

Milton, likewiſe, who could not keep himſelf from mingling his mythological lore with his more divine ſubject, aſſigns the Hours an Office in Heaven; and 'tis remarkable that he gives it an angel's ſanction; for Raphael ſpeaks, *Par. L.* B. vi. 3.

——————— " till Morn,
" Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſy hand
" Unbarr'd the gates of light." UPTON.

XLVI. 2. *Death* &c.] Mr. Thyer obſerves that Milton borrowed his poetical deſcription of Death from Spenſer. See *Par. L.* B. ii. 666, &c. CHURCH.

See the notes on Milton's unrivalled deſcription, in the edition of his Poems in 1801. TODD.

But Life was like a faire young luſty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively ioy,
Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII.

When theſe were paſt, thus gan the Titaneſſe;
"Lo! mighty Mother, now be iudge, and ſay
Whether in all thy creatures more or leſſe
CHANGE doth not raign and beare the greateſt ſway:
For who ſees not that Time on all doth pray?
But times do change and move continually:

XLVI. 6. *But Life was like a faire young luſty boy,*
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health, and lively ioy,
Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to employ.]
Chaucer thus repreſents Cupid, *Rom. R.* v. 890.

"But of his robe to deviſe
"I dread encumbred for to be;
"For not yclad in ſilk was he
"But all in floures, and flourettes."

But the ancients have left us no authority for ſuch a repreſentation of Cupid. Our author, ſt. 34, above, gives him a green veſt; which is equally unwarrantable: though Catullus has given him a yellow veſt, *Ad Manlium.*

"Quam circumcurſans huc illic ſæpe Cupido,
"Fulgebat *crocina* candidus in tunica."

Where Scaliger remarks, from Julius Pollux, that Sappho attributes a purple veſt to this deity; but, according to the general ſenſe in which πορφυρα is ſometimes uſed, ſhe may probably mean a *rich* mantle. T. WARTON.

XLVII. 6. *But* times do *change*] So all the editions. The reaſoning would be cloſer, and the allegory rightly kept up, if we read, as I incline to think our poet himſelf gave;

"But *Time does* change." CHURCH.

So nothing here long ſtandeth in one ſtay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be ſubiect ſtill to Mutabilitie?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Iove; "Right true it is, that theſe
And all things elſe that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all diſſeiſe
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himſelfe doth move and ſtill compell
To keepe his courſe? Is not that namely Wee,
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them We gods doe rule, and in them alſo Thee."

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability; "The things,
Which we ſee not how they are mov'd and ſwayd,
Ye may attribute to yourſelves as kings,
And ſay, they by your ſecret power are made:

XLVIII. 3. ——— diſſeiſe] *Diſpoſſeſs.*
See the note on F. Q. i. xi. 20. Todd.
XLVIII. 6. ——— *namely*] *Particularly.*
See the note, F. Q. vi. iii. 14. Church.

But what we ſee not, who ſhall us perſwade?
But were they ſo, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even Yee
Yourſelves are likewiſe chang'd, and ſubiect unto Mee?

L.

"And firſt, concerning her that is the firſt,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom ſo much ye make
Ioves deareſt darling, ſhe was bred and nurſt
On Cynthus hill, whence ſhe her name did take;
Then is ſhe mortall borne, howſo ye crake:
Beſides, her face and countenance every day
We changed ſee and ſundry forms partake,

L. 2. *Even* you, *faire Cynthia*;] The edition of 1751 reads, "Even *yon* faire Cynthia;" and Mr. Church thinks that the poet gave it *yon*. The paſſage is indeed improved by *yon*. Mutability, we may ſuppoſe, points at the *higheſt* ſtage where Cynthia is repreſented ſitting, in the preceding Canto, ſt. 8. A miſtake at the preſs of *you* for *yon* is eaſy. TODD.

L. 5. ——————————— crake;] *Boaſt*. So, in Grove's *Epigr. and Sonets*, 1587. Sig. I. vii.

"With me ne wouldſt thou ſtriue,
"ne yet deuiſion make,
"But at home on thine own dunghill,
"where all cocks proudly *crake*."

And, in the old play of *Damon and Pithias*, bl. l. Sign. E. iiij.

"Theſe barking whelpes were neuer good biters,
"Ne yet great *crakers* were euer great fighters." TODD.

Now hornd, now round, now bright, now
brown and gray:
So that *as changefull as the moone* men uſe to
ſay.

LI.

" Next Mercury; who though he leſſe appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes ſeeme as one;
Yet he his courſe doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is ſhe darke all
day:

L. 8. *Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and gray;*] He ſeems to have in view Pythagoras's ſpeech in Ovid, *Met.* xv. 196.

" Nec par aut eadem nocturnæ forma Dianæ." UPTON.

LI. 1. *Next Mercury*, &c.] Our old poets take all opportunities of diſplaying their ſkill in aſtronomy. It was the favourite ſtudy of the dark ages, which have left us a very great number of manuſcript ſyſtems, in various branches of this ſcience. In the ſtatutes of a certain college, at Cambridge, founded in the reign of Henry VI. ſome of the fellows are directed, " intendere ſtudio *aſtronomiæ*." In the magnificent reign of Henry VII. it was not deemed ſtrange to exhibit an entertainment before the court, formed on this abſtruſe ſcience, in honour of the marriage of prince Arthur, and the princeſs Katharine. " In all the deviſes and conceits of the triumphs of this marriage, there was a great deal of aſtronomie. The ladies being reſembled to Heſperus, and the prince to Arcturus; and the old king Alphonſus, that was the greateſt aſtronomer of kings, and was anceſtor to the ladie, was brought in, to be the fortune-teller of the match. And whoſoever had theſe toyes in compiling, they were not altogether *pedantical*." Bacon's *Hiſtorie of Henry VII.* fol. 1622. pag. 205. Camden ſays, that queen Elizabeth " expreſſed ſuch an *inclination* towardes the earl of Leiceſter, that ſome have imputed her *regard* to the *influence of the ſtars*." A fine ſtroke of flattery, founded on ſuperſtition and falſe philoſophy! T. WARTON.

And Phœbus ſelf, who lightſome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipſed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and diſmay.

LII.

" Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed moſt;
For he ſometimes ſo far runs out of ſquare,
That he his way doth ſeem quite to have loſt,
And cleane without his uſuall ſphere to fare;
That even theſe ſtar-gazers ſtonisht are
At ſight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewiſe grim Sir Saturne oft doth ſpare
His ſterne aſpect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks theſe have, ſo many crookes.

LIII.

" But you, Dan Iove, that only conſtant are,
And king of all the reſt, as ye do clame,
Are you not ſubject eeke to this misfare?

LII. 1. *Now Mars*, &c.] See the Introduction to F. Q. B. v. ſt. 8. CHURCH.

LII. 5. *That even* theſe *ſtar-gazers*] So all the editions. The poet, I think, gave, " That even *the* ſtar-gazers." CHURCH.

LII. 9. ——————— cranks] *Cranks*, literally taken, ſignify the ducts of the human body, in Shakſpeare's *Coriolanus*, A. i. S. i. " Through the *cranks* and offices of man." Here, they mean the ſudden or frequent involutions of the planets. T. WARTON.

LIII. 1. *But you*, &c.] Ironically ſpoken. CHURCH.

Then let me aſke you this withouten blame;
Where were ye borne? Some ſay in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
But, whereſoever they comment the ſame,
They all conſent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world; ne other can appeare.

LIV.

" Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to Me;
Unleſſe the kingdome of the ſky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be;
Beſides, that power and vertue, which ye ſpake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change: for each of you,
That vertue have or this or that to make,

LIII. 5. ——— *ſome ſay in Crete* &c.] The heathens, that were learned in their own theology, reckoned up three *Jupiters*; one of *Crete*, two of *Arcadia*. Cicero *De Nat. Deorum*, iii. 21. " Principio Joves tres numerant ii, qui theologi numerantur: ex quibus primum et ſecundum natos in Arcadia; tertium Cretenſem." There is a *Theban Jupiter* often mentioned in Herodotus, and ſo called becauſe he had a temple at Thebes in Egypt. You may find an account of a Jupiter born at Thebes, in Natalis Comes, ii. 1. JORTIN.

" Præter Cretam, & Arcadiam, Bœotia etiam, ac in ea Thebæ natales Jovis ſibi vindicarunt." Spanhemius ad Callim. *Hymn.* i. ver. 7. UPTON.

LIII. 7. ——— comment] *Deviſe* or *feign*. Lat. *commentum*. CHURCH.

Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

LV.

" Beſides, the ſundry motions of your ſpheares,
So ſundry waies and faſhions as clerkes faine,
Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares;
What is the ſame but Alteration plaine?
Onely the ſtarrie ſkie doth ſtill remaine:
Yet do the ſtarres and ſignes therein ſtill move,
And even itſelf is mov'd, as wizards faine:
But all that moveth doth Mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to Me I ſubiect prove.

LVI.

" Then ſince within this wide great Univerſe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things toſt and turned by tranſverſe;
What then ſhould let, but I aloft ſhould reare
My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now iudge then, O thou greateſt Goddeſſe trew,
According as thyſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,

LIV. 9. ——— obliquid] *Oblique.* CHURCH.

LV. 5. ——— *doth ſtill remaine*:] Still remains to be ſpoken of. CHURCH.

LV. 7. ——— ſaine:] *Say.* See Gloſſ. Urry's Chaucer. The ſecond and third folios read *faine.* TODD.

LV. 8. *But all* &c.] See C. viii. ſt. 2. CHURCH.

And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the Rule of all; all being rul'd by You."

LVII.

So having ended, ſilence long enſewed;
Ne Nature to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground ſtill viewed.
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this ſo doubtfull caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſovéraigne place:
At length ſhe, looking up with chearefull view,
The ſilence brake, and gave her doome in ſpeeches few:

LVIII.

"I well conſider all that ye have ſayd;
And find that all things ſtedfaſtnes doe hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their firſt eſtate;
But by their change their being doe dilate;
And, turning to themſelves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection ſo by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne over Change, and doe their ſtates maintaine.

LVII. 4. ——————— *looking in her face,*] How are we to reconcile this aſſertion with what is ſaid of Nature in ſtanzas 5 and 6? The whole of this ſtanza, however, is remarkably grand and impreſſive. TODD.

LIX.

" Ceaſe therefore, Daughter, further to aſpire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by Me:
For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire:
But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change
ſhall ſee!"
So was the Titaneſs put downe and whiſt,
And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall ſee.
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And Natures ſelfe did vaniſh, whither no man
wiſt.

LIX. 4. *But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee*, &c.] "We ſhall all be changed—this mortal muſt put on immortality —Death is ſwallowed up in victory," I. *Corinth.* xv. 51. UPTON.

LIX. 6. ——————————— whiſt,] *Silenced.* In Stanyhurſt's Virgil, as Mr. Warton has noticed, " Intentique ora tenebant," is tranſlated, " They *whiſted* all." See alſo Marlowe and Naſh's *Dido*, 1594.

" The ayre is cleere, and Southerne *windes* are *whiſt*."

Whence perhaps Milton, *Ode Nat.* ver. 64.

" The *winds*, with wonder *whiſt*,
" Smoothly the waters kiſt." TODD.

THE VIIIth CANTO, UNPERFITE.

I.

WHEN I bethinke me on that ſpeech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way;
Me ſeemes, that though ſhe all unworthy were
Of the heav'ns rule; yet, very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe bears the greateſt ſway;
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And love of things ſo vaine to caſt away;
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short Time ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming ſickle!

II.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature ſayd,
Of that ſame time when no more change ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things, firmely ſtayd

I. 6. ——————— *life ſo* tickle,] *Uncertain*, See alſo F. Q. vi. iii. 5. Thus Chaucer, *Mill. T.* edit. Tyrwhitt, v. 3428,

"The world is now ful *tikel* ſikerly."

And B. Riche, in *My Ladies Looking-Glaſſe*, 4to, 1616, p. 62, "This worldly wealth I ſee is but a *tickle* commoditie."

TODD.

I. 7. ——————— *ſo vaine* to *caſt away*;] The ſecond and third folios, Hughes's ſecond edition, and Tonſon's edition in 1758, read, "*and* caſt away." TODD.

Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all ſhall reſt eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that
Sabbaths ſight *!

II. 8. ——————— *that is the God of* Sabaoth *hight:*] So the ſecond and third folios read. The firſt folio, Hughes, and the edition of 1751, *Sabbaoth*. The meaning is, Who is called the God of Hoſts or Armies. See *James* v. 4. "And the cries of them which have eſcaped are entered into the ears of *the Lord of Sabaoth*. CHURCH.

II. 9. ——————————— *that* Sabbaths *ſight!*] The folios read "that *Sabaoths* ſight;" Hughes and the edition of 1751, "that *Sabbaoths* ſight." *Sabbath* ſignifies *reſt*. "That Sabbaths ſight" is the *reſt eternal* ſpoken of in the ſeventh line. The poet meant to ſay—*O! Thou, that art the God of Hoſts, grant me the enjoyment of that reſt eternal!* And I make no doubt he wrote and pointed as I have given it. CHURCH.

Mr. Upton is of a ſimilar opinion in regard to the text, and notices the inaccuracies of former editions. Tonſon's edition of 1758 has not obſerved the diſtinction between *Sabaoth* and *Sabbath*. TODD.

* By what means this unfiniſhed Canto, and the two preceding Cantos, were preſerved; the firſt editor of them has left no particulars. They are uſually termed the Seventh Book of the Poem. The fragment exhibits a very fine ſpecimen of Spenſer's ſublime invention. TODD.

MISCELLANIES.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

By E D. S P,

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS
LADIE, THE LADIE CAREY.

1590.

TO THE

RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE;

THE LA: CAREY[a].

MOST brave and bountifull La: for ſo excellent favours as I have received at your ſweet handes, to offer theſe fewe leaves as in recompence, ſhould be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my ſelfe wholy to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelfe, and abſolutely vowed to your ſervices: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the perſon yeelded. My perſon I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde & humble zeale which I bear unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and uſe the poore ſervice therof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to ſpend it ſelfe in honouring you; not ſo much for your great bounty to my ſelf, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds ſake by you vouchſafed; being alſo regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deſerts purchaſt to your ſelfe, and ſpred in the

[a] See the *Life of the Poet.* TODD.

mouths of all men: with which I have alſo preſumed to grace my verſes; and, under your Name, to commend to the world this ſmall Poëme. The which beſeeching your La: to take in worth, & of all things therin according to your wonted graciouſnes to make a milde conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever humbly;

E. S.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemeſis deſpight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great eſtate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition and hart-ſwelling hate,
Whilſt neither could the others greater might
And ſdeignfull ſcorne endure; that from ſmall iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchſafe, O thou the mournfulſt Muſe of nyne,
That wont'ſt the tragick ſtage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailefull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which ſad Clarion did at laſt decline
To loweſt wretchednes: And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of ſilver-winged Flies
Which doo poſſeſſe the empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure ſkies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilſt heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldeſt ſonne and heire
Of Muſcaroll, and in his fathers ſight
Of all alive did ſeeme the faireſt wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breaſt he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed
Above th' enſample of his equall Peares,
Did largely promiſe, and to him fore-red,
(Whilſt oft his heart did melt in tender teares,)
That he in time would ſure prove ſuch an one,
As ſhould be worthie of his fathers throne.

The freſh young Flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of luſtfull yongth began to kindle faſt,
Did much diſdaine to ſubiect his deſire
To loathſome ſloth, or houres in eaſe to waſt,
But ioy'd to range abroad in freſh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coaſt;

Ver. 34. *Of luſtfull* yongth] *Yongth* is *youth*. The original edition reads *yonght*. The folio of 1611 reads *youth*, to which all ſubſequent editions have conformed; but *yongth* is the true reading. See the note on *youngth*, in the *Shep. Cal.* November, ver. 20. TODD.

And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmed ſire.

For he ſo ſwift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to ſtie
Up to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light
To mount aloft unto the criſtall ſkie,
To view the workmanſhip of heavens hight:
Whence down deſcending he along would flie
Upon the ſtreaming rivers, ſport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a ſummers day, when ſeaſon milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fierie childe
Aſcending did his beames abroad diſpred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures ſmilde;
Young Clarion, with vauntfull luſtiehed,
After his guize did caſt abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breaſt-plate firſt, that was of ſubſtance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from yron death aſſure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull ſteele and bitter ſtownd,

Ver. 42. ——————————— ſtie] *Aſcend.* See the note on *ſtie*, F. Q. ii. vii. 46. T. WARTON.

No leſſe then that which Vulcane made to ſhield
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his ſhoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of ſome wild beaſt, whom hee
In ſalvage forreſt by adventure ſlew,
And reft the ſpoyle his ornament to bee;
Which, ſpredding all his backe with dreadfull view,
Made all, that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons ſkin,
When the Næméan conqueſt he did win.

Upon his head his gliſtering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiouſly engraven, he did ſet:
The metall was of rare and paſſing price;
Not Bilbo ſteele, nor braſſe from Corinth fet,
Nor coſtly oricalche from ſtrange Phœnice;
But ſuch as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard.

Ver. 72. ——— *Næméan*] See the notes on this word, F. Q. vii. vii. 36. TODD.

Ver. 77. ——— Bilbo *ſteele*,] Bilbo, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biſcay, where the beſt blades are made. STEEVENS.

Ver. 78. ——— oricalche] Ὀρείχαλκον, *orichalchum*, the moſt ſonorous of metals for *tubæ* and *tibiæ*. Suidas, in that Word, cites from the old poets, Κώδωνας ὀρειχάλκου, *bells of orichalc*; Ὀρειχάλκου λάλα κύμβαλα, *ſounding cymbals of orichalc*. BENTLEY.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either ſide,
Like two ſharpe ſpeares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them ſad death doo hyde:
So did this Flie outſtretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet ſo as him their terrour more adornes.

Laſtly his ſhinie wings as ſilver bright,
Painted with thouſand colours paſſing farre
All painters ſkill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe ſo manie ſundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe; ne heaven doth ſhine ſo bright,
Diſtinguiſhed with manie a twinckling ſtarre;
Nor Iunoes bird, in her ey-ſpotted traine,
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill ſpoken)
The Archer god, the ſonne of Cytheree,
That ioyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,

Ver. 84. ——————— *brigandine*] See the notes on F. Q. iv. ii. 16. TODD.

Ver. 92. *Not halfe ſo manie ſundrie colours arre*
In Iris bowe, &c.] See F. Q. iii. xi. 47. UPTON.

Ver. 95. ——————— *eye-ſpotted traine*,] This expreſſion is plainly the "occhiute piume" of Taſſo, xvi. 24. T. WARTON.

Ver. 99. ——————— wroken,] *Revenged.* So, in the *Shep. Cal.* March, ver. 108.
"Whereof he will be *wroken*." TODD.

And heaped ſpoyles of bleeding harts to ſee,
Beares in his wings ſo manie a changefull token.
Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto mee,
If ought againſt thine honour I have tolde;
Yet ſure thoſe wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him ſecretly envide,
And wiſht that two ſuch fannes, ſo ſilken ſoft,
And golden faire, her Love would her provide;
Or that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would ſteale them privily away,
And bring to her ſo precious a pray.

Report is that dame Venus on a day,
In ſpring when flowres doo clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphes to play,

Ver. 101. *Beares in his wings ſo manie a changefull token.*] Cupid was repreſented by the ancients with particoloured wings, as we learn, among others, from the following paſſage of an epigram aſcribed to Virgil, *Virg. Catalect.* Burman. edit. vol. 4. p. 143. *Ad Venerem.*

" Marmoreuſque tibi *diverſicoloribus* alis
" In morem picta ſtabit Amor pharetra."

So the ſtatue of Cupid is deſcribed, F. Q. iii. xi. 47. But the ſplendid plumage, there mentioned, was probably ſupplied by Spenſer's imagination; or from that fund of brilliant imagery, the Italian poets. In the *Shep. Cal.* March, ver. 79.

" With that ſprung forth a naked ſwaine,
" With ſpotted wings like peacockes traine."

See alſo F. Q. iii. xii. 23. T. WARTON.

Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Emongſt the reſt a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight Aſtery, excelling all the crewe
In curteous uſage and unſtained hewe.

Who beeing nimbler ioynted then the reſt,
And more induſtrious, gathered more ſtore
Of the fields honour, than the others beſt;
Which they in ſecret harts envying ſore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthieſt
She praiſd, that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her ſecret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddeſſe gathering iealous feare,
Not yet unmindfull, how not long agoe
Her ſonne to Pſyche ſecrete love did beare,
And long it cloſe conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof aroſe, and manie a rufull teare;
Reaſon with ſudden rage did overgoe,
And, giving haſtie credit to th' accuſer,
Was led away of them that did abuſe her.

Eftſoones that Damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all thoſe flowres, with which ſo plenteouſlie
Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,

She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that Flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the freſh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his iourney did himſelfe addreſſe,
And with good ſpeed began to take his flight:
Over the fields, in his franke luſtineſſe,
And all the champaine o're he ſoared light;
And all the countrey wide he did poſſeſſe,
Feeding upon their pleaſures bounteouſlie,
That none gainſaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,
With his aire-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unſeene,
Nor the ranke graſſie fennes delights untride.
But none of theſe, how ever ſweet they beene,
Mote pleaſe his fancie, nor him cauſe t' abide:
His choicefull ſenſe with every change doth flit.
No common things may pleaſe a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unſtaid deſire
Him wholly caried, to refreſh his ſprights:

Ver. 149. *And all the champaine o're he ſoared light,*] This is the emendation of the folio in 1611. The original edition omits *o're.* TODD.

There laviſh Nature, in her beſt attire,
Powres forth ſweete odors and alluring ſights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aſpire,
T' excell the naturall with made delights:
And all, that faire or pleaſant may be found,
In riotous exceſſe doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border;
And takes ſurvey, with curious buſie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there ſet in order;
Now this, now that, he taſteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth diſorder,
Ne with his feete their ſilken leaves deface;
But paſtures on the pleaſures of each place.

And evermore with moſt varietie,
And change of ſweetneſſe, (for all change is ſweete,)
He caſts his glutton ſenſe to ſatisfie,
Now ſucking of the ſap of herbe moſt meet,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the ſame bathing his tender feete:

Ver. 163. —— *laviſh Nature,*] Hence Pope, in his firſt Paſtoral:

"And *laviſh Nature* paints the purple year."

Jos. Warton.

Ver. 165. *And Arte, with her contending*, &c.] Compare the deſcription of Acraſia's garden, F. Q. ii. xii. 59. See alſo F. Q. ii. v. 29, and the notes on the paſſage. Todd.

And then he pearcheth on ſome braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyſt wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To ſpoyle the pleaſures of that Paradiſe;
The wholeſome ſaulge, and lavender ſtill gray,
Ranke ſmelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,
The roſes raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe iſope good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire marigoldes, and bees-alluring thime,
Sweet marioram, and dayſies decking prime:

Coole violets, and orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed balme, and chearfull galingale,
Freſh coſtmarie, and breathfull camomill,
Dull poppy, and drink-quickning ſetuale,
Veyne-healing verven, and hed-purging dill,
Sound ſavorie, and bazil hartie-hale,
Fat colworts, and comfórting perſeline,
Cold lettuce, and refreſhing roſmarine.

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of everie one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth pray.

Ver. 196. *Dull*] Added by the folio of 1611. TODD.
Ver. 201. ——————— *of* vertue] Of *efficacy*. So Milton, in his *Comus*, ver. 621. "Every VIRTUOUS *plant* and healing herb." TODD.

Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme ſunne he doth himſelfe embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enioy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raigne in th' aire from th' earth to higheſt ſkie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what ever thing doth pleaſe the eie?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happines,
Well worthy he to taſte of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate?
Or who can him aſſure of happy day?
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bliſſe alter may!
For thouſand perills lie in cloſe awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatſo heavens in their ſecret doome
Ordained have, how can fraile fleſhly wight
Forecaſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,

And th' armies of their creatures all and ſome
Do ſerve to them, and with importune might
Warre againſt us the vaſſals of their will.
Who then can ſave what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though faireſt thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
Whoſe cruell fate is woven even now
Of Ioves owne hand, to worke thy miſerie!
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old ſire with ſacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars ſprent:
Nought may thee ſave from heavens avengëment!

It fortuned (as heavens had behight)
That in this Gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlave of ſpight,
Had lately built his hatefull manſion;
And, lurking cloſely, in awaite now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the ioyous Butterflie

Ver. 229. ——— *all and ſome*] One and all, every one. See the note on F. Q. iii. xii. 30. UPTON.

In this faire plot diſpacing to and fro,
Feareles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to beſtirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie!
His heart did earne againſt his hated foe,
And bowels ſo with rankling poyſon ſwelde,
That ſcarce the ſkin the ſtrong contagion helde.

The cauſe, why he this Flie ſo maliced,
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquiſhed
Of Pallas, and in her owne ſkill confound,
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddeſſe having hard

Ver. 250. ——— *diſpacing*] The original edition, and the folios, read *diſplacing*. Hughes, *diſpacing:* And, I am perſuaded, this is the true reading; for the word occurs in *Virgils Gnat*, ver. 265.

" Thus-wiſe long time he did himſelfe *diſpace*
" There round about, &c."

That is, he did *range about*. We have alſo the verb *ſpace* repeatedly in a ſimilar ſenſe in the *Faer. Queene*. TODD.

Ver. 257. ——— maliced,] *Bore him ſo much ill will*. This verb is introduced in Cotgrave's Dictionary, and rendered *hair, maligner*. TODD.

Ver. 262. ——— *confound*,] For *confounded*; as in the *Shep. Cal.* June, ver. 63.

—— " as halfe with ſhame *confound*." TODD.

Her blazed fame, which all the world had fild,
Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praiſe-worthie workmanſhip to yield:
But the preſumptuous Damzell raſhly dar'd
The goddeſſe ſelfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious ſkill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the chalenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtorie ſhe will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Iove did abuſe
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
Her through the Sea did beare; ſo lively ſeene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would weene.

Shee ſeem'd ſtill backe unto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The daſhing of the waves, that up ſhe tooke

Ver. 273. *Minerva did* &c.] Much of what follows is taken from the fable of Arachne in Ovid. JORTIN.

Ver. 276. ——————— tapet] *Worked* or *figured ſtuff*, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves; who alſo cites, from Spenſer,

—— " to their work they ſit, and each doth chooſe
" What ſtory ſhe wil for her *tapet* take."

In the Swediſh language, I may add, a TAPESTRY-*maker* is termed TAPET-*makare*. See Serenius's Dict. Anglo-Sueth-Lat. TODD.

Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord !) how ſhe in everie member ſhooke,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan ſhe greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull ſhe pictur'd winged Love,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove;
The one his bowe and ſhafts, the other Spring
A burning teade about his head did move,
As in their ſyres new love both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And many Tritons which their hornes did ſound.

And, round about, her worke ſhe did empale
With a faire border wrought of ſundrie flowres,
Enwoven with an yvie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres;
Such as dame Pallas, ſuch as Envie pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth devowres,

Ver. 287. ——— *a wilde* wildernes *of waters deepe*;] A fine contraſt to "the *world* of waters wide and deepe," F. Q. i. i. 39. TODD.

Ver. 292. ——————— Spring] Or *Springal*, a young perſon. See F. Q. v. x. 6. T. WARTON.

Ver. 293. ——— teade] *Torch.* The ſame word is uſed, F. Q. i. xii. 37, and in the poet's *Epithalamion.* Lat. *teda.* TODD.

Could not accuſe. Then gan the goddeſſe bright
Her ſelfe likewiſe unto her worke to dight.

She made the ſtorie of the olde debate,
Which ſhe with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelve gods doo ſit around in royall ſtate,
And Iove in midſt with awfull maieſtie,
To iudge the ſtrife betweene them ſtirred late:
Each of the gods, by his like viſnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but Iove above them all,
By his great lookes and power imperiall.

Before them ſtands the god of Seas in place,
Clayming that ſea-coaſt Citie as his right,
And ſtrikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth iſſues a warlike ſteed in ſight,
The ſigne by which he chalengeth the place;
That all the gods, which ſaw his wondrous might,
Did ſurely deeme the victorie his due:
But ſeldome ſeene, foreiudgement proveth true.

Ver. 310. ——— viſnomie] *Countenance.* See the notes on this word, F. Q. v. iv. 11. I find the word alſo in Chaucer's Works, edit. Urr. *Merch. Second Tale*, ver. 2461.
" I know wele by thy *ſiſnamy*, thy kind wer to ſtele."
TODD.

Then to herſelfe ſhe gives her Aegide ſhield,
And ſteel-hed ſpeare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as ſhe oft is ſeene in warlike field:
Then ſets ſhe forth, how with her weapon dredd
She ſmote the ground, the which ſtreight foorth did yield
A fruitfull Olyve tree, with berries ſpredd,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the ſtorie
She compaſt with a wreathe of Olyves hoarie.

Emongſt theſe leaves ſhe made a Butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous ſlight,
Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
That ſeem'd to live, ſo like it was in ſight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The ſilken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outſtretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his gliſtering eies.

Which when Arachne ſaw, as overlaid,
And maſtered with workmanſhip ſo rare,
She ſtood aſtonied long, ne ought gainesaid;
And with faſt fixed eyes on her did ſtare,
And by her ſilence, ſigne of one diſmaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her ſhare;

Ver. 335. ——————— *his* hayrie *thies*,] This is the original reading, and is correct. The folio of 1611 altered it to *airy*, which all other editions have injudiciously followed. TODD.

Yet did ſhe inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poyſonous rancor turne:

That ſhortly from the ſhape of womanhed,
Such as ſhe was when Pallas ſhe attempted,
She grew to hideous ſhape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftſoones her white ſtreight legs were altered
To crooked crawling ſhankes, of marrowe empted;
And her faire face to foule and loathſome hewe,
And her fine corpes to' a bag of venim grewe.

This curſed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfeſted grudge, the which his mother felt,
So ſoone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly ſwelt;
And weaving ſtraight a net with manie a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine ſmall cords about it ſtretched wide,
So finely ſponne, that ſcarce they could be ſpide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth moſt
In ſkilfull knitting of ſoft ſilken twyne;
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boaſt
In diaper, in damaſke, or in lyne;

Ver. 347. ——————— dryrihed,] *Dreryhed*, diſmalneſs, ſorrow. See F. Q. iii. i. 16, 62, &c. TODD.

Nor anie ſkil'd in workmanſhip emboſt;
Nor anie ſkil'd in loupes of fingring fine;
Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this ſo curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that ſame ſubtil gin,
The which the Lemnian god framde craftily,
Mars ſleeping with his wife to compaſſe in,
That all the gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and ſcorne their ſhame-
full ſin,
Was like to this. This ſame he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd eachwhere without ſuſpition.

Suſpition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wiſt he his fatall future woe,
But was ſecure; the liker he to fall.
He likeſt is to fall into miſchaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet ſtill Aragnoll (ſo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to ſurpriſe;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Dreſt in good order as he could deviſe.

At length, the fooliſh Flie without foreſight,
As he that did all daunger quite deſpiſe,
Toward thoſe parts came flying careleſſelie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.

Who, ſeeing him, with ſecret ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;
And his falſe hart, fraught with all treaſons ſtore,
Was fill'd with hope his purpoſe to obtaine:
Himſelfe he cloſe upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyſe, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily foxe, that, having ſpide
Where on a ſunnie banke the lambes doe play,
Full cloſely creeping by the hinder ſide,
Lyes in ambúſhment of his hoped pray,
Ne ſtirreth limbe; till, ſeeing readie tide,
He ruſheth forth, and ſnatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now ſhall give unto my heavie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?

Ver. 392. ——————— *hatefull*] The firſt foli altered this original reading to *fatall*. TODD.

Or where ſhall I find lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes, enough my griefe to
ſhow?
Helpe, O thou Tragick Muſe, me to deviſe
Notes ſad enough, t' expreſſe this bitter throw:
For loe, the drerie ſtownd is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him miſled,
Or ſome ungracious blaſt out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O ſad hap and howre unfortunate!)
With violent ſwift flight forth caried
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, ſtrugled long,
Himſelfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For, ſtriving more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelfe he tide, and wrapt his wingës twaine
In lymie ſnares the ſubtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathleſſe did remaine,
And, all his yongthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Ver. 419. ——————— *out of the gate*
Of Aeoles raine] That is, out of the gate of Æolus's dominion. The folio of 1611 has ſtrangely corrupted this paſſage. TODD.

Which when the greiſly tyrant did eſpie,
Like a grimme lyon ruſhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he ſeized greedelie
On the reſiſtles pray; and, with fell ſpight,
Under the left wing ſtrooke his weapon ſlie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning ſpright
In bloodie ſtreames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the ſpectacle of care.

THE

RUINES OF TIME.

By ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE, THE LA. MARIE

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

1591.

THE

RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE

LA: MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long ſithens deepe ſowed in my breſt the ſeedes of moſt entire love and humble affection unto that moſt brave Knight, your noble brother deceaſed; which, taking roote, began in his life time ſomewhat to bud forth, and to ſhew themſelves to him, as then in the weaknes of their firſt ſpring; and would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed High God till then to drawe out his daies) ſpired forth fruit of more perfection. But ſince God hath diſdeigned the world of that moſt noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muſes; together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, ſithens my late cumming into England, ſome frends of mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me,) knowing with howe ſtraight bandes of duetie I was

tied to him, as alſo bound unto that noble Houſe, (of which the chiefe hope then reſted in him,) have ſought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not ſhewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but ſuffer their names to ſleep in ſilence and forgetfulneſſe. Whome chieflie to ſatisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefulneſſe, I have conceived this ſmall Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines:* yet ſpeciallie intended to the renowming of that noble Race, from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chiefe of them late deceaſed. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it moſt ſpecially concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden by many ſingular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happineſſe: and ſo humbly kiſſe your hands.

Your Ladiſhips ever humblie at commaund,

E. S.

THE

RUINES OF TIME.

IT chaunced me on day beſide the ſhore
Of ſilver-ſtreaming Thameſis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame ſtood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to ſee,
By which the travailer, that fares that way,
This once was ſhe, may warned be to ſay.

There, on the other ſide, I did behold
A Woman ſitting ſorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wyrie gold
About her ſhoulders careleſſie downe trailing,
And ſtreames of teares from her faire eyes forth
railing:

Ver. 1. ———— on *day*] The adjective *on* for *one* is frequent in Chaucer. See Tyrwhitt's Gloſſary: "They were at *on*," Cant. T. 4195. And many other inſtances. The ſame ſpelling is found in the works of various writers contemporary with and ſubſequent to Spenſer. See Mr. Malone's curious note on the following paſſage in Shakſpeare's *King John*: "Sound *one* unto the drowſy race of night;" *one*, in the old copies, being written *on*. TODD.

Ver. 3. *Nigh where the goodly Verlame ſtood of yore*, &c.] See Selden's note on Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xvi. edition 1621. p. 253. "Thou ſaw'ſt when Verlam once her head aloft did beare." TODD.

In her right hand a broken rod ſhe held,
Which towards heaven ſhee ſeemd on high to weld.

Whether ſhe were one of that Rivers Nymphes;
Which did the loſſe of ſome dere Love lament,
I doubt; or one of thoſe three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' auncient Genius of that Citie brent:
But, ſeeing her ſo piteouſlie perplexed,
I (to her calling) aſkt what her ſo vexed.

"Ah! what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whoſe happines the heavens envying,
From higheſt ſtaire to loweſt ſtep me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds ſad ſpectacle, and fortunes ſcorne."

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my breſt
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint;
That, ſhedding teares a while, I ſtill did reſt,
And, after, did her name of her requeſt.
"Name have I none (quoth ſhe) nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fates uniuſt decreeing.

"I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne aſhes, as ye ſee:
Verlame I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and waſtefull gras?

"O vaine worlds glorie, and unſtedfaſt ſtate
Of all that lives on face of ſinfull earth!
Which, from their firſt untill their utmoſt date,
Taſte no one houre of happines or merth;
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing back, go to their wofull toomb.

"Why then dooth fleſh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death,
With ſo great labour and long laſting paine,
As if his daies for ever ſhould remaine?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vaniſh, and decaie.

"Looke backe, who liſt, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be thoſe learned wits and antique ſages,

Ver. 47. ——————— ingate] *Entrance*, as in F. Q. iv. x. 12. "The *ingate* of the yeare." TODD.

Which of all wiſedome knew the perfect ſomme?
Where thoſe great warriors, which did over-come
The world with conqueſt of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' earth and of their raine?

" What nowe is of th' Aſſyrian Lyoneſſe,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the Perſian Beares outragiouſneſſe,
Whoſe memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares,
That over-ran the Eaſt with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure?

" And where is that ſame great ſeven-headed Beaſt,
That made all nations vaſſals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheaſt,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth ſhe all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
With her owne weight downe preſſed now ſhee lies,
And by her heapes her hugeneſſe teſtifies.

Ver. 64. *What now is of th' Aſſyrian Lyoneſſe*, &c.] See Mr. Upton's note on this paſſage, in his Remarks on the Action and Hiſtory of the Faerie Queene, vol. ii. p. cl. TODD.

"O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom was, whilſt heavens with equall vewe
Deignd to behold me and their gifts beſtowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhew:
And of the whole world as thou waſt the Empreſſe,
So I of this ſmall Northerne world was Princeſſe.

"To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adornd with pureſt golde and precious ſtone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone;
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but loſt labour, that few would beleeve,
And, with rehearſing, would me more agreeve.

"High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large ſtreetes, brave houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
Sure gates, ſweete gardens, ſtately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries;
All thoſe (O pitie!) now are turnd to duſt,
And overgrowne with black oblivions ruſt.

"Thereto for warlike power, and peoples ſtore,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did abie full ſore:

Ne Troynovant, though elder ſiſter ſhee,
With my great forces might compared bee;
That ſtout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a ſiege ſeaven yeres about me dwelt.

" But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonneſſe,
Her mightie boaſt againſt my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conquereſſe,
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,
Fought, and in field againſt them thrice prevailed:
Yet was ſhe foyld, when as ſhe me aſſailed.

" And though at laſt by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full deere,
And priz'd with ſlaughter of their Generall:
The moniment of whoſe ſad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me laſted;
But now to nought, through ſpoyle of time, is waſted.

" Waſted it is, as if it never were;
And all the reſt, that me ſo honord made
And of the world admired ev'rie where,
Is turnd to ſmoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no ſhade,

But greiſlie ſhades, ſuch as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

"Where my high ſteeples whilom uſde to ſtand,
On which the lordly faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and ſand
For the ſhriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the nightingale wont forth to powre
Her reſtles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,
There now haunt yelling mewes and whining plovers.

"And where the chriſtall Thamis wont to ſlide
In ſilver channell, downe along the lee,
About whoſe flowrie bankes on either ſide
A thouſand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no rivers courſe is to be ſeene,
But mooriſh fennes, and marſhes ever greene.

Ver. 133. *And where the chriſtall Thamis* &c.] Selden, noticing a ſimilar aſſertion made by Drayton, ſays; "Lay not here vnlikelihoods to the authors charge: he tells you more iudiciouſly towards the end of the Song. But the cauſe why ſome haue thought ſo, is, for that Gildas, ſpeaking of S. Albons martyrdome and his miraculous paſſing through the Riuer at Verlamceſtre, calls it *iter ignotum trans Thameſis fluvij alueum:* ſo by collection they gueſt that THAMES *had* THEN *his full courſe this way*, being thereto further mou'd by anchors and ſuch like here digd vp. This coniecture hath been followed by Spenſer's noble muſe in the perſon of Verlam: *And where the chriſtall Thamis* &c. But, for this matter of the Thames, thoſe two great antiquaries, Leland and Camden, haue ioind in iudgement againſt it." *Polyolb.* edit. 1621, p. 254. TODD.

" Seemes, that that gentle river for great griefe
Of my miſhaps, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to ſhunne the horrible miſchiefe,
With which he ſaw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure ſtreames with guiltles bloud oft ſtained;
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his ſweete waters away with him led.

" There alſo, where the winged ſhips were ſeene
In liquid waves to cut their ſomie waie,
And thouſand fiſhers numbred to have been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fiſh, which they with baits uſde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fiſhers ſtore,
Nor ever ſhip ſhall ſaile there anie more.

" They all are gone, and all with them is gone!
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languiſhment,
To be bemoned with compaſſion kinde,
And mitigates the anguiſh of the minde.

" But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne ſheddeth teares from lamentable eie:
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name

To be remembred of poſteritie,
Save One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

" Cambden! the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late ſucceding age,
To ſee the light of ſimple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outráge
Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
Cambden! though Time all moniments obſcure,
Yet thy iuſt labours ever ſhall endure.

" But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of poſteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie ſee things higheſt placed,
So ſoone as Fates their vitall thred have ſhorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

" It is not long, ſince theſe two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of moſt renowmed race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,

Ver. 172. ——————— *outráge*] The ſame accent on this word occurs in *The moſt pleaſant Comedie of Mucedorus*, 4to. 1598. Sign. E. 2. b.

" As men thus liued in his great *outráge*,
" Behould one Orpheus came, &c." TODD.

Ver. 184. *A mightie prince*, &c.] Robert Dudley, Earl of Leiceſter. OLDYS.

And greateſt ones did ſue to gaine his grace;
Of greateſt ones he greateſt in his place,
Sate in the boſome of his Soveraine,
And *Right and Loyall* did his word maintaine.

" I ſaw him die, I ſaw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare;
I ſaw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarſe anie left to cloſe his eylids neare;
Scarſe anie left upon his lips to laie
The ſacred ſod, or Requiem to ſaie.

Ver. 189. *Right and Loyall*] His motto. OLDYS.

Ver. 190. *I ſaw him die*, &c.] If Verulam ſpeaks this in her own perſon, Ralph Brook muſt be wrong, to ſay his Lordſhip died at Cornbury Lodge in Oxfordſhire; and ſo is Mr. Arthur Collins, who likewiſe ſays that the Earl died there, in his way to Killingworth Caſtle, 4. Sept. 1588. Spenſer could not ſay it in his own perſon, for he was then in Ireland. OLDYS.

Sir Robert Naunton, in his *Fragmenta Regalia*, or Obſervations on the late queen Elizabeth, her times and favourites, publiſhed in 1641, confirms the account that the Earl died at Cornbury; and relates that his death was believed to be occaſioned " by that poiſon which he prepared for others, wherein they report him a rare artiſt." Abraham Darcie, in his *Hiſt. and Annals of Elizabeth*, relates that he died " of a continuall burning feaver; as hee was *on his way* to goe to Killingworth:" And Camden mentions the circumſtance of his dying *on his journey*. It is not improbable that the Earl might diſcover ſymptoms of the malady, by which he fell, at St. Alban's, which is in the direct road to Warwickſhire; and that the report of his illneſs from this place, having reached Spenſer who was then in Ireland, might occaſion the poet, without making further inquiry as to the real place of the Earl's death, to apply this lamentation to the perſon of Verulam. TODD.

" O truſtleſſe ſtate of miſerable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your ſelves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with ſmooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praiſes ſing;
And, when the courting maſker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and truſtie to you trow!

" All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie ſhower will waſh and wipe away;
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendſhip doth decaie.
Therefore, what ever man bearſt worldlie ſway,
Living, on God and on thy ſelfe relie;
For, when thou dieſt, all ſhall with thee die.

" He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens ſtorehouſe he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to paſſe his dread,
And evill men (now dead) his deedes upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger ſwept.

Ver. 214. ——————— *his deedes upbraid:*] So Speed relates of this nobleman: " Leiceſter ended his dayes, hauing been a peere of great eſtate, but lyable to the common deſtiny of moſt Great Ones, whom all men magnifie in their life time, but few ſpeake well of after their death." *Hiſt. of Gr. Brit.* fol. 1185. TODD.

" He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glaſſe upon the water ſhone,
Which vaniſht quite, ſo ſoone as it was ſought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet ſeekes him to revive;
Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, careleſſe Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raiſe,
Ne tell his ſorrow to the liſtning rout
Of ſhepheard groomes, which wont his ſongs to praiſe:
Praiſe who ſo liſt, yet I will him diſpraiſe,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake, ſhepheards boy, at length awake for ſhame.

Ver. 224. *Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.*] In a publication, entitled *Leyceſters Ghoſt*, printed in 1641, this nobleman is repreſented as having particularly countenanced the poets:

" To learned Schollers I was ſomething franck,
" Not for the love that I to learning bore,
" But either to get praiſe or pick a thank
" Of *ſuch as could the Muſes aide implore:*
" For hee is bleſt, that ſo be-friended dies,
" Whoſe praiſe the *Muſes* will immortalize.

" You mortals that would have your fame ſurvive,
" When you within your grave entomb'd ſhall lie,
" Cheriſh thoſe *ſacred Siſters* while you live;
" For they be daughters of Dame Memory:
" They have the guift to regiſter with penne
" Th' eternall fame or infamy of men." TODD.

"And who ſo els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who ſo els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he ſhepheard be, or ſhepheards ſwaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whileſt you mourne for his deceaſe,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increaſe.

"He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whileſt he lived was of none envyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection beare:
But unto thee moſt deare, O deareſt Dame,
His noble Spouſe, and Paragon of Fame.

"He, whileſt he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more;
Living, that lincked chaunſt with thee to bee,
And dead, becauſe him dead thou doſt adore
As living, and thy loſt deare Love deplore.
So whilſt that thou, faire flower of chaſtitie,
Doſt live, by thee thy Lord ſhall never die.

Ver. 239. ——— *and after him his brother dyde,*] Ambroſe Dudley, Earl of Warwick, died without iſſue Feb. 20, 1589. OLDYS.

Ver. 244. *But unto thee* &c.] Anne, the eldeſt daughter of Francis Lord Ruſſel Earl of Bedford, was his laſt wife. OLDYS.

" Thy Lord ſhall never die, the whiles this verſe
Shall live, and ſurely it ſhall live for ever:
For ever it ſhall live, and ſhall rehearſe
His worthie praiſe, and vertues dying never,
Though death his ſoule doo from his bodie ſever:
And thou thy ſelfe herein ſhalt alſo live;
Such grace the heavens doo to my verſes give.

" Ne ſhall his Siſter, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie;
Whoſe great good deeds in countrey, and in towne,
Have purchaſt him in heaven an happie crowne:
Where he now liveth in eternall blis,
And left his ſonne t' enſue thoſe ſteps of his.

" He, noble Bud, his Grandſires livelie hayre,
Under the ſhadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to ſhoote up faſt, and flouriſh fayre
In learned artes, and goodlie gouvernaunce,
That him to higheſt honour ſhall advaunce.
Brave Impe of Bedford, grow apace in bountie,
And count of wiſedome more than of thy countie!

Ver. 260. ——— *his Siſter,*] Lady Mary Sidney. OLDYS.
Ver. 261. ——— ——— *that good Earle* &c.] This Earl of Bedford died in 1585. TODD.
Ver. 267. *He, noble Bud,* &c.] Edward Lord Ruſſel, grandſon of Francis Earl of Bedford, ſucceeded in the Earldom; his father Francis having been ſlain by the Scots. OLDYS.

" Ne may I let thy huſbands Siſter die,
That goodly Ladie, ſith ſhe eke did ſpring
Out of his ſtocke and famous familie,
Whoſe praiſes I to future age doo ſing;
And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.

" Moſt gentle ſpirite breathed from above,
Out of the boſome of the Makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his
With treaſure paſſing all this worldës worth,
Worthie of heaven it ſelfe, which brought it forth.

" His bleſſed ſpirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celeſtiall grace,
Loathing this ſinfull earth and earthlie ſlime,
Fled backe too ſoone unto his native place;
Too ſoone for all that did his love embrace,
Too ſoone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Ver. 275. *That goodly Ladie*, &c.] Lady Mary Sidney, mother of Sir Philip Sidney and the Counteſs of Pembroke. OLDYS.

Ver. 285. ——————— *that noble breaſt of his*] Sir Philip Sidney. OLDYS.

" Yet, ere his happie ſoule to heaven went
Out of this fleſhlie gaole, he did deviſe
Unto his heavenlie Maker to preſent
His bodie, as a ſpotles ſacrifiſe;
And choſe, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

" O noble ſpirite, live there ever bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new ioy;
Live ever there, and leave me here diſtreſſed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy!
But, where thou doſt that happines enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies ſee!

" Yet, whileſt the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, untill that timelie death
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble ſpirite raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt perfect and entire.

Ver. 297. *Unto his heavenlie Maker to preſent*
His bodie as a ſpotles ſacrifiſe;] Taken from St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Romans, xii. 1. TODD.

" Then will I ſing; but who can better ſing
Than thine owne Siſter, peerles Lady bright,
Which to thee ſings with deep harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and raviſhed with ioy,
O ſad ioy made of mourning and anoy!

" Yet will I ſing; but who can better ſing
Than thou thy ſelfe, thine owne ſelfes valiance,
That, whilſt thou liveds't, madeſt the forreſts ring,

Ver. 316. ——— *but who can better ſing,*
Than thine owne Siſter, &c.] Mary, Counteſs of Pembroke. She tranſlated, from the French, Philip Mornay's *Diſcourſe of Life and Death*; and alſo *The Tragedie of Antonie*. But her greateſt work, ſays Granger, (Biog. Hiſt. James I. Claſs IX.) was a Tranſlation of the Pſalms, which is ſaid to be preſerved in manuſcript in the library at Wilton, and in which ſhe is ſuppoſed to have been aſſiſted by Dr. Babington, afterwards biſhop of Worceſter, who was chaplain in her family. A. Wood's account of this Tranſlation is different; for he aſcribes it to Sir P. Sidney. However, ſhe was addreſſed on this ſubject by a *profeſſed poet*, ſuch as he was, of her own time: the following work being dedicated to her: " The Counteſſe of Pembrokes Emanuel. Conteining the Natiuity, Paſſion, Buriall, and Reſurrection of Chriſt: togeather *with certaine Pſalmes of Dauid*. All in Engliſh Hexameters. By Abraham Fraunce. Impr. at London, &c. 1591." The ſame verſifier has dedicated other compoſitions to this Counteſs.

TODD.

Ver. 323. ——— *but who can better ſing*
Than thou thy ſelfe, &c.] Sidney is undoubtedly often elegant, lively, and impreſſive as a poet. His romance, entitled *The Counteſs of Pembroke's Arcadia*, which is alluded to in the latter part of this ſtanza, had been lately publiſhed, (the firſt edition having been printed in 1590,) and had been received with uncommon ſatisfaction. I have ſeen the fourteenth edition of this voluminous romance; into which indeed

And fields reſownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And ſhepheards leave their lambs unto miſchaunce,
To runne thy ſhrill Arcadian Pipe to heare:
O happie were thoſe dayes, thrice happie were!

" But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted ſweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elyſian fields ſo free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes reioyce,
Converſeſt, and dooſt heare their heavenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praiſe.

" So there thou liveſt, ſinging evermore,
And here thou liveſt, being ever ſong
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worſhip mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heavenlie Poets and Heroës ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent deſart.

he who looks with attention will find many pleaſing deſcriptions of paſtoral life, many rich deſcriptions of " higher mood," and many ſagacious obſervations; yet I cannot deny that a reader of *The Arcadia* will have to wade through much that is unintereſting and much that is repulſive. TODD.

" But ſuch as neither of themſelves can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſtie darknes ever lie,
Unles they mentioned be with infamie.

" What booteth it to have beene rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſurvive
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But ſleepes in duſt dead and inglorious,
Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrels is,
And hath no hope of happineſſe or blis.

" How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies moſt famouſlie did floriſh;
Of whome no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſponge do periſhe,
Becauſe they living cared not to cheriſhe

Ver. 358. *How manie great ones may* &c.] He ought rather to have ſaid, *How many great ones have there been.* Horace, *Carm.* IV. ix.

" Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
" Multi; ſed omnes illacrimabiles
" Urgentur, ignotique longa
" Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro." JORTIN.

No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize!

" Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye live,
That of the Muſes ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give;
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
And Iove, the father of Eternitie,
And do thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie do choſe.

" The ſeven-fold yron gates of griſlie Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad Proſerpina,
They able are with power of mightie ſpell
To breake, and thence the ſoules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkeneſſe to eternall day,
And them immortall make which els would die
In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameles lie.

" So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the duſt, to which the Oetæan wood

Ver. 363. ——————— *covetize,*] The old edition reads *covertize;* but *covetize* is the true reading. Thus Chaucer, deſcribing the ſeven deadly ſins, mentions " Avarice or *Covetiſe,*" Parſon's T. edit. Urr. p. 197. And thus Spenſer himſelf terms Avarice, " griple *Covetyſe,*" F. Q. i. iv. 31. TODD.

Ver. 379. *So whilome raiſed they* &c.] The Muſes raiſed &c. Compare Horace, *Carm.* IV. viii.

Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vitall ſpirite,
To higheſt heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happineſſe in Hebes ſilver bowre,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

" So raiſde they eke faire Ledaes warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That, when th' one dies, the other then beginnes
To ſhew in heaven his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the ſad wayment,
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

" So happie are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the Pierian ſacred Siſters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove:
But with the gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambroſia do feede.

" For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themſelves decay:

" Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori:
" Cœlo Muſa beat. Sic Jovis intereſt
" Optatis epulis impiger Hercules;
" Clarum Tyndaridæ ſidus ab infimis
" Quaſſas eripiunt æquoribus rates." JORTIN.

But wiſe wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, live for ay;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor envie, ſhall them ever waſt.

" In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine,
Seeke with Pyramides, to heaven aſpired;
Or huge Coloſſes, built with coſtlie paine;
Or braſen Pillours, never to be fired;
Or Shrines, made of the mettall moſt deſired;
To make their memories for ever live:
For how can mortall immortalitie give?

" Such one Mauſolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:
Such one Liſippus, but is worne with raine:
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All ſuch vaine moniments of earthlie maſſe,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo paſſe.

Ver. 414. *Such one Mauſolus* made,] *Mauſolus* did not make his own monument: his wife erected it for him. The poet ſhould have ſaid,

" Such one Mauſolus *had*—" JORTIN.

"But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

"For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde Bard did him immortall make
With verses, dipt in deaw of Castalie:
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

"Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,

Ver. 428. *For not to have been dipt in* Lethe *lake*, &c.] The lines are elegant; but the poet should have said "*Stygian* lake." JORTIN.

Ver. 432. *Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,*
O fortunate yong-man, &c.] "Alexander Achillem prædicabat felicem, quod tantum virtutis suæ præconem inveniſſet." Freinshemius, *Suppl. in Q. Curtium*, I. 4. JORTIN.

Spenser more probably drew this from Tully *pro Archid.*: "Atque is [Alexander] tamen cùm in Sigeo ad Achillis tumulum adstitisset, O fortunate, inquit, Adolescens, qui tuæ virtutis Homerum præconem inveneris." T. WARTON.

Ver. 436. *Good* Melibæ, *that hath a* Poet *got*,] Sir Francis Walsingham, who died Apr. 6. 1590, is *Melibæ*. The

Deſerving never here to be forgot,
In ſpight of envie, that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe, learning lies unregarded,
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

"Thoſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble ſpright
Of Salomon with great indignities;
Who whilome was alive the wiſeſt wight.
But now his wiſedome is diſprooved quite;
For he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper ſkill.

"O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To ſee that vertue ſhould diſpiſed bee
Of him, that firſt was raiſde for vertuous parts,
And now, broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
Lets none ſhoot up that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muſe adorned!

"O vile worlds truſt! that with ſuch vaine illuſion
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and overkeſt,

Poet is Thomas Watſon, who publiſhed his "Meliboeus, ſive Ecloga in Obitum Honoratiſſimi viri Dom. Fr. Walſinghami, Equitis Aurati, &c. 4to: 1590." OLDYS.

Ver. 449. *Since whoſe deceaſe*, &c.] See Spenſer's poem to him, before the Faerie Queene. OLDYS.

Ver. 447. *For he* &c.] Lord Burleigh. See the *Life of the Poet*. This line is thus altered in the firſt folio;

"For ſuch as now have moſt the world at will, &c."

And, in the next ſtanza the ſingular *him* &c. is altered to the plural *ſuch* &c. TODD.

That they ſee not the way of their confuſion:
O vaineſſe! to be added to the reſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

" And who ſo els that ſits in higheſt ſeate
Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end unto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himſelfe be moov'd to pittie mee."—

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
With dolefull ſhrikes ſhee vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrowe wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay
For her departure, had no word to ſay:
But ſate long time in ſenceleſſe ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her have ſight.

Which when I miſſed, having looked long,
My thought returned greeved home againe,
Renewing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans piteous paine;
Whoſe wordes recording in my troubled braine,

I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble heart,
That froſen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my groning breſt,
And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning much I labored foorth to wreſte,
Being above my ſlender reaſons reach;
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eies ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragicke Pageants ſeeming to appeare.

I.

I SAW an Image, all of maſſie gold,
Placed on high upon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the ſame from farre beholde,
Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtaire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
To which th' Aſſyrian Tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falſlie to have praid.

Ver. 490. *Like tragicke Pageants* &c.] Spenſer, as E. K. informs us, wrote a poem on theſe allegorical repreſentations. See the Gloſſe on June, *Shep. Cal.* Poſſibly the following *Emblems* made *a part* of his labour on the ſubject. They repreſent the overthrow of Empire, of the Works of Art, of Pleaſure, of Strength, and of Beauty, beſides their manifeſt alluſion to the hiſtory of Sir Philip Sidney. *Pageants* were a faſhionable exhibition in Spenſer's time. See the ſecond vol. of this edition, pp. ci. cii. TODD.

Ver. 497. *The holie brethren*, &c.] See *Daniel*, iii. 15. &c. TODD.

But th' Altare, on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (O great pitie!) built of brickle clay,
That ſhortly the foundation decaid,
With ſhowres of heaven and tempeſts worne away;
Then downe it fell, and low in aſhes lay,
Scorned of everie one, which by it went;
That I, it ſeeing, dearelie did lament.

II.

Next unto this a ſtatelie Towre appeared,
Built all of richeſt ſtone that might bee found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of ſandie ground:
Not that great Towre, which is ſo much renownd
For tongues confuſion in Holie Writ,
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.
But O vaine labours of terreſtriall wit,
That buildes ſo ſtronglie on ſo frayle a ſoyle,
As with each ſtorme does fall away, and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle,
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes ſpoyle!
I ſaw this Towre fall ſodainelie to duſt,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was bruſt.

Ver. 499. ——————— *brickle*] So the poet's own edition reads. The reſt have altered it to *brittle*. But I conceive *brickle* to be the word intended by Spenſer. It occurs in Cotgrave's old Fr. Dict. "BRICKLE, full of brickes, fit for brickes, *briqueux*." TODD.

III.

Then did I ſee a pleaſant Paradize,
Full of ſweete flowres and daintieſt delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devize,
With pleaſures choyce to feed his cheerefull ſprights:
Not that, which Merlin by his magicke ſlights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His fayre Belphœbe, could this gardine ſtaine.
But O ſhort pleaſure bought with laſting paine!
Why will hereafter anie fleſh delight
In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleaſures vaine,
Since that I ſawe this gardine waſted quite,
That where it was ſcarce ſeemed anie ſight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding ſtature,
That none durſt vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of ſpeach, and meeke of nature:
Not he, which in deſpight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Iewiſh hoaſt,

Ver. 523. *Not that, which Merlin* &c.] See F. Q. iii. vi. 29, &c. T. WARTON.

Might with this mightie one in hugenes boaſt;
For from the one he could to th' other coaſt
Stretch his ſtrong thighes, and th' ocean over-
ſtride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoaſt.
But ſee the end of pompe and fleſhlie pride!
One of his feete unwares from him did ſlide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe abiſſe,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie
bliſſe.

V.

Then did I ſee a Bridge, made all of golde,
Over the ſea from one to other ſide,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
But like the coulored rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great Arche, with Traian edifide,
To be a wonder to all age enſuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.
But (ah!) what bootes it to ſee earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greateſt things to ruine bring?
This goodlie Bridge, one foote not faſtned well,
Gan faile, and all the reſt downe ſhortlie fell,
Ne of ſo brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my ſpirite greatly pained.

Ver. 551. *Not that great Arche*, &c.] Trajan's ſtone bridge over the Danube was a moſt ſurpriſing work, which Dion Caſſius ſays could never be enough admired. See Lipſius *De Magn. Roman.* III. 13. JORTIN.

VI.

I ſaw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aſpect, and haire as ſoft as ſilke,
That ſalvage nature ſeemed not to have,
Nor after greedie ſpoyle of bloud to crave:
Two fairer beaſts might not elſwhere be found,
Although the compaſt world were ſought around.
But what can long abide above this ground
In ſtate of blis, or ſtedfaſt happineſſe?
The Cave, in which theſe Beares lay ſleeping ſound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightineſſe
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppreſſe;
That, for great ſorrow of their ſudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie ſpright,
At ſight of theſe ſad ſpectacles forepaſt,
That all my ſenſes were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained ſore agaſt,
Diſtraught twixt feare and pitie; when at laſt

Ver. 571. *Was but* of *earth, and with her weightineſſe* &c.] This is the emendation of the firſt folio. Spenſer's own edition reads,

" Was but earth, and with her *owne* weightineſſe &c."

TODD.

I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the ſuddein ſhrill I was appalled.
Behold (ſaid it) and by enſample ſee,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the reſt muſt needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other ſide
To caſt mine eye, where other ſights I ſpide.

I.

UPON that famous Rivers further ſhore,
There ſtood a ſnowie Swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as ever Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie criew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.
At laſt, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly ſigne;
There now the ioy is his, here ſorrow mine.

II.

Whileſt thus I looked, loe! adowne the lee
I ſaw an Harpe ſtroong all with ſilver twyne,
And made of golde and coſtlie yvorie,

Swimming, that whilome ſeemed to have been
The Harpe, on which Dan Orpheus was ſeene
Wylde beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philiſides now dead.
At length out of the river it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heavenly noyſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and ſorrow in my mind:
So now in heaven a ſigne it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beſide the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I ſaw on th' other ſide,
A curious Coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worldës good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,

Ver. 609. ——— *th' Harpe of Philiſides*] Of Sir Philip Sidney. See the note on ver. 323, 4. TODD.

Ver. 611. ——— *to be divin'd,*] See the note on *Daphnaida*, ver. 214. JORTIN.

Ver. 612. *Whilſt all the way moſt heavenly noyſe was heard*
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and ſorrow in my mind:]
What Spenſer's imagination here beautifully feigns, is actually brought into execution in the Æolian harp; the effect of whoſe muſick is exactly what our poet deſcribes: "That wrought both ioy and ſorrow in my mind." See Thomſon's Ode on *Æolus's Harp*. T. WARTON.

That ſight thereof much griev'd my penſive thought.
At length, when moſt in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtreame it lightly caught,
And twixt their bleſſed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living ſight:
So now it is transform'd into that ſtarre,
In which all heavenly treaſures locked are.

IV.

Looking aſide I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it ſhold
Be for ſome Bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine ſleeping lay;
A fairer wight ſaw never ſummers day.
I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo! her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and ſeeke her loves delight:
With that ſhe ſtarted up with cherefull ſight,
When ſuddeinly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that was bred of Meduſaes blood,

On which Dan Perſeus, borne of heavenly ſeed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That ſtreames of blood foorth flowed on the gras:
Yet was he deckt (ſmall ioy to him alas!)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoyles, which late he did purchas
Through brave atcheivements from his enemies:
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heaven him bore,
And left me here his loſſe for to deplore.

VI.

Laſtly I ſaw an Arke of pureſt golde
Upon a brazen pillour ſtanding hie,
Which th' aſhes ſeem'd of ſome great Prince to hold,
Encloſde therein for endles memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heavens with the earth did diſagree,
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper bee.
At laſt me ſeem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
From heaven deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Arke did beare with him above the ſkie,
And to thoſe aſhes gave a ſecond life,
To live in heaven, where happines is rife:

Ver. 661. *Which th' aſhes ſeem'd of ſome great Prince to hold*, &c.] This ſeems an alluſion to the circumſtance of Sir Philip Sidney's corpſe being brought to England. TODD.

At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

* *L' Envoy.*

Immortall ſpirite of Philiſides,
Which now art made the heavens ornament,
That whilome waſt the worldës chiefſt richés;
Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
His loſſe, by lacke of thee to heaven hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighes, to decke thy ſable Herſe!
And ye, faire Ladie! th' honour of your daies,
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts ſcorne;
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe
With ſome few ſilver-dropping teares t' adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-ſpring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aſpire,
And loath this droſſe of finfull worlds deſire!

* *L' Envoy* was a ſort of poſtſcript, *ſent with* poetical compoſitions, and ſerving either to recommend them to the attention of ſome particular perſon, or to enforce what we call the *moral* of them. See the ſtanzas at the end of Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale*, and of the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, and of *Chaucer's Dreme*. TYRWHITT.

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Ladie; the things, that make ye ſo much honored of the world as ye bee, are ſuch, as (without my ſimple lines teſtimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that moſt honourable Lord, the very Paterne of right Nobilitie: But the cauſes, for which ye have thus deſerved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome private bands * of affinitie, which it hath pleaſed your Ladiſhip to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my ſelfe in no part woorthie, I deviſed this laſt ſlender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiſhip, and alſo to make the fame univerſallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchſafe, noble Lady, to accept this ſimple remembrance, though not worthy of your ſelf, yet ſuch, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your owne excellent deſerts. So recommending the ſame to your Ladiſhips good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

* See the Life of the poet. Todd.

TEARES OF THE MUSES*.

REHEARSE to me, ye ſacred Siſters nine,
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Thoſe piteous plaints and ſorowfull ſad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did ſit
Beſide the ſilver ſprings of Helicone,
Making your muſick of hart-breaking mone!

For ſince the time that Phœbus fooliſh ſonne
Ythundered, through Ioves avengefull wrath,
For traverſing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compaſſe of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Siſters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never ſince invented.

* *The Teares of the Muſes.*] This title had been before adopted by Spenſer's friend, Gabriel Harvey, as appears by the Gloſſe of E. K. on September in the *Shepheards Calender*; which ſee. The old commentator, I ſuppoſe, means "Gabrielis Harveii Valdinatis SMITHUS; vel MUSARUM LACHRYMÆ; *pro obitu* honoratiſſimi viri, atque hominis multis nominibus clariſſimi, *Thomæ Smithi*, Equitis Aurati, &c. 4to. Lond. 1578." TODD.

Ver. 1. *Rehearſe to me, ye ſacred Siſters nine:* &c.] This poem puts me in mind of theſe lines in Shakſpeare's *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
"Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
"This is ſome ſatire, &c." JORTIN.

Nor ſince that faire Calliope did loſe
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatall Siſters, did for ſpight deſtroy,
Whom all the Muſes did bewaile long ſpace;
Was ever heard ſuch wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyſes
Of their ſweete inſtruments were wont to ſound;
And th' hollow hills, from which their ſilver voyces
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling ſhrieks throwne up into the ſkies.

The trembling ſtreames which wont in chanels cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur ſoft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A baſes part amongſt their conſorts oft;
Now, forſt to overflowe with brackiſh teares,
With troublous noyſe did dull their daintie eares.

Ver. 21. ——————— ſilver *voyces*] See the note on "*ſilver* ſound," *Shep. Cal.* June. ver. 61. TODD.

Ver. 28. *A* baſes *part*] So, in F. Q. ii. xii. 33.

"With that the rolling ſea, reſounding ſoft,
"In his big *baſe* them fitly anſwered." TODD.

The ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their muſick ſweet,
And to the meaſure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-ſhifting feete;
Now, hearing them ſo heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infuſion of their ſkill,
And all that els ſeemd faire and freſh in ſight,
So made by nature for to ſerve their will,
Was turned now to diſmall heavineſſe,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglineſſe.

Ay me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cauſe of ſo impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds
Hath ſtirred up ſo miſchievous deſpight?
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breaſts with mortall ſmarts?

Vouchſafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me thoſe ſecret cauſes to diſplay;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread ſo dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldeſt Siſter of the crew,
And let the reſt in order thee enſew.

CLIO.

HEARE, thou great Father of the gods on hie,
That moſt art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou our Sire, that raignſt in Caſtalie
And Mount Parnaſſe, the god of goodly Arts:
Heare, and behold the miſerable ſtate
Of us thy daughters, dolefull deſolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open ſhame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By ſuch as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themſelves to ſcorne,
Doo ſeeke to make us of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly duſt,
The ſonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce;
But they, whom thou, great Iove, by doome uniuſt
Didſt to the type of honour earſt advaunce;
They now, puft up with ſdeignfull inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeſtiall ſkill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to ſhoote up ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdomes government,

They underkeep, and with their ſpreading armes
Do beat their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoves the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres true wiſedome to ſuſtaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themſelves behoves to bee;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they doo eſteeme
Of th' heavenly gift of wiſdomes influence,
And to be learned it a baſe thing deeme;
Baſe minded they that want intelligence:
For God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
And men to God thereby are nigheſt raiſed.

But they doo onely ſtrive themſelves to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And onely boaſt of Armes and Aunceſtrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe armes firſt give
To their grandſyres, they care not to atchive.

So I, that doo all noble feates profeſſe
To regiſter, and ſound in trump of gold;

Through their bad doings, or baſe ſlothfulneſſe,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages have no light
Of things forepaſt, nor moniments of time;
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darkneſſe, and lie hid in ſlime!
Therefore I mourne with deep harts ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble have to ſing.—

With that ſhe raynd ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming teares,
That could have made a ſtonie heart to weep;
And all her Siſters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with ſalt humour ſteep.
So ended ſhee: and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth enſew.

MELPOMENE.

O! WHO ſhall powre into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of teares that never may be dryde,
A braſen voice that may with ſhrilling cryes

Ver. 112. ——————————*ſteep.*] Here is one of Spenſer's elleipſes; *ſteep* for *did ſteep*. JORTIN.

Ver. 115. *O! who ſhall powre* &c.] Jerem. ix. 1. "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the daughter of my people." JORTIN.

Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayër wide;
And yron ſides that fighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickedneſſe,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the houſe of heavineſſe,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miſerie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of Gods wrath, and ſlaves to ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature under ſky
Man without Underſtanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes, is wifely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy Shee is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the breſt with conſtant patience
Againſt the bitter throwes of Dolours darts:
She ſolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldly ſmarts:
When he is ſad, ſhee ſeeks to make him merie,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be werie.

Ver. 126. *The* vaſſals *of Gods wrath,*] Milton has adopted the ſame expreſſion, *Par. L.* B. ii. 90. Where ſee Bentley's note. TODD.

Ver. 131. ——————— Shee] *The Underſtanding.* TODD.

But he that is of reaſons ſkill bereft,
And wants the ſtaffe of wiſedome him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left
Withouten helme or pilot her to ſway:
Full ſad and dreadfull is that ſhips event;
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then doo fooliſh men ſo much deſpize
The precious ſtore of this celeſtiall riches?
Why doo they baniſh us, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt unhappie wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not ſee their owne unhappineſs.

My part it is and my profeſſed ſkill
The Stage with Tragick Buſkin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint and outcries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Then this, of men depriv'd of ſenſe and minde.

Ver. 144. ——————— intendiment.] *Attention* or *thought*. See F. Q. i. xii. 31, iii. v. 32, &c. Mr. Upton, in his Gloſſary, illuſtrates this word by the Latin *intendere*, the Barb. Lat. *intendimentum*, and the Italian *intendimento*. Anciently, I may add, the verbs *intend* and *attend* had the ſame meaning. See Mr. Steevens's note on Shakſpeare's *Timon of Athens*, A. ii. S. ii. "And ſo *intending* other ſerious matters," that is, *regarding, turning their notice* to, other things. Numerous inſtances might be added. TODD.

For all mans life me ſeemes a tragedy,
Full of ſad ſights and ſore cataſtrophees;
Firſt comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at laſt laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull ſpectacles is fild,
Fit for Megera or Perſephone;
But I that in true Tragedies am ſkild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to buſie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I have none.

Then gan ſhe wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe;
And all her Sifters, thereto anſwering,
Threw forth lowd ſhrieks and drerie dolefull cries.
So reſted ſhe: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

THALIA.

WHERE be the ſweete delights of learnings treaſure,
That wont with Comick ſock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners eyes and eares with melodie;

In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene?

O! all is gone, and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenaunce,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe abysme,
Where being bredd, lie light and heaven does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguize.

All places they with follie have possest,
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterfesaunce, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

Ver. 198. *Delight, and Laughter,*] Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, describing what COMEDY ought to be, makes a long and acute distinction between *Delight* and *Laughter*: "Yet denie I not," says he, "but that they may goe well together." TODD.

All theſe, and all that elſe the Comick Stage
With ſeaſoned wit and goodly pleaſance graced,
By which mans life in his likeſt imáge
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And thoſe ſweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature ſelfe had made
To mock her ſelfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant Willy, ah! is dead of late:

Ver. 207. ——— *counter*] This word is interpreted, by the Author of the Supplement to Johnſon's Dictionary, a *trial of ſkill*, TODD.

Ver. 208. *Our pleaſant* Willy,] This might be *Will.* Shakſpeare, as he was now 27 or 28 years of age; and as Mr. Rowe alſo thought, when he quoted this and the two ſucceeding ſtanzas into his life of that poet: though I have not found Shakſpeare famous ſo early. But there was one *T. Wilſon*, a poet and player, very famous at this time. And there was one Paſtoral Elegy, or more, on Sir Philip Sidney, which lamented his loſs under the name of *Willy*. See Daviſon's *Poems*. Yet thoſe, who know what repute Dr. *Will.* Alabaſter was in for his dramatick and other poetry, may be inclined to think him here deſcribed. See what Spenſer has ſaid of him in his *Colin Clout's come home again*. OLDYS.

This paſſage was inſerted, Mr. Malone ſays, "by Rowe in his firſt edition of *The Life of Shakſpeare*, who then ſuppoſed that the lines related to Shakſpeare, and alluded to his having withdrawn himſelf for ſome time from the publick, and diſcontinued writing, from 'a diſguſt he had taken to the then ill taſte of the town and the mean condition of the ſtage.' But, as Mr. Rowe ſuppreſſed this paſſage in his ſecond edition, it may be preſumed that he found reaſon to change his opinion. Dryden, however, he informs us, always thought that theſe verſes related to Shakſpeare: and indeed I do not recollect

With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

any dramatick poet of that time, to whom the character which they delineate is applicable, except Shakſpeare. It is remarkable that the very ſame epithet, which Spenſer has employed, "But that ſame *gentle* ſpirit," is likewiſe uſed by the players in their Preface, where they ſpeak of Shakſpeare:—'who, as he was a happie imitator of nature, was a moſt *gentle* expreſſor of it.' On the other hand ſome little difficulty ariſes from the line,

"And doth the *Learneds* taſk upon him take;"

for Shakſpeare certainly had no title to that epithet. Spenſer, however, might have uſed it in an appropriated ſenſe, *learned in all the buſineſs of the ſtage;* and in this ſenſe the epithet is more applicable to Shakſpeare than to any poet that ever wrote.

"It ſhould, however, be remarked, that the name *Willy*, for ſome reaſon or other which it is now in vain to ſeek, appears to have been applied by the poets of Shakſpeare's age to perſons who were not chriſtened *William*. Thus (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) in 'An Eglogue made long ſince on the death of Sir *Philip* Sydney,' which is preſerved in Daviſon's *Poetical Rhapſody*, 1602, we find that celebrated writer lamented in almoſt every ſtanza by the name of *Willy*:

'*Willy* is dead,
'That wont to lead
'Our flocks and us in mirth and ſhepheards glee, &c.'—
'Of none but *Willie's* pipe they made account, &c.'

Spenſer's *Willy*, however, could not have been Sir Philip Sydney, for he was dead ſome years before *The Teares of the Muſes* was publiſhed." *Chronolog. Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, by Mr. Malone, edit. Shakſpeare, 1803. Prolegom. vol. 2. p 233, &c. See alſo Mr. Malone's *Hiſt. Acc. of the Engliſh Stage*, ſame edit. vol. 3. p. 217. Shakſpeare "is repreſented by Spenſer (if in *The Teares of the Muſes* he is alluded to, which, it muſt be acknowledged, is extremely probable,) under the endearing deſcription of 'our *pleaſant* Willy,' and 'that ſame *gentle ſpirit*, from whoſe pen flow copious ſtreams of honey and nectar.'"

From the opinion of thoſe, who imagine *Willy* to mean Shakſpeare, I reſpectfully differ. With regard to the other perſons, whom Oldys ſuppoſes Spenſer might have here intended, viz. T. Wilſon and Will. Alabaſter; they never attained ſuch an eminence of character as to render this eulogium appropriate to them. Sir Philip Sidney, I am perſuaded, is the exalted character here deſcribed. And as Mr. Malone

In ſtead thereof ſcoffing Scurrilitie,
And ſcornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,

has poſitively denied that this could be the fact, while he has ſtrenuouſly maintained the belief that Shakſpeare is deſigned, I will, with the greateſt deference to his learning and reſearch, offer ſome reaſons to ſhew that Spenſer might mean (and we muſt make a little allowance for the warm expreſſions of friendſhip) the accompliſhed Sidney. In the firſt place, Shakſpeare does not appear to have been known as a writer at the time when this poem was written. Indeed Mr. Malone has acknowledged that, "if he were to indulge a conjecture, he ſhould name the year 1591, as the era when Shakſpeare commenced a writer for the ſtage," *Chron. Order*, &c. p. 230. The era when Shakſpeare commenced actor is readily allowed to be much earlier: But "though he probably diſtinguiſhed himſelf by whatever he performed," ſays Mr. Malone, "I do not, however, believe that he played parts of the firſt rate," *Hiſt. Acc.* &c. p. 227. Mr. Malone alſo thinks that Shakſpeare did not come to London before the year 1586. However, this minute eulogium could not apply to Shakſpeare, if as I conjecture, (and I ſhall preſently aſſign my reaſon for ſo ſuppoſing,) *The Teares of the Muſes* were written *many years* before the publication in 1591. In the firſt edition, *The Printer to the Gentle Reader* remarks, "I haue, ſince my late ſetting foorth of the *Faerie Queene*, endeauoured by all good meanes to get into my handes ſuch ſmale Poems of the ſame Authors, as I heard *were diſperſt abroad in ſundrie hands, and not eaſie to bee come by, by himſelfe;* ſome of them hauing bene diuerſlie imbeziled and purloyned from him, SINCE HIS DEPARTURE OVER SEA. *Of the which* I haue by good meanes gathered together *theſe few parcels preſent*, viz. *Ruines of Time, Teares of the Muſes*, &c. &c." Sidney was certainly dead, as Mr. Malone obſerves, ſome years before this poem was *publiſhed:* ſo was the Earl of Leiceſter, before *Virgils Gnat* was publiſhed; and yet the Dedication to him remained. But Sidney, I conceive, was alive when this poem was *written*; which was probably in 1580; in which year *he retired from Court*, on account of his quarrel with Vere, Earl of Oxford. And *this retirement* of Sir Philip is, I think, intended in the poet's figurative deſcription of his "*late death*," which is preſently ſoftened into "*that ſame gentle ſpirit's ſitting in idle cell.*"

Now the expreſſion "*gentle ſpirit*," which Mr. Malone thinks ſo ſtrongly pointed at Shakſpeare, is the very expreſſion by which Spenſer in *The Ruines of Time* has deſcribed the mind

With whom all ioy and iolly m' audrie
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour n kept;

any dramatick poet of that time, t to make,
they delineate is applicable, exce upon him take.
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" But that ſame *gentle* ſpirit,"
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for Shakſpeare certa
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in all the buſineſs
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pears to
perſons
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281. " Moſt *gentle ſpirit* breathed
Spenſer deſcribes his accompliſhed friend
his death, entitled *Aſtrophel*, as the
flowre of gentleſt race;" and adds,
faſt in goodneſſe and in grace, &c.
more and more he did augment
gentle uſage and demeanure *myld*."
expreſsly calls him " the right *Gentle Minde*" in
Hubb. Tale, ver. 711.—But it will be aſked how did
mock Nature, and imitate Truth, with kindly
mimic ſhade?" I anſwer, that this perhaps is
very high commendation of his *performance* in
the faſhionable entertainments of his age. At the end
Arcadia there is alſo a *dramatick compoſition* of this kind,
before the queene at Wanſtead in 1578, and entitled
Lady of the May, of which he was the author. He pro-
wrote more, and he appears to have been an excellent
Comedy. See the note on ver. 198. In his *Defence*
he alſo deplores, in much the ſame terms as Spenſer
deplores, the wretched ſtate of the drama. Spenſer tells
in his *Aſtrophel*, of Sir Philip, ver. 25, " His ſports were
&c.

" And he himſelfe ſeemd made for meriment,
" *Merily* MASKING both in bowre and hall."

I muſt alſo obſerve that, in theſe *Teares of the Muſes*, Thalia even begins this her complaint with the ſame alluſion, ſaying that " of late ſhe

——————— " was wont to raine as queene,
" And MASKE *in mirth* with Graces well beſeene."

Of Sir Philip's *learning* there can be no queſtion. The *wonted ſweetneſs of his voice*, the honey and nectar of his compoſitions, will alſo be acknowledged: ſee *The Ruines of Time*, ver. 331. He is alſo expreſsly called " *nectar*-tongued Sidney" by Fitz-geffrey, in 1596. TODD.

Ver. 218. *Large ſtreames of* honnie *and ſweete* nectar *flowe*,]

Scorning the boldnes of ſuch baſe-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhlie throwe;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle cell,
Than ſo himſelfe to mockerie to ſell.

So am I made the ſervant of the manie,
And laughing ſtocke of all that liſt to ſcorne,
Not honored nor cared for of anie;
But loath'd of loſels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and ſorrow with the reſt,
Untill my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.—

Therewith ſhe lowdly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreames of teares abundantly;
And all her Siſters, with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingulfs did ſupply.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faire Philomele, when Winters ſtormie wrath

So Spenſer calls Sir Walter Raleigh's "verſe, with *nectar* ſprinckeled," F. Q. Introduct. iii. 4. And Sir P. Sidney is called, by another poet, *nectar-tongued*. See the preceding note. *Honey* alſo is a frequent metaphor among the poets for ſweet and pleaſing language. Thus Theocritus, *Idyll.* xx. 26.

——— ἐκ τομάτων δὲ

Ἔρρει μοι φωνὰ γλυκιρωτέρα ἢ μελικάρω.

See alſo *Pſalm* cxix. 103. TODD.

The goodly fields, that earſt ſo gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite deſpoyled hath,
All comfortleſſe doth hide her chearleſſe head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whileſt favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will;
All comfortleſſe upon the bared bow,
Like wofull culvers, doo ſit wayling now.

For far more bitter ſtorme than winters ſtowre
The beautie of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted;
And thoſe yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A ſtonie coldneſſe hath benumbd the ſence
And livelie ſpirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darkneſſe their intelligence,
Darkneſſe more than Cymerians daylie night:

Ver. 243. ——————— *charmes*] Literally *carmina*. T. WARTON.

And monſtrous Error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that ſemed fayre.

Image of helliſh horrour, Ignorance,
Borne in the boſome of the black abyſſe,
And fed with Furies milke for ſuſtenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amiſſe
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his ſonnes both ſyre and brother hight.

He, armd with blindneſſe and with boldnes ſtout,
(For blind is bold,) hath our fayre light defaced;
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced;
And our chaſt bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutiſhneſſe and beaſtlie filth hath ſtained.

The ſacred ſprings of horſefoot Helicon,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreames of pure Caſtalion,

Ver. 273. *And* ſpeaking *ſtreames of pure* Caſtalion,] He calls the fountain *Caſtalion* for the ſake of rhyme. "*Speaking* ſtreams" is taken from the ancient poets. Statius, *Silv.* V. v. 2.

——————— "Caſtaliæ *vocalibus* undis
"Inviſus —"

And *Silv.* I. ii. 6.

"Et de Pieriis *vocalem* fontibus undam."

See Barthius there, who quotes theſe lines of an old Oracle:

Οὐκ ἔτι Φοῖβος ἔχει καλύβαν, ὐ μαντίδα δάφνην,
Οὐ παγὰν λαλέουσαν· ἀπέσβετο καὶ λάλον ὕδωρ. JORTIN.

The famous witneſſe of our wonted praiſe,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleaſant groves, which planted were with paines,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And arbors ſweet, in which the ſhepheards ſwaines
Were wont ſo oft their Paſtoralls to ſing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleaſaunce mard,
That now no Paſtorall is to bee hard.

In ſtead of them, fowle goblins and ſhriek-owles
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments, and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their outcries ſhrill.
So all is turned into wilderneſſe,
Whileſt Ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

Ver. 280. *Were wont ſo oft their* Paſtoralls *to ſing,*] See the note on F. Q. vi. xi. 2. T. WARTON.

Ver. 281. *They have cut downe,* &c.] The complaint of the poet in this ſtanza bears ſome reſemblance to the mournful exclamation of the prophet, *Iſaiah* lxiv. 11. "Our holy and our beautiful houſe, where our fathers praiſed thee, is burnt up with fire; and all our pleaſant things are laid waſte." TODD.

And I, whoſe ioy was earſt with ſpirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
(My ſpirits now diſmayd with ſorrow dull,)
Doo mone my miſerie with ſilence ſoft.
Therefore I mourne and waile inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe the heavens affoord me remedy.—

Therewith ſhee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make;
And all her Siſters, ſeeing her doo ſoe,
With equall plaints her ſorrowe did partake.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

TERPSICHORE.

WHOSO hath in the lap of ſoft Delight
Been long time luld, and fed with pleaſures ſweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes ſpight
To tumble into ſorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miſerie.

So wee that earſt in ioyance did abound,
And in the boſome of all blis did ſit,
Like Virgin Queenes, with laurell garlands cround,

For vertues meed and ornament of wit;
Sith Ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Be now become moſt wretched wightes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately ſtood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of fowle Infamy;
Blind Error, ſcornefull Follie, and baſe Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee ſhould have by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries;
They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at random fling,
The fruitfull ſpawne of their ranke fantaſies;
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes poſſeſſe,
And raigne in liking of the multitude;
The Schooles they fill with fond new-fangleneſſe,
And ſway in Court with pride and raſhnes rude;
Mongſt ſimple Shepheards they do boaſt their ſkill,
And ſay their muſicke matcheth Phœbus quill.

The noble hearts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine;
Faire Ladies loves they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights diſtaine;
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with diſcipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their uſurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we ſilly Maides, whom they diſpize
And with reprochfull ſcorne diſcountenaunce,
From our owne native heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of every one revilde,

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchſafeth us to entertaine,
Unleſſe ſome one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties ſake, compaſſion our paine,
And yeeld us ſome reliefe in this diſtreſſe;
Yet to be ſo reliev'd is wretchedneſſe.

So wander we all carefull comfortleſſe,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So ſeeke we helpe our ſorrow to redreſſe,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwere to our call;
Therefore we mourne and pittileſſe complaine,
Becauſe none living pittieth our paine.—

With that ſhe wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the reſt her dolefull din augmented
With ſhrikes, and groanes, and grievous agonie.
So ended ſhee: and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth enſew.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus ſilver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecuritie poſſeſſe,
Forgetfull of your former heavineſſe;

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye uſe your Loves to deifie,
And blazon foorth an earthlie Beauties praiſe
Above the compaſſe of the arched ſkie:
Now change your praiſes into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging love firſt gan you to torment,

Ver. 355. ——————— *waymented.*] This is the original and genuine reading. See the note on F. Q. iii. iv. 35. Some editions have moderniſed the word into *lamented.*
TODD.

And launch your hearts with lamentable
wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace;
Thoſe now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in meaſure moderate,
The tempeſt of that ſtormie paſſion,
And uſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of lovers life in likeſt faſhion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindlie ſkill,
Baniſht by thoſe that Love with leawdnes fill.

Love wont to be ſchoolmaſter of my ſkill,
And the devicefull matter of my ſong;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and ſpotles, as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th' Almighties boſome, where he neſts;
From thence infuſed into mortall breſts.

Such high conceipt of that celeſtiall fire,
The baſe-borne brood of Blindnes cannot geſſe,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aſpire
Unto ſo loftie pitch of perfectneſſe,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Ver. 393. ——— *their* dunghill *thoughts*] See the note on "*dunghill* mind," F. Q. vi. vii. 1. T. WARTON.

Faire Cytheree, the mother of Delight,
And queene of Beautie, now thou maiſt go pack;
For lo! thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, the winged god of Love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
The ſweete companions of the Muſes late,
From whom whatever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with us, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole:
For that, which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole;
He ſings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayſe.—

Ver. 403. *And ye* three Twins,] *Three Twins*, it muſt be acknowledged, is an extraordinary expreſſion. Milton's *birth of the three Graces* is thus elegantly and unexceptionably related:

——————— "*Euphroſyne*—
"Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
"With *two ſiſter* Graces more,
"To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore." TODD.

With that ſhe powred foorth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Siſters, ſeeing her ſad mood,
With lowd laments her anſwered all at one.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

CALLIOPE.

TO whom ſhall I my evill caſe complaine,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather ſeekes my ſorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell baniſhment?

For they, to whom I uſed to applie
The faithfull ſervice of my learned ſkill,
The goodly off-ſpring of Ioves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whoſe living praiſes in heroick ſtyle,
It is my chiefe profeſſion to compyle;

They, all corrupted through the ruſt of time,
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble ſloth, or ſinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Have both deſire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo ſcorne.

Ne doo they care to have the aunceſtrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew;
Ne doo they care that late poſteritie
Should know their names, or ſpeak their praiſes dew,
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelves ſhalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or ſtrive in vertue others to excell;
If none ſhould yeeld him his deſerved meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of dooing well?
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chooſe goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the Nurſe of Vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of Eternitie,

Ver. 447. *What oddes twixt* Irus *and old* Inachus, &c.] Hor. *Od.* II. iii. 21.

" Diveſne priſco natus ab *Inacho*
" Nil intereſt, an *pauper* et infima
" De gente ſub divo moreris, &c." T. WARTON.

That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and Hercules I raiſd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongſt the ſtarris ſeaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more find worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now onely ſeeke for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great revenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Paraſites and Sycophants doo ſhare:
Therefore I mourne and endleſſe ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelfe and for my Siſters ſake.

With that ſhe lowdly gan to waile and ſhrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of teares did powre;
And all her Siſters, with compaſſion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpnes of her ſhowre:
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſew.

Ver. 469. *Their great revenues* &c.] See the Life of the Poet. TODD.

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of ſtarres conſpiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous peſtilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindneſſe and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkneſſe without ſovenance?

What difference twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th' heavenlie light of Knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of Wiſdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleſhes frailtie, and deceipt of ſin.

In this wide world in which they wretches ſtray,
It is the onelie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadſtarre, and their day;
But hell, and darkneſſe, and the griſlie grave,
Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth debace.

Ver. 486. ——————— *ſovenance?*] Fr. *ſouvenance*, remembrance. All the editions indeed read *ſoverance*, a word without meaning. I have therefore ventured to print what I ſuppoſe the poet intended; for *ſovenance* conveys a diſtinct and ſolemn ſentiment, " in darkneſs without remembrance, i. e. where all things are forgotten." TODD.

Through Knowledge we behould the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formleſſe mas:
By Knowledge wee do learne our ſelves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the ſkie,
And looke into the chriſtall firmament;
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres ſwift moviement,
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th' Almighties chayre.

And there, with humble minde and high inſight,
Th' Eternall Makers maieſtie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can vew.
O ſoveraigne Lord, O ſoveraigne happineſſe,
To ſee thee, and thy mercie meaſureleſſe!

Such happines have they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenlie diſcipline;
But ſhame and ſorrow and accurſed caſe

Have they, that ſcorne the ſchoole of Arts divine,
And baniſh me, which do profeſſe the ſkill
To make men heavenly wiſe through humbled will.

However yet they mee deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feede on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And, pleaſe my ſelfe with mine owne ſelfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the ſky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miſerie of men,
Which want the bliſs that Wiſedom would them breed,
And like brute beaſts doo lie in loathſome den
Of ghoſtly darknes, and of gaſtlie dreed:
For whom I mourne, and for my ſelfe complaine,
And for my Siſters eake whom they diſdaine.—

With that ſhee wept and waild ſo pityouſlie,
As if her eyes had beene two ſpringing wells;
And all the reſt, her ſorrow to ſupplie,
Did throw forth ſhriekes and cries and dreery yells.

So ended ſhee; and then the next in rew
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth enſew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFULL caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,
Without vaine art or curious complements;
And ſqualliđ Fortune, into baſenes flong,
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my ſorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapaſe of pleaſures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By thoſe which have no ſkill to rule them right,
Have now quite loſt their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound though having little ſence,
They thinke to be chiefe praiſe of Poëtry;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poëſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Ver. 545. ——— *theſe* ragged *rimes*] See the note on the Epiſtle to the *Shep. Cal.* vol. i. and F. Q. i. xii. 23. TODD.

Ver. 548. ——— *winged words*] Homer's ἴπεα πτερόεντα. TODD.

Whilom in ages paſt none might profeſſe
But Princes and high Prieſts that ſecret ſkill;
The ſacred lawes therein they wont expreſſe,
And with deepe Oracles their verſes fill:
Then was ſhee held in ſoveraigne dignitie,
And made the nourſling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintayne,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Keſars and of Kings.

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers maieſtie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poëſie;
Ne onelie favours them which it profeſſe,
But is her ſelfe a peereles Poëteſſe.

Moſt peereles Prince, moſt peereles Poëteſſe,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliſa, ſacred Empereſſe!
Live ſhe for ever, and her royall p'laces

Ver. 580. ——————— *p'laces*] That is, *palaces*. The word is printed in the original edition with the eliſion, as I have printed it. Modern editions read *places*. TODD.

Be fild with praiſes of divineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beſide this ſacred ſkill eſteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which, being lightned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence;
And lifted up above the worldës gaze,
To ſing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the reſt, as borne of ſalvage brood,
And having beene with acorns alwaies fed;
Can no whit ſavour this celeſtiall food,
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſſe led,
And kept from looking on the lightſome day:
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.—

Eftſoones ſuch ſtore of teares ſhee forth did powre,
As if ſhee all to water would have gone;
And all her Siſters, ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did breake:
The reſt untold no living tongue can ſpeake.

Ver. 600. ——————— *living*] This is the emendation of the firſt folio. The original edition reads *loving*. TODD.

VIRGILS GNAT.

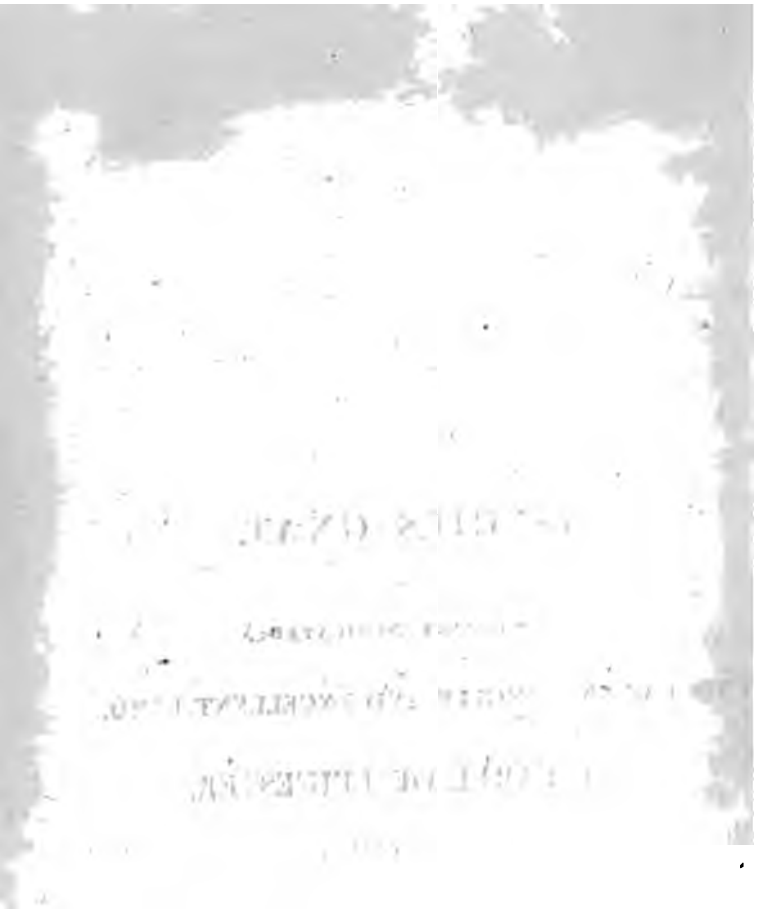
LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

1591.



VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

WRONG'D, yet not daring to expreſſe my paine,
To you (great Lord) the cauſer of my care,
In clowdie teares my caſe I thus complaine
Unto your ſelfe, that onely privie are.
But if that any Œdipus unware
Shall chaunce, through power of ſome divining ſpright,
To reade the ſecrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight;
Let him reſt pleaſed with his owne inſight,
Ne further ſeeke to gloſe upon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what ſo by my ſelfe may not be ſhowen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be eaſily knowen.

Ver. 1. *Wrong'd*, &c.] See the Life of the Poet. TODD.

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now have playde, Auguſtus, wantonly,
Tuning our ſong unto a tender Muſe,

Ver. 1. *We now have playde*, &c.] Spenſer ſhould not have undertaken to tranſlate the *Culex*. His verſion is in many places wrong, and in ſome ſenſeleſs; nor is it any wonder; for the original is ſo corrupted, that no ſenſe can be made of many lines in it, without having recourſe to conjecture; and, where it is not corrupted, it is often very intricate and obſcure. Scaliger has done much, in his excellent notes, towards ſettling and illuſtrating it: but, after all, the commentary is better than the text; and we may ſay of Scaliger's *Culex*, what Scaliger ſaid of Caſaubon's *Perſius*: "La ſauce vaut mieux que le poiſſon." I know not how to believe that Virgil is the author of that poem, though Scaliger is fully perſuaded of it.

JORTIN.

Spenſer's *Culex* is a vague and arbitrary paraphraſe of a poem not properly belonging to Virgil. From the teſtimony of many early Latin writers it may be juſtly concluded, that Virgil wrote an elegant poem with this title. Nor is it improbable that, in the *Culex* at preſent attributed to Virgil, ſome very few of the original phraſes, and even verſes, may remain, under the accumulated incruſtation of criticks, imitators, interpolators, and paraphraſts; which corrupts what it conceals. But the texture, the character, and ſubſtance, of the genuine poem is almoſt entirely loſt. T. WARTON.

Profeſſor Heyne, in his edition of Virgil, has very ingeniouſly endeavoured to reſtore the violated beauty of this little poem; and has accordingly ſubjoined, to the *Culex* uſually attributed to the bard of Mantua, "CULEX *probabiliter reſtitutus, cum notatione interpolationum.*" In the proemium to this poem, the learned critick makes this remark on Spenſer's tranſlation of it. "Patrio ſermone, octonis verſibus in ſtrophas coëuntibus, redditum eſt hoc carmen a Spenſero, poëta nobili Britanno, in ejus Opp. Nec ſine voluptate illud facile perlegas. Adeo mihi vel hoc exemplo patuit, quanto expeditius eſſet poëtam carmine vernaculo reddere, quam verba

And, like a cobweb weaving ſlenderly,
Have onely playde: Let thus much then excuſe
This Gnats ſmall Poëme, that th' whole hiſtorie
Isbut a ieſt, though envie it abuſe:
But who ſuch ſports and ſweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter ſeeme then this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure,
And for thy worth frame ſome fit Poeſie:
The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Ioves progenie,

ſubtiliter interpretari. Nihil enim vetabat ſententias integras ſummatim efferre ejuſve partes in quemcunque placeret ſenſum deflectere, aut verba corrupta aptis et idoneis permutare."—The *Culex*, I may add, is neatly tranſlated, or rather copied, in " Poems on ſeveral Occaſions by a Young Gentleman, Lond. 1724." 8vo. This Gentleman notices the tranſlation of Spenſer; but ſays that he can call his own poem neither *paraphraſe* nor *tranſlation*, having to the author's images now and then added ſome of his own, &c. TODD.

Ver. 14. *And ornament of great Ioves progenie,*] What is that? the moſt illuſtrious of all Iove's children? That is the beſt ſenſe that can be put upon it; but it is ſomewhat wide of the text:

" Latonæ, magnique decus Jovis, aurea proles,
" Phœbus erit noſtri princeps, et carminis auctor."

JORTIN.

Phœbus, ſhall be the author of my ſong,
Playing on ivorie harp with ſilver ſtrong.

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beſide
Faire Xanthus ſprincled with Chimæras blood;
Or in the woods of Aſtery abide;
Or whereas mount Parnaſſe, the Muſes brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes divide,
And the ſweete waves of ſounding Caſtaly
With liquid foote doth ſlide downe eaſily.

Wherefore ye Siſters, which the glorie bee
Of the Pierian ſtreames, fayre Naiades,
Go too; and, dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that god: And thou holie Pales,
To whome the honeſt care of huſbandrie
Returneth by continuall ſucceſſe,
Have care for to purſue his footing light
Throgh the wide woods, and groves, with green leaves dight.

Profeſſing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forreſt wide and ſtarrie ſky:

Ver. 16. ——————————*ſtrong.*] That is, *ſtrung*, having ſilver ſtrings. TODD.

Ver. 18. —————— woon] *Dwell.* See F. Q. i. vi. 39, ii. i. 51, &c. TODD.

Ver. 23. *And the ſweete* waves &c.] Perhaps, *wave:*
" Caſtaliæque ſonans liquido pede labitur *unda:*"
But " WAVES *doth* ſlide," is in Spenſer's manner. JORTIN.

And thou, moſt dread Octavius, which oft
To learned wits giv'ſt courage worthily,
O come, thou ſacred childe, come ſliding ſoft,
And favour my beginnings graciouſly:
For not theſe leaves do ſing that dreadfull ſtound,
When Giants bloud did ſtaine Phlegræan ground.

Nor how th' halfe horſy people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord;
Nor how the Eaſt with tyranous deſpight
Burnt th' Attick towres, and people ſlew with ſword;
Nor how mount Athos through exceeding might
Was digged downe; nor yron bands abord
The Pontick ſea by their huge Navy caſt;
My volume ſhall renowne, ſo long ſince paſt.

Nor Helleſpont trampled with horſes feete,
When flocking Perſians did the Greeks affray:
But my ſoft Muſe, as for her power more meete,

Ver. 46. *Was digged* downe,] Not digged *down*, but digged *through*. "Non *perfoſſus* Athos." JORTIN.
Ibid. ——— abord] *Acroſs*, from ſhore to ſhore, Fr. *bord*. TODD.

Delights (with Phœbus friendly leave) to play
An eaſie running verſe with tender feete.
And thou, dread ſacred child, to thee alway,
Let everlaſting lightſome glory ſtrive,
Through the worlds endles ages to ſurvive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongſt heavenly ranks, where bleſſed ſoules do reſt;
And let long laſting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deſerveſt beſt,
Hereafter many yeares remembred be
Amongſt good men, of whom thou oft are bleſt;
Live thou for ever in all happineſſe!
But let us turne to our firſt buſineſſe.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden charet gliſtering light;
And fayre Aurora, with her roſie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight;
When as the ſhepheard, ſeeing day appeare,
His little goats gan drive out of their ſtalls,
To feede abroad, where paſture beſt befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſſe did cloath the open hills:

They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
Spread themſelves farre abroad through each deſcent;
Some on the ſoft greene graſſe feeding their fills;
Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the buſhie ſhrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmoſt boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges that freſhly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmoſt top
Of ſome ſoft willow, or new growen ſtud;
This with ſharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud;
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne like image in a chriſtall brooke.

Ver. 75. ——————— ment,] *Mixed.* See the note on F. Q. i. ii. 5. TODD.

Ver. 87. *The whiles another high doth overlooke*
Her owne like image in a chriſtall brooke.] So he renders

——————— " at illa
" Imminet in rivi præſtantis imaginis undam,"

Which muſt be corrected before it can be tranſlated. JORTIN.

I will add Heyne's remark and correction; " Rimis horret verſus, ſi *unda rivi præſtantis imaginis* dicta eſſe debet: itaque

O the great happines, which ſhepheards have,
Who ſo loathes not too much the poore eſtate,
With minde that ill uſe doth before deprave,
Ne meaſures all things by the coſtly rate
Of riotiſe, and ſemblants outward brave!
No ſuch ſad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creepe into the ſhepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice ſteeped in Aſſyrian dye;
Ne gliſtering of golde, which underlayes
The ſummer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious ſtones, whence no good commeth by;

eum corruptum eſſe nullus dubito. Ita quoque Scaligero viſum, qui legebat: *Imminet irrigui præſtanti*, vel *properanti marginis undæ*: in quo facilitatem ingenii et verſus non minus deſideres. Refingerem ſaltem ſic: *prætenti* vel *prætexti marginis*. Sed ſuavior multo eſſet vulgaris lectio, modo ſi *imaginis umbram* legas poëtice pro imagine in rivo viſa: in hanc illa deſuper e ripa imminet, proſpectando. In *præſtantis* videtur latere *proſtans* aut ipſa aut ripa. Nam *proſtans* prominens, ut *proſtans angulus* apud Lucretium, *proſtans rupes*." And accordingly, in his emended *Culex*, he reads

——————————— " at illa
" Imminet e ripa proſtans in imaginis umbram."

I have introduced this note, becauſe Spenſer, in ſome degree, appears to have anticipated the ingenious emendation. TODD.

Ver. 94. ——————————— macerate] *Tear*, that is, *diſtract*. Virgil's word is *lacerant*. Perhaps Spenſer is the father of the Engliſh word, although our lexicographers have not thought proper to notice his uſage of it. TODD.

Ne yet his cup emboſt with imagery
Of Bœtus or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles eſteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian ſeas brought far away:
But with pure breſt from carefull ſorrow free,
On the ſoft graſſe his limbs doth oft diſplay,
In ſweete ſpring time, when flowres varietie
With ſundrie colours paints the ſprinckled lay;
There, lying all at eaſe from guile or ſpight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himſelfe, with palme bedight,
His looſer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
And fruitefull Pales, and the forreſt greene,
And darkeſome caves in pleaſaunt vallies pight,
Wheras continuall ſhade is to be ſeene,
And where freſh ſpringing wells, as chriſtall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirſtie heate.

Ver. 105. ——— whelky] The *whilk* or *welk* is a ſhell-fiſh. Perhaps the poet introduced this adjective in the ſenſe of *wreathed*, *twiſted*, as that *ſhell-fiſh* appears. Or perhaps it may be conſidered in the ſenſe of *whelked*, that is, *rounded*, or *emboſſed*; from *whelk*, a protuberance, according to Fluellen's deſcription of Bardolph's face, *K. Hen.* V. "His face is all bubukles, and *whelks*, and knobs," &c. Where Mr. Steevens cites the word from Chaucer in the ſame ſenſe. TODD.

O! who can lead then a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart ſincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie ſtrife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare;
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the ſacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering ſpoyles and treaſure,
Or may abound in riches above meaſure.

Of him his God is worſhipt with his ſythe,
And not with ſkill of craftſman poliſhed:
He ioyes in groves, and makes himſelfe full blythe
With ſundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth:
Sweete Quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect Pleaſure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from ſad cares, that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indevour,
To this his minde and ſenſes he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treaſour,
Content with any food that God doth ſend;
And how his limbs, reſolv'd through idle leiſour,
Unto ſweete ſleepe he may ſecurely lend,

Ver. 141. ——— reſolv'd] *Diſſolved*, or *laid at eaſe*. Lat. *reſolutus*. TODD.

In ſome coole ſhadow from the ſcorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O Flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleaſaunt Springs
Of Tempe, where the countrey Nymphs are rife,
Through whoſe not coſtly care each ſhepheard ſings
As merrie notes upon his ruſticke fife,
As that Aſcræan bard, whoſe fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In ſuch delights whilſt thus his careleſſe time
This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on ſhrill reedes chaunting his ruſtick rime;
Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the higheſt top of heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lott,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great Ocean doth himſelfe divide.

Ver. 149. ——— Aſcræan *bard*,] So Spenſer wrote, or ſhould have written. He ſpeaks of Heſiod. JORTIN.
All the editions erroneouſly read *Aſtræan*. TODD.

Then gan the Shepheard gather into one
His ſtragling goates, and drave them to a
foord,
Whoſe cœrule ſtreame, rombling in pible ſtone,
Crept under moſſe as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
Into thick ſhadowes, there themſelves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy ſacred wood
(O Delian Goddeſſe) ſaw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance ſore
Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood,
Which ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
There ſhe halfe frantick, having ſlaine her ſonne,
Did ſhrowd her ſelfe like puniſhment to ſhonne.

Here alſo playing on the graſſy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and ſwift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing ſeene.
Not ſo much did Dan Orpheus repreſſe
The ſtreames of Hebrus with his ſongs, I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddeſſes
Staied thee, O Peneus, powring foorth to thee,
From cheereful lookes, great mirth and glad-
ſome glee.

The verie nature of the place, reſounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleaſant bowre with all delight abounding
In the freſh ſhadowe did for them prepayre,
To reſt their limbs with wearines redounding.
For firſt the high palme-trees, with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did ariſe,
And high ſhoote up their heads into the ſkyes.

And them amongſt the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Ulyſſes men, whom rapt with ſweetenes new,
Taking to hoſte, it quite from him did ſtay;
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hew
The Sunnes ſad daughters waylde the raſh decay
Of Phaëton, whoſe limbs with lightening rent
They gathering up, with ſweete teares did lament.

And that ſame tree, in which Demophoon,
By his diſloyalty lamented ſore,

Ver. 193. ——— *the wicked Lotos*] See Homer, *Odyſſ.* ix. 94, &c. And Plato, *De Repub.* lib. viii. Opp. edit. Serran. tom. ii. p. 560. Todd.

Ver. 201. *And that ſame tree, in which Demophoon,*
By his diſloyalty lamented ſore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one;] Strange ſtuff this. But the original is corrupted. See Scaliger. Phyllis,

Eternall hurte left unto many one:
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to ſuch an one:
The Oke, whoſe acornes were our foode, before
That Ceres ſeede of mortall men were knowne,
Which firſt Triptoleme taught how to be ſowne.

Here alſo grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ſhips brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly ſigne;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the ſtarres divine,
Decks all the forreſt with embelliſhment;
And the blacke Holme that loves the watrie vale;
And the ſweete Cypreſſe, ſigne of deadly bale.

thinking ſhe was forſaken by Demophoon, hanged herſelf, ſay ſome, and was changed into *amygdalum*. She died of grief, ſay others; and, where ſhe was buried, trees ſprung up, which at certain times mourn her death, ſhedding their leaves. See Hyginus, *Fab.* lix. Ovid, *Art. Am.* iii. 37, *Remed.* 55 and 591. Hence may be gueſſed what tree it is that the author of the *Culex* ſpeaks of. JORTIN.

Ver. 205. *Through fatall charmes* &c.] Spenſer is miſtaken here:

"Quam comitabantur fatalia carmina quercus:"

Fatalia carmina, *fatidicæ quercus*, μαντικὰς. Nam in Dodona reddebant oraculum: Scaliger. JORTIN.

Emongſt the reſt the clambring Yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with graſping hold,
Leaſt that the Poplar happely ſhould rew
Her brothers ſtrokes, whoſe boughes ſhe doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top ſurvew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the ſmall birds, in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their ſundrie tunes with ſweete conſent;
And under them a ſilver ſpring, forth powring
His trickling ſtreames, a gentle murmure ſent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the ſlimie ſcowring
Of the moiſt moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And ſhrill graſhoppers chirped them around:
All which the ayrie Echo did reſound.

In this ſo pleaſant place the Shepheards flocke
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to reſt,
On everie buſh, and everie hollow rocke,
Where breathe on them the whiſtling wind mote beſt;
The whiles the Shepheard ſelf, tending his ſtocke,
Sate by the fountaine ſide, in ſhade to reſt,

Where gentle ſlumbring ſleep oppreſſed him
Diſplaid on ground, and ſeized everie lim.

Of trechierie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But, looſlie on the graſſie greene diſpredd,
His deareſt life did truſt to careles ſleep;
Which, weighing down his drouping drowſie hedd,
In quiet reſt his tholten heart did ſteep,
Devoid of care, and feare of all falſhedd:
Had not inconſtant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid ſtrange miſchance his quietnes to ſpill.

For at his wonted time in that ſame place
An huge great Serpent, all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelfe in mooriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himſelfe to hide:
He, paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt his ſcalie boughts with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now, more and more having himſelfe enrolde,
His glittering breaſt he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creſte above, ſpotted with purple die,
On everie ſide did ſhine like ſcalie golde;
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,

Did ſeeme to flame out flakes of flaſhing fyre,
And with ſterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelfe diſpace
There round about, when as at laſt he ſpide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine and moſt truſtie guide:
Eftſoones more fierce in viſage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on everie ſide,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full ſtearnly rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdaines, that anie one ſhould dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins ſtraight to prepare
The weapons, which Natúre to him hath lent;
Fellie he hiſſeth, and doth fiercely ſtare,
And hath his iawes with angrie ſpirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is ſtained,
And all his foldes are now in length out-ſtrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle nourſling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the ſleepie Shepheard went;

Ver. 265. ——————— *diſpace*] See the note on *Muiopotmos*, ver. 250. TODD.

And, marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles, which ſight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himſelfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upſtart,
And with his hand him raſhly bruzing ſlewe
As in avengement of his heedles ſmart,
That ſtreight the ſpirite out of his ſenſes flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, ſuddenly caſting aſide his vew,
He ſpide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his deſtruction bent.

All ſuddenly diſmaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and, catching haſtie holde
Of a yong alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him gan beholde
What God or Fortune would aſſiſt his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him leſſe adrad.

The ſcalie backe of that moſt hideous Snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aſſaile, he fiercely ſtrake

Whereas his temples did his greeſh-front tyre;
And, for he was but ſlowe, did ſlowth off ſhake
And gazing ghaſtly on; (for feare and yre
Had blent ſo much his ſenſe, that leſſe he feard;)
Yet, when he ſaw him ſlaine, himſelfe he cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of Herebus her teemed ſteedes gan call,
And laeſie Veſper in his timely howre
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this ſharpe ſtowre,
Seing the doubled ſhadowes low to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flocke, does homeward fare,
And unto reſt his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whoſe ſenſe ſo ſoone as lighter ſleepe
Was entered, and, now looſing everie lim,
Sweete ſlumbring deaw in careleſneſſe did ſteepe;
The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in ſad tearmes gan ſorrowfully weepe,
With greiſlie countenaunce and viſage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In ſteed of good haſtning his cruell fate.

Ver. 314. ——————— teemed] *Joined together in a team.* See alſo ver. 465. This participle is probably of Spenſer's coinage. The word is not noticed in our Dictionaries. TODD.

Said he, "What have I wretch deſerv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcaſt,
Whileſt that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, ſo long as it did laſt?
I now, in lieu of paines ſo gracious,
Am toſt in th' ayre with everie windie blaſt:
Thou, ſafe delivered from ſad decay,
Thy careles limbs in looſe ſleep doſt diſplay.

"So liveſt thou; but my poore wretched ghoſt
Is forſt to ferrie over Lethes river,
And ſpoyld of Charon too and fro am toſt.
Seeſt thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie poſt?
Tiſiphone each where doth ſhake and ſhiver
Her flaming fiër-brond, encountring me,
Whoſe lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

"And Cerberus, whoſe many mouthes doo bay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whoſe necke, in terrible array,
Ten thouſand ſnakes crawling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo gliſter firie red;

Ver. 340. *Seeſt thou* not *how* &c.] I prefer this reading of the firſt folio. The original edition omits *not*. TODD.

Ver. 343. ——————fiër-*brond*] So the firſt folio rightly reads, making *fier* a diſſyllable, as it is alſo made in the *Faerie Queene*. TODD.

He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be ſorely beaten.

" Ay me! that thankes ſo much ſhould faile of meed;
For that I thee reſtor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my ſo piteous deed?
The praiſe of Pitie vaniſht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Iuſtice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

" I ſaw anothers fate approaching faſt,
And left mine owne his fafëtie to tender;
Into the ſame miſhap I now am caſt,
And ſhun'd deſtruction doth deſtruction render:
Not unto him that never hath treſpáſt,
But puniſhment is due to the offender.
Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

" I carried him into waſte wilderneſſe,
Waſte wildernes, amongſt Cymerian ſhades,

Ver. 361. *I ſaw anothers fate* &c.] This ſtanza is ſufficiently obſcure. The original indeed is in bad caſe. See Scaliger. JORTIN.

Ver. 369. ——————— *waſte wilderneſſe,*] Spenſer

Where endles paines and hideous heavineſſe
Is round about me heapt in darkſome glades.
For there huge Othos ſits in ſad diſtreſſe,
Faſt bound with ſerpents that him oft invades;
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,
Which once aſſai'd to burne this world ſo wide.

" And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, O Latona faire;
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre:

has a ſimilar expreſſion, F. Q. i. i. 32. And Milton has copied the " waſte wilderneſſe," *Par. Reg.* B. i. 7. This preciſe expreſſion is alſo uſed in the romance of *Palmerin of England*, Part the firſt, Ch. xciii. bl. l. edit. 4to. " The places of moſt renowne in thine Empire ſhall be changed to a *waſt* and deſolate *wilderneſſe*." TODD.

Ver. 375. *Far off behólding Ephialtes* tide,
Which once aſſai'd to burne *this world ſo wide.*]

" Nam vinctus ſedet immanis ſerpentibus Othos,
" Devictum mœſtus procul adſpiciens Ephialten,
" Conati quondam cum ſint incendere mundum."

Spenſer tranſlates *devictum*, tide, [i. e. *tied*,] as if it were *devinctum*; and *mundum*, the world, which [here] means *heaven*. Perhaps *procul* here is not, *far off*, but *near*, not *far off*. It ſhould be perhaps:

" Conati quondam cum ſint *inſcendere* mundum:"

to *ſcale* the heavens. Every body knows the ſtory. Scaliger and Linbenbrogius are ſilent here, and I have no other commentator to conſult. JORTIN.

Heyne here reads *devinctum* in Spenſer's ſenſe, and ably defends the reading. He likewiſe rejects both *incendere* and *inſcendere*, and has elegantly admitted into the text the Virgilian expreſſion *reſcindere*, from *Georg.* i. 280, *Æn.* vi. 583. TODD.

Ver. 376. ——— *aſſai'd*] The folio of 1679 altered this original reading into *aſſail'd*, which the modern editions have followed. TODD.

Much do I feare among ſuch fiends to ſit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the blacke ſhadowes of the Stygian ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing evermore.

. . . . . .

" There next the utmoſt brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the gods bewray,
Whoſe threat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride
His ſenſe to ſeeke for eaſe turnes every way:
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For ſcorning to the ſacred gods to pray,
Againſt a mountaine rolls a mightie ſtone,
Calling in vaine for reſt, and can have none.

" Go ye with them, go, curſed Damoſells,
Whoſe bridale torches foule Erynnis tynde;
And Hymen, at your ſpouſalls ſad, foretells
Tydings of death and maſſacre unkinde:
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to ſlay,
And murdred troupes upon great heapes to lay.

Ver. 394. ———————— tynde,] *Kindled* or *lighted.* See ver. 504. See alſo F. Q. ii. viii. 11, iii. vii. 15. TODD.

Ver. 400. —— *murdred troupes* &c.] This is nothing to the purpoſe, and cannot belong to the ſtory of Medea. The original is corrupted. JORTIN.

"There alſo thoſe two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore;
Whom, wretched boy, they flew with guiltie bludes;
For whome the Thracian king lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes,
And fluttering round about them ſtill does ſore;
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endles paine.

"But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood,
Whilſt each does for the ſoveraignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth againſt the others bodie bend
His curſed ſteele, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſes doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was ſlaine.

"Ah (waladay!) there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried faine,

Ver. 417. —— *waladay!*] So the word is ſpelt (not *weladay*) in the original edition, which approaches nearly to the old Saxon interjection *walaway*, ſpelt by Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his admirable edition of Chaucer, *wala wa*, "though written in manuſcripts *walaway*, *weilaway*, *welaway*, &c. from whence the more modern vulgar *weladay*. *Wa* and *la* are both Saxon interjections of grief. The compound *Wala wa* is uſed in Chr. Saxon. Gibs. p. 191." *Notes on Cant. T.* ver. 940. TODD.

Where other powers farre different I see,
And muſt paſſe over to th' Elifian plaines!
There grim Perſephone, encountring mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earneſtlie
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

"There chaſt Alceſte lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her huſbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate:
Lo! there lives alſo the immortall praiſe
Of womankinde, moſt faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre awayes
A ruleſſe route of yongmen, which her wood,
All ſlaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

"And ſad Eurydice thence now no more
Muſt turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee!
Bold ſure he was, and worthie ſpirite bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadowes goe to ſee,
And could beleeve that anie thing could pleaſe
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appeaſe.

"Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor thoſe ſame mournefull kingdomes, compaſſed

Ver. 431. *A* ruleſſe *route*] A *lawleſs* rout, as we ſhould now ſay. I conſider *ruleſſe*, i. e. *not ſubject to rule*, as an adjective of Spenſer's coinage. TODD.

With ruſtie horrour and fowle faſhion;
And deep digd vawtes; and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confuſion;
And iudgement ſeates, whoſe Iudge is deadlie dred,
A Iudge, that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults, which life hath treſpaſſed before.

" But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde:
For the ſwift running rivers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wilde beaſts their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus muſicke through the land:
And th' okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
Did move, as if they could him underſtand;
And the ſhrill woods, which were of ſenſe bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his ſilver ſound receav'd.

" And eke the Moone her haſtie ſteedes did ſtay,
Drawing in teemes along the ſtarrie ſkie;
And didſt, O monthly Virgin, thou delay
Thy nightly courſe, to heare his melodie?

Ver. 443. ——— ruſtie *horrour*] See the note, F. Q. ii. ix. 13. T. WARTON.

Ver. 444. ——————— *Tartar*] See the note on ver. 543. TODD.

Ver. 456. ——————— *ſilver ſound*] See the note on this expreſſion, *Shep. Cal.* June, ver. 61. TODD.

The ſame was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as eaſily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

" She, (Ladie) having well before approoved
The feends to be too cruell and ſevere,
Obſerv'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her eyſight turne arere,
Ne ever ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking mooved;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſſe her, brok'ſt the gods decree,
And thereby mad'ſt her ever damn'd to be.

" Ah! but ſweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deſerve to have ſmall faults remitted;
If Hell at leaſt things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the ſeates of happie ſoules admitted:
And you, beſide the honourable band
Of great heroës, doo in order ſtand.

" There be the two ſtout ſonnes of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,

Ver. 468. ——————————— arere,] *Backward.* Fr. *arriere.* Uſed by Chaucer. See Gloſſ. edit. Urr. " *Arere ſopor, after* ſupper." See alſo F. Q. iii. x. 23. " And would have fled *arere.*" And in other places. TODD.

Both ſeeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their ſyres dreadfull iuriſdiction,
Being the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by ſtrange occaſion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

"For th' one was raviſht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy:
But th' other was with Thetis love aſſaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his ioy.
On this ſide them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
That from th' Argolick ſhips, with furious yre,
Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre,

"O! who would not recount the ſtrong divorces
Of that great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When Teucrian ſoyle with bloodie rivers ſwelde,
And wide Sigæan ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
Whilſt Hector raged, with outragious minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have tynde.

Ver. 490. *The fair* Ixione] Inſtead of *Heſione*. But it is doubtful whether this be the true ſenſe of the place. See Scaliger. JORTIN.

" For Ida ſelfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines miniſtred ſupplies;
And, like a kindly nourſe, did yeeld (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourſeries
Unto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the navie of their enemies,
And all the Rhétæan ſhore to aſhes turne,
Where lay the ſhips, which they did ſeeke to burne.

" Gainſt which the noble ſonne of Telamon
Oppoſ'd himſelfe, and, thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battell bad, gainſt whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the Troian field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve
The ratling heavens, and cloudes aſunder dryve.

" So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other ſtrove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.

Ver. 511. ——— *Rhétæan*] So ſpelt and accented on the firſt ſyllable, in the original edition; as *Némæan* alſo is in F. Q. vii. vii. 36. TODD.

Ver. 523. ——— defend] *Repell.* This is a Latiniſm, and an elegant boldneſs. See alſo F. Q. ii. xii, 63. JORTIN.

See alſo Upton's note, F. Q. ii. xii. 63. TODD.

Thus th' one Æacide did his fame extend:
But th' other ioy'd, that, on the Phrygian playne
Having the blood of vanquiſht Hector ſhedd,
He compaſt Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

" Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris ſent;
And alſo him that falſe Ulyſſes ſlewe,
Drawne into danger through cloſe ambuſhment;
Therefore from him Laërtes ſonne his vewe
Doth turne aſide, and boaſts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæſus fall,
And efte in Dolons ſubtile ſurpryſall.

" Againe the dreadfull Cycones him diſmay,
And blacke Læſtrigones, a people ſtout:
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there hay
Manie great bandogs, which her gird about;
Then doo the Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out:

Ver. 528. *He compaſt Troy* thrice] *Thrice* is not in the original. Virgil affirms it indeed, *Æn.* i. 487, contrary to Homer's account of it. JORTIN.

Ver. 536. ——— *ſubtile*] The folio of 1611 judiciouſly altered the original word *ſlye* to *ſubtile*, which is of ſimilar import, and completes the meaſure of the verſe. TODD.

Ver. 540. ——— *bandogs*,] The *maſtiff* was formerly called a *bandog*. See Cotgrave in V. " *Maſtin*, a maſtive or *ban-dog*, a great (countrey) curre." See Johnſon for the various etymologies of the word. See alſo Serenius's Dict. Anglo-Sueth. Lat. where the word is rendered *band-hund*. TODD.

Laſtly the ſqualid lakes of Tartarie,
And grieſly feends of hell him terrifie.

" There alſo goodly Agamemnon boſts,
The glorie of the ſtock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts;
Under whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
The Dorick flames conſum'd the Iliack poſts.
Ah! but the Greekes themſelves, more dolorous,
To thee, O Troy, paid penaunce for thy fall;
In th' Helleſpont being nigh drowned all.

" Well may appeare by proofe of their miſ-
chaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens ſlipperie ſtate,
That none, whom fortune freely doth advaunce,

Ver. 543. ——————— *Tartarie,*] He ſhould not have called it *Tartary*, which makes a ridiculous ambiguity; for *Tartary* may be *Tartaria* as well as *Tartarus*, and indeed better. JORTIN.

Dr. Jortin would have been leſs inclined to pronounce the expreſſion *ridiculous*, if he had taken the trouble to look into our old writers. See my note on *Tartary*, F. Q. i. vii. 44. I am more ſurpriſed at Mr. Warton's objection. I will add, to the inſtances cited in my note, an illuſtration by Mr. Malone, from *The troubleſome Raigne of King John*, 1591.

" And let the black tormentors of black *Tartary*
" Upbraide them with this damned enterprize."

See alſo *Tartar*, ver. 444. which is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by our ancient poets, as is ſhewn in the note to which I refer. TODD.

Ver. 552. *In th' Helleſpont* &c.] This tranſlation is wide of the text, and the text is corrupted. See Scaliger. The Greeks ſuffered nothing in the Helleſpont. JORTIN.

Himſelfe therefore to heaven ſhould elevate:
For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
Of envies dart, is downe in duſt proſtrate;
And all, that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

" Th' Argolicke Power returning home againe,
Enricht with ſpoyles of th' Erichthonian towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good ſpeed the ſomie billowes ſcowre:
No ſigne of ſtorme, no feare of future paine,
Which ſoone enſued them with heavie ſowre.
Nereïs to the ſeas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keeles the ſurges clave.

" Suddenly, whether through the gods decree,
Or hapleſſe riſing of ſome froward ſtarre,
The heavens on everie ſide enclowded bee:
Black ſtormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,
That now the pylote can no loadſtarre ſee,
But ſkies and ſeas doo make moſt dreadfull warre;
The billowes ſtriving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens ſtriving them for to impeach.

Ver. 576. ——————— impeach.] *Hinder.* So the firſt edition reads. The word ſhould be ſpelt, agreeably to Spenſer's cuſtom, *empeach*, from the Fr. *empecher*. However, ſee the note, F. Q. i. viii. 34. TODD.

" And, in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both ſun and ſtarres and all the heavenly powres
Conſpire in one to wreake their raſh contempt,
And downe on them to fall from higheſt towres:
The ſkie, in pieces ſeeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmfull ſhowres,
That death on everie ſide to them appeares,
In thouſand formes, to worke more ghaſtly feares.

" Some in the greedie flouds are ſunke and drent;
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rent;
Some ſcattred on the Hercæan ſhores unknowne;
And manie loſt, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be ſhowne:
Whilſt all the purchaſe of the Phrigian pray,
Toſt on ſalt billowes, round about doth ſtray.

" Here manie other like heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly ſeates may placed ſee,
Deſcended all from Rome by linage due;

Ver. 585. ——————— drent,] *Drowned.* See F. Q. ii. vi. 49. and *The Teares of the Muſes*, ver. 210. TODD.

Ver. 588. ——— *on the* Hercæan *ſhores* unknowne;] " *Heræaque* late litora." See Scaliger, who reads *Gyræa* or *Ægea.* " Hercæan ſhores *unknown*" is pleaſant enough, there being no ſuch ſhores in *rerum natura.* JORTIN.

From Rome, that holds the world in ſove-
reigntie,
And doth all nations unto her ſubdue:
Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
Horatii that in vertue did excell.

" And here the antique fame of ſtout Camill
Doth ever live; and conſtant Curtius,
Who, ſtifly bent his vowed life to ſpill
For countreyes health, a gulph moſt hideous
Amidſt the towne with his owne corps did fill,
T' appeaſe the Powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his fleſh endur'd the ſcorching flame,
To daunt his foe by enſample of the ſame.

" And here wiſe Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endles reſt;
And ſtout Flaminius, whoſe devotion
Taught him the fires ſcorn'd furie to deteſt;
And here the praiſe of either Scipion
Abides in higheſt place above the beſt,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
Trembling their forces, ſound their praiſes
lowd.

Ver. 600. ——— *that in* vertue *did excell.*] " Horatia *virtus.*" Virtus is not *virtue* here, but *valour.* JORTIN.

Ver. 612. ——— *the* fires *ſcorn'd furie to deteſt*;] " Devota dedit qui corpora *flammæ.*" *Flamma* there is metaphorical; and the ſenſe is, that he boldly run into danger and loſt his life. JORTIN.

" Live they for ever through their laſting praiſe!
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the ſad lakes that Phœbus ſunnie rayes
Doo never ſee, where ſoules doo alwaies mourne;
And by the wayling ſhores to waſte my dayes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which iuſt Minos righteous ſoules doth ſever
From wicked ones, to live in bliſſe for ever.

" Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long ſnakes, and thouſand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
Cauſe of my death and iuſt complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghoſt complaines
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careles hear'ſt my' intollerable cares.

" Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behinde.
But doo thou haunt the ſoft downe-rolling river,
And wilde greene woods and fruitful paſtures minde;

And let the flitting aire my vaine words
ſever."—
Thus having ſaid, he heavily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would have ſmarted.

Now, when the ſloathfull fit of lifes ſweete reſt
Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved minde full ſore oppreſt;
That balefull ſorrow he no longer beares
For that Gnats death, which deeply was impreſt;
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being ſuch, as through their might
He lately ſlue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that ſame river lurking under greene,
Eftſoones he gins to faſhion forth a place;
And, ſquaring it in compaſſe well beſeene,
There plotteth out a tombe by meaſured ſpace:
His yron-headed ſpade tho making cleene,
To dig up ſods out of the flowrie graſſe,
His worke he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Encloſing it with banks on everie ſide,
And thereupon did raiſe full buſily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide;

Ver. 660. ——————— edifide;] *Built.* See the note on this word, F. Q. i. i. 34. TODD.

And on the top of all, that paſſers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of ſmootheſt marble ſtone in order ſet,
That never might his luckie ſcape forget.

And round about he taught ſweete flowres to growe;
The Roſe engrained in pure ſcarlet die;
The Lilly freſh; and Violet belowe;
The Marigolde; and cherefull Roſemarie;
The Spartan Mirtle, whence ſweet gumb does flowe;
The purple Hyacinthe; and freſh Coſtmarie;
And Saffron, ſought for in Cilician ſoyle;
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle.

Freſh Rhododaphne; and the Sabine flowre,
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence;

Ver. 669. *The* Spartan *Mirtle,*] "*Spartica* Myrtus," which, whatever it be, is not *Spartan.* Spenſer adds, "whence ſweet gumb does flowe;" which is an inſertion of his own. JORTIN.

Dr. Jortin adds the conjecture of a friend, that it ſhould be "*Bacchica*" or "*Bacchia* Myrtus," as the *Myrtus* was ſacred to *Bacchus*; which is illuſtrated by a reference to Athenæus, and by paſſages from Euripides and Ariſtophanes. The reader, who conſults Heyne, will find *Aſtartica, Parthica, Memphica, Nilotica,* &c. to have been propoſed as the epithet. Heyne's emendation, however, is merely *Spartanaque* inſtead of *et Spartica.* TODD.

Ver. 673. ——————— *the Sabine flowre*
Matching the wealth &c.] A ſtrange tranſlation

And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre;
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;
Red Amaranthus, luckleſſe paramour;
Oxeye ſtill greene; and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale Narciſſe, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

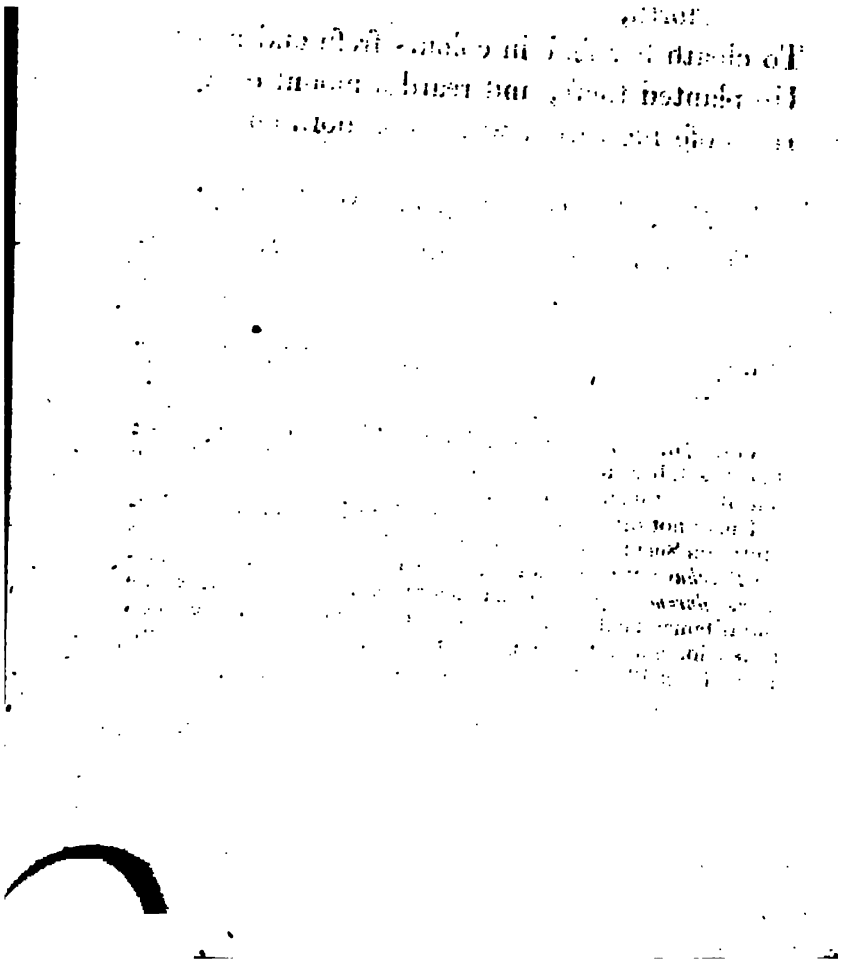
And whatſoever other flowre of worth,
And whatſo other hearb of lovely hew,
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her ſelfe in colours freſh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whoſe high front was writ as doth enſue.

To thee, ſmall Gnat, in lieu of his life ſaved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

of " Herbaque thuris opes priſcis imitata Sabinis. [Sabina.]" Herba Sabina priſcis Romanis pro ture adolebatur: Scaliger. JORTIN.

Ver. 676. *And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;*] " Et Bocchus Libyæ Regis memor." Thus any thing may be made out of any thing. JORTIN.

I may not diſmiſs the learned reader with Dr. Jortin's pleaſantry on Spenſer, without citing alſo the obſervation of Heyne on *Bocchus*: " Quod aliunde non conſtat, ex hoc loco diſcimus, *florem fuiſſe* BOCCHI NOMINIS *inſignitum*. Rex ille Mauritaniæ facile hunc honorem conſequi potuit Jubæ Regis beneficio, quem cum de aliis rerum naturis tum de plantis ſcripſiſſe ex Plinio tenemus, &c." TODD.



PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

By ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

MOST faire and vertuous Ladie; having often ſought opportunitie by ſome good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiſhip the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies profeſſed, and am bound to beare to that Houſe, from whence yee ſpring, I have at length found occaſion to remember the ſame, by making a ſimple preſent to you of theſe my idle labours; which having long ſithens compoſed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongſt other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the ſame, mooved to ſet them foorth. Simple is the device, and the compoſition meane, yet carrieth ſome delight, even the rather becauſe of the ſimplicitie and meanneſſe thus perſonated. The ſame I beſeech your Ladiſhip take in good part, as a pledge of that profeſſion which I have made to you; and keepe with you untill, with ſome other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and diſcharge my utmoſt dutie. Till then wiſhing your Ladiſhip all increaſe of honour and happineſſe, I humblie take leave.

Your La: ever humbly;

ED. SP.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE *.

IT was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for diſdaine of ſinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence ſhe was firſt conceived,
Into her ſilver bowre the Sunne received;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noyſome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, peſtilence, and death.
Emongſt the reſt a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongſt men, that manie did to die,

* *Mother Hubberds Tale.*] In this Poem we have a ſpecimen of Spenſer's genius in Satire, a talent he very ſeldom exerciſed. This Fable is after the old manner of Chaucer, of whom it is an excellent imitation; and perhaps the antiquated ſtile has no ill effect in improving the humour of the Story. The Morality of it is admirable. Every one will obſerve that keenneſs of wit, with which he has repreſented the arts of ill Courtiers. In the deſcription of a good Courtier, which is ſo finely ſet off by the contrary characters, it is believed the author had in his view Sir Philip Sidney, of whom this ſeems to be a very juſt as well as beautiful picture. HUGHES.

Depriv'd of ſenſe and ordinarie reaſon;
That it to leaches ſeemed ſtrange and geaſon.
My fortune was, mongſt manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie, ſet on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of reſt and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight, there came to viſite mee
Some friends, who, ſorie my ſad caſe to ſee,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wiſe,
And meanes of gladſome ſolace to deviſe.
But ſeeing kindly ſleep refuſe to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They ſought my troubled ſenſe how to deceave
With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And, ſitting all in ſeates about me round,
With pleaſant tales (fit for that idle ſtound)
They caſt in courſe to waſte the wearie howres:
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Faeries and their ſtrange attires;

Ver. 12. ——————————— geaſon.] *Uncommon.* See the note on F. Q. vi. iv. 37, and *Viſ. of the Worlds Vanity*, ver. 5. TODD.

Ver. 28. *Some tolde of Ladies*, &c.] Stories of this kind were among the favourite paſtimes of our anceſtors. See Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*, edit. 1624, p. 230. "The ordinary recreations which we have in Winter, &c. are—merry tales of errant *Knights*, Kings, Queens, *Louers*, Lords, *Ladies*, *Giants*, Dwarfes, Theeves, *Fayries*, &c." TODD.

And ſome of Giaunts, hard to be beleeved;
That the delight thereof me much releeved.
Amongſt the reſt a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre ſurpas
The reſt in honeſt mirth, that ſeem'd her well:
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a ſtrange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him miſguided;
The which for that my ſenſe it greatly pleaſed,
All were my ſpirite heavie and diſeaſed,
Ile write in termes, as ſhe the ſame did ſay,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muſes aide me needes hereto to call;
Baſe is the ſtyle, and matter meane withall.
¶ Whilome (ſaid ſhe) before the world was civill,
The Foxe and th' Ape, diſliking of their evill
And hard eſtate, determined to ſeeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:
For both were craftie and unhappie witted;
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted.
The Foxe, that firſt this cauſe of griefe did finde,
Gan firſt thus plaine his caſe with words unkinde.
" Neighbour Ape, and my Goſhip eke beſide,
(Both two ſure bands in friendſhip to be tide,)

Ver. 53. ——————— *Goſſip*] See the note on F. Q. i. xii. 11. Todd.

To whom may I more truſtely complaine
The evill plight, that doth me ſore conſtraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now have ſpent and worne,
In meane regard, and baſeſt fortunes ſcorne,
Dooing my countrey ſervice as I might,
No leſſe I dare ſaie than the prowdeſt wight;
And ſtill I hoped to be up advaunced,
For my good parts; but ſtill it hath miſchaunced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I ſee,
But froward fortune ſtill to follow mee,
And loſels lifted high, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
Yet, ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Goſſip privie firſt to make."
"Ah! my deare Goſſip, (anſwer'd then the Ape,)
Deeply doo your ſad words my wits awhape,
Both for becauſe your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke becauſe my ſelfe am touched neare:
For I likewiſe have waſted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whileſt others alwayes have before me ſtept,
And from my beard the fat away have ſwept;

Ver. 67. *And loſels lifted high, where I did looke,*] So the firſt folio reads, rightly omitting *up on* before *high*, which occur in the original edition. TODD.

Ver. 72. ——————— awhape,] *Terrify.* See the note on F. Q. v. xi. 32. TODD.

That now unto deſpaire I gin to growe
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my truſtie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better than one head."
" Certes (ſaid he) I meane me to diſguize
In ſome ſtraunge habit, after uncouth wize,
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipſen, or a Iuggeler,
And ſo to wander to the worldës ende,
To ſeeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worſe than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie ſtreete
Is full of fortunes, and adventures ſtraunge,
Continuallie ſubiect unto chaunge.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
" Surely (ſaid th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well;
And, would ye not poore fellowſhip expell,
My ſelfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chauncefull ieopardie:
For, to wexe olde at home in idleneſſe,
Is diſadventrous, and quite fortuneleſſe;
Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee."
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:

Ver. 85. ——————— *Lymiter,*] A Fryer licenſed to beg within a certain diſtrict. See *Prol. Cant. T.* 209. TYRWHITT.

So both reſolv'd, the morrow next enſuing,
So ſoone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended iourney to proceede;
And over night, whatſo theretoo did neede,
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as one might ſee
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
And put themſelves (a Gods name) on their way;
Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' adviſe:
" Now read Sir Reynold, as ye be right wiſe,
What courſe ye weene is beſt for us to take,
That for our ſelves we may a living make.
Whether ſhall we profeſſe ſome trade or ſkill?
Or ſhall we varie our device at will,
Even as new occaſion appeares?
Or ſhall we tie our ſelves for certaine yeares
To anie ſervice, or to anie place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to reſolve firſt hereupon."
" Now ſurely brother (ſaid the Foxe anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in ſeaſon:
For everie thing that is begun with reaſon
Will come by readie meanes unto his end;
But things miſcounſelled muſt needs miſwend.
Thus therefore I advize upon the caſe,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,

Nor anie man, we ſhould our ſelves applie;
For why ſhould he that is at libertie
Make himſelfe bond? ſith then we are free borne,
Let us all ſervile baſe ſubiection ſcorne;
And, as we bee ſonnes of the world ſo wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And chalenge to our ſelves our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the reſt doo rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it ſo by inſtitution
Ordained firſt, ne by the law of Nature,
But that ſhe gave like bleſſing to each creture
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor ſtrife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.

Ver. 139. ——— *in hugger-mugger*] In ſecret, Fr. *en cachette*, Cotgrave. See his Dict. in VV. *Cachette* and *Hugger mugger*. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, as Mr. Malone alſo has obſerved, renders this expreſſion by *dinaſcoſo*. Shakſpeare uſes it in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of Polonius's burial:

——— " we have done but greenly
" *In hugger-mugger* to inter him —"

which Mr. Steevens thinks the poet took from Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: " Antonius thinking that his body ſhould be honourably buried, and not *in hugger-mugger*."

TODD.

That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold:
For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
Therefore (if pleaſe you) this ſhalbe our plot;
We will not be of anie occupation,
Let ſuch vile vaſſalls borne to baſe vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.
But we will walke about the world at pleaſure
Like two free men, and make our eaſe a treaſure.
Free men ſome beggers call, but they be free;
And they which call them ſo more beggers bee:
For they doo ſwinke and ſweate to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo never thanke them for the ſame,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we faſhion both our ſelves to bee,
Lords of the world; and ſo will wander free,
Where ſo us liſteth, uncontrol'd of anie:
Hard is our hap, if we (emongſt ſo manie)
Light not on ſome that may our ſtate amend;
Sildome but ſome good commeth ere the end."
Well ſeemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce:
Yet, well conſidering of the circumſtaunce,
As pauſing in great doubt awhile he ſtaid,
And afterwards with grave advizement ſaid;

Ver. 157. ——————— droyle,] *Work ſluggiſhly.* Dr. Johnſon cites alſo, from the *Government of the Tongue*, "the *droiling* peaſant, &c." TODD.

" I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
The purpoſe of the complot which ye tell:
For well I wot (compar'd to all the reſt
Of each degree) that Beggers life is beſt:
And they, that thinke themſelves the beſt of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we ſhall ronne
Into great daunger like to bee undonne.
Wildly to wander thus in the worlds eye,
Withouten paſport or good warrantie,
For feare leaſt we like rogues ſhould be reputed,
And for eare-marked beaſts abroad be bruted;
Therefore I read, that we our counſells call,
How to prevent this miſchiefe ere it fall,
And how we may, with moſt ſecuritie,
Beg amongſt thoſe that beggers doo defie."
" Right well, deere Goſſip, ye advized have,
(Said then the Foxe,) but I this doubt will ſave:
For, ere we farther paſſe, I will deviſe
A paſport for us both in fitteſt wize,
And by the names of Souldiers us protect;
That now is thought a civile begging ſect.
Be you the Souldier, for you likeſt are
For manly ſemblance, and ſmall ſkill in warre:
I will but wayte on you, and, as occaſion
Falls out, my ſelfe fit for the ſame will faſhion."

Ver. 185. *Wildly* &c.] So the folio of 1611 reads. The firſt edition, " Thus wildly to wander &c." TODD.

The paſport ended, both they forward went;
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blew iacket with a croſſe of redd
And manie ſlits, as if that he had ſhedd
Much blood throgh many wounds therein receaved,
Which had the uſe of his right arme bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugeſe, looſe like an emptie gut;
And his hoſe broken high above the heeling,
And his ſhooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither ſword nor dagger he did beare;
Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare;
In ſtead of them a handſome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through ſo falſe illuſion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abuſion,

Ver. 212. ——— *looſe like an emptie gut;*] An extravagant heir is thus ludicrouſly deſcribed in a ſimilar dreſs, in *Father Hubburds Tales*, 8vo. 1604. "His breeches, a wonder to ſee, were *ful as deep* as the middle of winter, or the roade-way between London and Wincheſter; and ſo *large and wide* withal, that I thinke within a twelue-month he might very well put all his lands in them, &c." TODD.

Ver. 219. *Shame light on him*, &c.] So Spenſer's contemporary, Barnabie Rych, "Souldier," in his *Roome for a Gentleman*, &c. 4to. 1609, fol. 31. inveighs, with the like honeſt indignation, againſt "counterfeit ſouldiers.—Theſe bee

And that, which is the nobleſt myſterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie!
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure, which might them a working ſet:
Yet manie waies they ſought, and manie tryed;
Yet for their purpoſes none fit eſpyed.
At laſt they chaunſt to meet upon the way
A ſimple huſbandman in garments gray;
Yet, though his veſture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honeſt place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good, is good hearts greateſt loathing.
The Foxe, him ſpying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe! he was in ſight,
That (if he er'd not) ſhould them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.

they," ſays he, "that are a ſlander and diſgrace to the Art Militari; for there is no greater inciuility, no baſer diſorder, nor more ſhamefull miſdemeanor, then is vſed by theſe counterfeit Souldiers that do march vnder the title of Captaines." TODD.

Ver. 221. ——— myſterie,] *Profeſſion, trade*, or *calling*. So Chaucer, *Prol. Cant. T.* 615. edit. Urr.

"In youth he had ylerned a good *miſtere*,
"He was a whelewright &c." TODD.

Ver. 231. ——— *gay clothing*:] The ſame expreſſion is uſed in our tranſlation of the New Teſt. *James* ii. 3. "And ye have reſpect to him that weareth the *gay clothing*, &c." TODD.

Eftſoones the Ape himſelfe gan up to reare,
And on his ſhoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good ſervice he were fit to do;
But little thrift for him he did it to:
And ſtoutly forward he his ſteps did ſtraine,
That like a handſome ſwaine it him became:
When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander looſly, firſt began
T' enquire, of cuſtome, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape; "I am a Souldiere,
That late in warres have ſpent my deereſt blood,
And in long ſervice loſt both limbs and good;
And now, conſtrain'd that trade to overgive,
I driven am to ſeeke ſome meanes to live:
Which might it you in pitie pleaſe t' afford,
I would be readie, both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull ſervice all my dayes.
This yron world (that ſame he weeping ſayes)
Brings downe the ſtowteſt hearts to loweſt ſtate:
For miſerie doth braveſt mindes abate,
And make them ſeeke for that they wont to ſcorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
The honeſt man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his paine;
And, well diſpos'd him ſome reliefe to ſhowe,
Aſkt if in huſbandrie he ought did knowe,

) plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to ſowe,
) hedge, to ditch, to thraſh, to thetch, to
mowe;
r to what labour els he was prepar'd?
)r huſbands life is labourous and hard.
henas the Ape him hard ſo much to talke
f labour, that did from his liking balke,
e would have ſlipt the coller handſomly,
ıd to him ſaid; "Good Sir, full glad am I,
) take what paines may anie living wight:
ıt my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
) doo their kindly ſervices, as needeth:
ärce this right hand the mouth with diet
feedeth,
) that it may no painfull worke endure,
e to ſtrong labour can it ſelfe enure.
ut if that anie other place you have,
hich aſkes ſmall paines, but thriftines to ſave,
r care to overlooke, or truſt to gather,
e may me truſt as your owne ghoſtly father."
ith that the huſbandman gan him avize,
ıat it for him were fitteſt exerciſe
ıttell to keep, or grounds to overſee;
ıd aſked him, if he could willing bee
) keep his ſheep, or to attend his ſwyne,
r watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
Gladly (ſaid he) what ever ſuch like paine
e put on me, I will the ſame ſuſtaine:

But gladlieſt I of your fleecie ſheepe
(Might it you pleaſe) would take on me the keepe
For, ere that unto armes I me betooke,
Unto my fathers ſheepe I uſde to looke,
That yet the ſkill thereof I have not loſte:
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coſte,
(Meaning the Foxe) will ſerve my ſheepe to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether."
The huſbandman was meanly well content
Triall to make of his endevourment;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
Giving accompt of th' annuall increace
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a ſhepheard ſwaine,
And the falſe Foxe his dog: (God give them paine!)
For ere the yeare have halfe his courſe out-run,
And doo returne from whence he firſt begun,
They ſhall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with winges ſwift,
Expired had the terme, that theſe two iavels
Should render up a reckning of their travels

Ver. 309. ——————— iavels] *Wandering* or *dirty fellows*; perhaps, ſays Dr. Johnſon, from the verb "to *javel*," i. e. to *bemire*, which is ſtill retained in Scotland and the northern counties. See alſo v. 712, and the uſe of the word by Sir Thomas Moore, cited in Johnſon's Dictionary. TODD.

Unto their maſter, which it of them ſought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wiſt what anſwere unto him to frame,
Ne how to ſcape great puniſhment, or ſhame,
For their falſe treaſon and vile theeverie:
For not a lambe of all their flockes ſupply
Had they to ſhew; but, ever as they bred,
They ſlue them, and upon their fleſhes fed:
For that diſguiſed Dog lov'd blood to ſpill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will.
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left;
And, when lambes fail'd, the old ſheepes lives they reft;
That how t' acquite themſelves unto their Lord
They were in doubt, and flatly ſet abord.
The Foxe then counſel'd th' Ape for to require
Reſpite till morrow t' anſwere his deſire:
For times delay new hope of helpe ſtill breeds.
The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad next day that all ſhould readie be.
But they more ſubtill meaning had than he:
For the next morrowes meed they cloſely ment,
For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent:
And that ſame evening, when all ſhrowded were
In careles ſleep, they without care or feare

Ver. 324. ——————— *abord.*] In the figurative ſenſe perhaps of *aground*, as the author of the Supplement to Johnſon's Dictionary alſo thinks. TODD.

Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
And of them ſlew at pleaſure what they wolde:
Of which whenas they feaſted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They ſtole away, and tooke their haſtie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.
So was the huſbandman left to his loſſe,
And they unto their fortunes change to toſſe.
After which ſort they wandered long while,
Abuſing manie through their cloaked guile;
That at the laſt they gan to be deſcryed
Of everie one, and all their ſleights eſpyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them wyte;
Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
But ſeeke ſome other way to gaine by giving,
Much like to begging but much better named;
For manie beg, which are thereof aſhamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a caſſocke ſidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other ſtate abroad to range:
For, ſince their ſouldiers pas no better ſpedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke redd.
Who paſſing foorth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell

Ver. 348. ——————————— wyte;] *Blame.* See the note on *Shep. Cal.* May, ver. 159. TODD.

At length chaunſt with a formall Prieſt to meete,
Whom they in civill manner firſt did greete,
And after aſkt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man ſtraight way his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile,
For following that trade ſo baſe and vile;
And aſkt what licenſe, or what pas they had?
"Ah! (ſaid the Ape as ſighing wondrous ſad)
Its an hard caſe, when men of good deſerving
Muſt either driven be perforce to ſterving,
Or aſked for their pas by everie ſquib,
That liſt at will them to revile or ſnib:
And yet (God wote) ſmall oddes I often ſee
Twixt them that aſke, and them that aſked bee.
Natheles becauſe you ſhall not us miſdeeme,
But that we are as honeſt as we ſeeme,
Yee ſhall our paſport at your pleaſure ſee,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee."
Which when the Prieſt beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein ſome text he ſtudying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof ſkill:
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worſe, ne make one better:

Ver. 371. ——————— ſquib,] *Any petty fellow.* So, in *The Tatler:* "The *ſquibs*, in the common phraſe, are called libellers." JOHNSON.

Ver. 372. ——————— *ſnib:*] See the note on this word, *Shep. Cal.* Febr. v. 126. T. WARTON.

Of ſuch deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongſt Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence ariſe diverſitie of ſects,
And hatefull hereſies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controverſies vaine;
All his care was, his ſervice well to ſaine,
And to read Homelies upon holidayes:
When that was done, he might attend his playes;
An eaſie life, and fit high God to pleaſe.
He, having overlookt their pas at eaſe,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But loſt their time in wandring looſe abroad;
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,
Had wayes enough for all therein to live;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Foxe; "Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide.
We are but Novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of anie troad,

Ver. 392. *All his care was, his ſervice well to ſaine,*] See the note on *Shep. Cal.* May, ver. 311. TODD.

Ver. 406. ——————————— troad,] *Path.* See alſo the *Shep. Cal.* July, ver. 14. TODD.

Nor on us taken anie ſtate of life,
But readie are of anie to make preiſe.
Therefore might pleaſe you, which the world have proved,
Us to adviſe, which forth but lately moved,
Of ſome good courſe, that we might undertake;
Ye ſhall for ever us your bondmen make."
The Prieſt gan wexe halfe proud to be ſo praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them aide;
"It ſeemes (ſaid he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?
How manie honeſt men ſee ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize;
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commiſſaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries?
All iolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who ever them envie: yet ſpite bites neare.
Why ſhould ye doubt then, but that ye likewiſe
Might unto ſome of thoſe in time ariſe?
In the meane time to live in good eſtate,
Loving that love, and hating thoſe that hate;
Being ſome honeſt Curate, or ſome Vicker
Content with little in condition ſicker."

Ver. 408. ——————— preiſe:] *Proof.* So Chaucer, *Clerk Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, ver. 8663.
"To the uttereſt *preſe* of hire corage." TODD.
Ver. 430. ——————— ſicker.] *Sure.* Spelt, by Chaucer, *ſiker*. TODD.

" Ah! but (ſaid th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens ſoules, and hath an heavie threat."
" To feed mens ſoules (quoth he) is not in man:
For they muſt feed themſelves, doo what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
Eate they that liſt, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.
Therefore ſaid he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, *All ſhalbe taught of God.*
That ſame hath Ieſus Chriſt now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Prieſt is hee;
We but his ſhepheard ſwaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not your ſelfe diſmay;
Ne is the paines ſo great, but beare ye may;
For not ſo great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now a dayes, ne halfe ſo ſtreight and ſore:
They whilome uſed duly everie day
Their ſervice and their holie things to ſay,
At morne and even, beſides their Anthemes ſweete,
Their penie Maſſes, and their Complynes meete,

Ver. 452. ——————— Complynes] Fr. *Complie-Even-ſong*; the laſt ſervice of the day. Chaucer, *Perſ. Tale*: " By general confeſſion of Confiteor at Maſſe, and at prime, and at *complin*, &c." TYRWHITT.

Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their Shrifts,
Their memories, their ſingings, and their gifts.
Now all thoſe needleſſe works are laid away;
Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our ſmall devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to faſt, but when we liſt;
Ne to weare garments baſe of wollen twiſt,
But with the fineſt ſilkes us to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Reſembling Aarons glorie in his place:
For farre unfit it is, that perſon bace

Ver. 453. *Their* Diriges,] So the firſt folio reads, and perhaps rightly. The original edition, and ſome others, *dirges*; which deſtroys the metre of the verſe. If Spenſer meant *dirges*, we muſt ſubjoin *and*. But ſee Chaucer's *Lament. of M. Magdalene*, ed. Urr. ver. 641.

"To ſinge my *dirige* with grete devocion,"

The poet might mean the popiſh hymn beginning, "*Dirige* greſſus meos;" and not the lamentation for the dead, entitled a *dirge*; which indeed is not a contraction of *dirige*. See Verſtegan's diſtinction in Johnſon's Dictionary, under *Dirge*. TODD.

Ibid. ——— Trentals,] *Un trentel*, Fr. was a ſervice of thirty Maſſes, which were uſually celebrated, upon as many different days, for the dead. Du Cange, in V. *Trentale*. TYRWHITT.

Ibid. ——— Shrifts,] *Confeſſions*. See the notes on *ſhrive*, F. Q. iv. xii. 6. See alſo Chaucer, *Parſ. Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt. "Swiche departed *ſhrift* deſerveth no mercie of God for hir ſinnes." TODD.

Ver. 454. ——— memories,] By *memories*, ſays Fuller, we underſtand the *Obſequia for the dead*, which ſome ſay ſucceeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*. See Mr. Steevens's note on *month's mind*, in Shakſpeare's *Two Gent. of Verona*. They are mentioned, as that critick obſerves, in King Edward the Sixth's *Injunctions*, 1547. "At Even-ſong time the reſponds, with all the *memories*, ſhall be left off, &c." TODD.

Should with vile cloaths approach Gods Ma-
ieſtie,
Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie;
Or that all men, which anie maſter ſerve,
Good garments for their ſervice ſhould deſerve;
But he that ſerves the Lord of Hoaſts Moſt
High,
And that in higheſt place t' approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to preſent
Before his throne, as on ambaſſage ſent
Both to and fro, ſhould not deſerve to weare
A garment better, than of wooll or heare.
Beſide, we may have lying by our ſides
Our lovely Laſſes, or bright ſhining Brides:
We be not tyde to wilfull chaſtitie,
But have the Goſpell of free libertie."
By that he ended had his ghoſtly ſermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parſon;
And of the Prieſt eftſoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aſpire.
" Marie, there (ſaid the Prieſt) is arte indeed:
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
Firſt therefore, when ye have in handſome wiſe
Your ſelfe attyred, as you can deviſe,
Then to ſome Nobleman your ſelfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldës eye,

That hath a zealous diſpoſition
To God, and ſo to his religion:
There muſt thou faſhion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale:
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou muſt walke in ſober gravitee,
And ſeeme as ſaintlike as Saint Radegund:
Faſt much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curteſie meeke:
Theſe lookes (nought ſaying) doo a benefice ſeeke;
And be thou ſure one not to lacke ere long.
But if thee liſt unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then muſt thou thee diſpoſe another way:
For there thou needs muſt learne to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to ſcoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to pleaſe, to be a beetle ſtock
Of thy great Maſters will, to ſcorne, or mock:
So maiſt thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Unleſſe thou canſt one coniure by device,
Or caſt a figure for a Biſhoprick;
And if one could, it were but a ſchoole trick.
Theſe be the wayes, by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard;
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needes muſt recompenced bee

Ver. 501. ——— ere *long*.] So the firſt folio reads. The original edition, "*or* long." TODD.

With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitias of your Parſonage:
Scarſe can a Biſhoprick forpas them by,
But that it muſt be gelt in privitie.
Doo not thou therefore ſeeke a living there,
But of more private perſons ſeeke elſwhere,
Whereas thou maiſt compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning queſtion'd be of anie.
For ſome good Gentleman, that hath the right
Unto his Church for to preſent a wight,
Will cope with thee in reaſonable wiſe;
That if the living yerely doo ariſe
To fortie pound, that then his yongeſt ſonne
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou haſt wonne:
Thou haſt it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the reſt to ſhift;
Both that the Biſhop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maiſt maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is unlern'd
Living to get, and not to be diſcern'd.

Ver. 519. *Scarſe can a biſhoprick* &c.] This is probably an alluſion to the frequent alienations of the lands and manors of biſhopricks, in Elizabeth's time; which induced Parker, Cox, and other biſhops, to petition her Majeſty that they might no longer be *compelled* to accept the ſpecious exchanges which were offered. See Bentham's Hiſt. of Ely Cathedral, Appendix. The pious and learned biſhop Andrews refuſed his elevation to the prelacy in the reign of Elizabeth, becauſe he would not admit any alienation of the epiſcopal revenues. See Granger's Biog. Hiſt. TODD.

But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer wayes,
For learning ſake to living them to raiſe:
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
T' accept a Benefice in peeces riven.
How ſaiſt thou (friend) have I not well diſcourſt
Upon this common-place, though plaine, not wourſt?
Better a ſhort tale than a bad long ſhriving:
Needes anie more to learne to get a living?"
"Now ſure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)
Ye a great maſter are in your degree:
Great thankes I yeeld you for your diſcipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye ſhall ſhortly heare."
The Prieſt him wiſht good ſpeed, and well to fare:
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long ſo well them ſped,
Through the Prieſts holeſome counſell lately tought,
And throgh their owne faire handling wiſely wroght,

Ver. 545. ——— *hallidome,*] ȝaliȝ dom, *holy judgement*, or haliȝ and *dame* for *lady*, i. e. our bleſſed lady; but then the ſpelling ſhould be *halidam*. JOHNSON.

But ſee Cotgrave, in V. *Halidome*. "By my halidome. *Par le Sacrement.* Forme de jurement ancienne." TODD.

That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Prieſt ordained;
And th' Ape his Pariſh Clarke procur'd to bee:
Then made they revell route and goodly glee!
But, ere long time had paſſed, they ſo ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evill will
Of all their Pariſhners they had conſtraind;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and hereſies accus'd;
That purſivants he often for them ſent:
But they neglected his commaundement.
So long perſiſted obſtinate and bolde,
Till at the length he publiſhed to holde
A Viſitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather;
What did they then, but made a compoſition
With their next neighbor Prieſt for light condition,
To whom their living they reſigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So paſſing through the Countrey in diſguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them ſurprize,
And after that long ſtraied here and there,
Through everie field and forreſt farre and nere;
Yet never found occaſion for their tourne,
But, almoſt ſterv'd, did much lament and mourne.

At laſt they chaunſt to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and boſſes that full lowdly rung,
And coſtly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him ſaluted in meeke wiſe;
But he through pride and fatnes gan deſpiſe
Their meaneſſe; ſcarce vouchſafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his ſprite,
Said; "Ah! ſir Mule, now bleſſed be the day,
That I ſee you ſo goodly and ſo gay
In your attyres, and eke your ſilken hyde
Fil'd with round fleſh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull paſtures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you ſecret favour give."
"Fooliſh Foxe! (ſaid the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiſeth the thing that doth thy ſorrow breed.
For well I weene, thou canſt not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miſerie,
That art ſo leane and meagre waxen late,
That ſcarſe thy legs uphold thy feeble gate."
"Ay me! (ſaid then the Foxe) whom evill hap
Unworthy in ſuch wretchednes doth wrap,

Ver. 583. *With bells and boſſes*, &c.] An old ornament of bridles, as Mr. Warton alſo obſerves. See F. Q. i. ii. 13, and the note there. TODD.

And makes the ſcorne of other beaſts to bee;
But read faire Sir, of grace, from whence
come yee;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare;
Newes may perhaps ſome good unweeting beare."
" From royall Court I lately came (ſaid he)
Where all the braverie that eye may ſee,
And all the happineſſe that heart deſire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not ſeene that heavens portracture:
But tidings there is none I you aſſure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers as the tide doo riſe and fall."
" But tell us (ſaid the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greateſt ſway:
That, if ſuch fortune doo to us befall,
We may ſeeke favour of the beſt of all."
" Marie, (ſaid he) the higheſt now in grace,
Be the wilde beaſts, that ſwifteſt are in chaſe;
For in their ſpeedie courſe and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the moſt delight;
But chieflie ioyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaſte with chaine and circulet of golde:
So wilde a beaſt ſo tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is ioy to ſee;
So well his golden circlet him beſeemeth:
But his late chayne his Liege unmeet
eſteemeth;

For ſo brave beaſts ſhe loveth beſt to ſee
In the wilde forreſt raunging freſh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In caſe thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To ſome of theſe thou muſt thy ſelfe apply;
Els as a thiſtle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly ſhalt thou to and fro be toſt,
And loſe thy labour and thy fruitles coſt.
And yet full few, which follow them I ſee,
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for ſome gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle ſoe,
That ye may better thrive than thouſands moe."
" But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
That after we may favour ſeeke to win?"
" How els (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that fame that ſeemeth.

Ver. 629. ——— ſhe *loveth*] So the original edition reads. And Spenſer meant *the Queen*. The firſt folio altered it to *hee*. I may here obſerve, that the heterogeneous mixture of *beaſts* and *men* in this Tale deſtroys the allegory. The characters ſhould have been uniformly one or the other. TODD.

Ver. 648. ——— *which is not* at *all;*] So the firſt folio reads. The original edition omits *at*. TODD.

Ne do I doubt but that ye well can faſhion
Your ſelves theretoo, according to occaſion:
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee!"
So, proudlie neighing, from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to devize,
How for the Court themſelves they might aguize:
For thither they themſelves meant to addreſſe,
In hope to finde there happier ſucceſſe.
So well they ſhifted, that the Ape anon
Himſelfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the ſlie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in ſeemly ſort they come;
Where the fond Ape, himſelfe uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,
As if he were ſome great Magnifico,
And boldlie doth amongſt the boldeſt go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeſaunce,
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.

Ver. 656. ——————— aguize:] *Decorate.* See F. Q. ii. i. 21, ii. vi. 7, &c. TODD.

Ver. 663. ——————— *himſelfe uprearing hy*
Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,] Spenſer was ſo diſguſted with this ridiculous affectation of ſuperiority, prevalent perhaps in his time, that he has painted Diſdain in the very ſame ſtyle, F. Q. vi. vii. 42. The whole picture is well worth the attention of our modern faſhionable loungers!

"And ſtalking ſtately, like a crane, did ſtryde
"At every ſtep uppon the tiptoes hie;
"And, all the way he went, on every ſide
"He gaz'd about and ſtared horriblie,
"As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie."

TODD.

Ver. 667. ——————— counterfeſaunce,] *Counterfeiting*, as in *The Teares of the Muſes*, ver. 197. TODD.

Then gan the Courtiers gaze on everie ſide,
And ſtare on him, with big lookes baſen-wide,
Wondring what miſter wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in ſtrange accouſtrements,
Faſhion'd with queint deviſes never ſeene
In Court before, yet there all faſhions beene;
Yet he them in newfangleneſſe did pas:
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turcheſca, much the admmore yr'd;
And his lookes loftie, as if he aſpyr'd
To dignitie, and ſdeign'd the low degree;
That all, which did ſuch ſtrangeneſſe in him ſee,
By ſecrete meanes gan of his ſtate enquire,
And privily his ſervant thereto hire:
Who, throughly arm'd againſt ſuch coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was ſure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,

Ver. 670. *And ſtare on him*, &c.] As Diſdain is repreſented in the paſſage juſt cited from the *Faer. Queene*. TODD.

Ver. 676. *But his behaviour* &c.] Thus Barnabie Rich, Spenſer's cotemporary, deſcribes the "ſpruce fellow" whom he calls the Traveller, in his *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 1606, fol. 8. He is one "of thoſe whipſters, that, hauing ſpent the greateſt part of their patrimony in prodigality, wil giue out the reſt of their ſtocke, to be paid two or three for one, vpon their returne from *Rome*, from *Venice*, from *Conſtantinople*, &c.—If at his returne he hath but ſome few fooliſh phraſes in the French, Spaniſh, or Italian language, with *Baſelos manos*, the *Ducke*, the *Mump*, and the *Shrugge*, it is enough; for they take much trauell vpon them to ſee *faſhions*, &c." TODD.

And ſeene the manners of all beaſts on ground;
Now here arriv'd, to ſee if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at firſt him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wiſely did maintaine
With gallant ſhowe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly complement:
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and ſpring,
And all that els pertaines to reveling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
Beſides he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in Court him ſerved to good ſtead:
For he mongſt Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leaſings tell,
And iuggle finely, that became him well:
But he ſo light was at legiérdemaine,
That what he toucht, came not to light againe;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them, that they greatly him miſtooke.

Ver. 693. *For he could* play, *and* daunce, *and* vaute, *and ſpring*,] B. Rich thus deſcribes "the Dauncer," *Faults* &c. fol. 8. b. This is one of the *Skipping Arte*, that is newly come from the *Dauncing Schoole;* this fellow had rather treade a tricke of one and twentie follies, than to performe one action that might increaſe wiſedome: And yet to ſpeake truely, there is no great harme in his witte, but it will ſerue him well enough to talke of the turne of the toe, of the caper aboue ground, of the lofty tricke; and he hath ſome ſmacke of iudgement in *vawting*, tumbling, and in dauncing with the Iebie horſe. And he will ſpeake of *playes*, *players*, &c." TODD.

Ver. 702. ——— legierdemaine,] *Slight of hand.* See the note on the word, F. Q. v. ix. 13. TODD.

So would he ſcoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie;
And with ſharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their diſgracing did him grace:
So whilſt that other like vaine wits he pleaſed,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eaſed.
But the right Gentle Minde woulde bite his lip,
To heare the Iavell ſo good men to nip:
For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and fleare
At everie thing, which they heare ſpoken ill,
And the beſt ſpeaches with ill meaning ſpill;
Yet the brave Courtier, in whoſe beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or deſpite:
He ſtands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconſtant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie;
But heares, and ſees, the follies of the reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelfe the beſt:

Ver. 707. ——————— quips] *Sneers* or *taunts*. See the note on F. Q. vi. vii. 44. Todd.

Ver. 711. ——————— *Gentle Minde*] The uſual deſcription of Sir Philip Sidney. See the note on *Willy* in *The Teares of the Muſes*, ver. 208, &c. Sir Philip's character is further illuſtrated in the deſcription of the *brave courtier*, ver. 717, &c. below. Todd.

He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curteſie;
But not with kiſſed hand belowe the knee,
As that ſame Apiſh crue is wont to doo:
For he diſdaines himſelfe t' embaſe theretoo.
He hates fowle leaſings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;
And lothefull idlenes he doth deteſt,
The canker worme of everie gentle breſt;
The which to baniſh with faire exerciſe
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth deviſe:
Now menaging the mouthes of ſtubborne ſteedes,
Now practiſing the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes aſſaying, now his ſpeare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare;
At other times he caſts to few the chace
Of ſwift wilde beaſts, or runne on foote a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes moſt needfull,)
Or els by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedfull,

Ver. 730. *But not with kiſſed hand belowe the knee*, &c.] This affectation is alſo noticed by B. Rich, *Faults* &c. fol. 6. b. "You ſhall know them by their ſalutations. For firſt, with the *kiſſe on the hand, the bodie ſhall be bowed downe to the ground*, &c. And theſe *Flowres of Courteſie!* as they are full of affectation, ſo they are no leſſe formall in their ſpeeches, full of fuſtian phraſes, &c. and *they are ſo frequent with the kiſſe on the hand*, &c." TODD.

Ver. 734. ——————————— *gentrie;*] This word muſt here be pronounced as of three ſyllables. TODD.

Or his ſtiffe armes to ſtretch with oughen bowe,
And manly legs ſtill paſſing too and fro,
Without a gowned beaſt him faſt beſide,
A vaine enſample of the Perſian pride;
Who, after he had wonne th' Aſſyrian foe,
Did ever after ſcorne on foote to goe.
Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himſelfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Into his reſt, and there with ſweete delight
Of muſicks ſkill revives his toyled ſpright;
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle ſports,
The ioy of youth, himſelfe he recomforts:
Or laſtly, when the bodie liſt to pauſe,
His minde unto the Muſes he withdrawes;
Sweete Ladie Muſes, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe diſcourſe,
Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall courſe,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious ſprights
To like deſire and praiſe of noble fame,
The onely upſhot whereto he doth ayme:

Ver. 760. *His minde unto the Muſes* &c.] Virgil, *Georg.* 475.

"Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
" Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
"Accipiant, cœlique vias et ſidera monſtrent, &c."
JORTIN.

For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purpoſis,
And in his Princes ſervice ſpends his dayes,
Not ſo much for to gaine, or for to raiſe
Himſelfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place;
Through due deſerts and comely carriage,
In whatſo pleaſe employ his perſonage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praiſe;
For he is fit to uſe in all aſſayes,
Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or elſe for wiſe and civill governaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his courting moſt applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes ſtrange,
To marke th' intent of counſells, and the change
Of ſtates, and eke of private men ſomewhile,
Supplanted by fine falſhood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the ſtorehouſe of his powerfull wit,
Which through wiſe ſpeaches and grave conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde:
But unto ſuch the Ape lent not his minde;

Ver. 781. ——————— amenaunce,] *Carriage*, or *conduct*. See Mr. Upton's note. F. Q. ii. viii. 17. TODD.

Ver. 785. ——————— *enterdeale*] See the notes, F. Q. v. viii. 21. TODD.

Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would deſcrie his lewd conditions:
But the yong luſtie gallants he did choſe
To follow, meete to whom he might diſcloſe
His witleſſe pleaſance, and ill pleaſing vaine.
A thouſand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftles games that may be found;
With mumming and with maſking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit,
With ſhuttelcocks, miſſeeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and coſtly riotize,
Whereof ſtill ſomewhat to his ſhare did rize:
Ne, them to pleaſure, would he ſometimes ſcorne
A pandares coate (ſo baſely was he borne);
Thereto he could fine loving verſes frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah, for ſhame,
Let not ſweete Poets praiſe, whoſe onely pride
Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of loſels wit defamed,
Ne let ſuch verſes Poetrie be named!

Ver. 802. *With mumming* &c.] The following appear to have been uſual modes of entertainment, according to the authority of Burton, already cited in the note on ver. 28, &c. "The ordinary recreations which we have in Winter, &c. are *Cardes*, Tables, and *Dice*, Shouel-board, Cheſſe-play, the Philoſophers game, ſmall trunkes, *balliards*, muſicke, *maſkes*, ſinging, &c." Spenſer terms the games, which he mentions, *thriftleſs*. Burton acknowledges the miſchief which *cards* and *dice* may produce; but is a warm advocate for *mumming* and *maſking*. See the *Anat. of Mel.* edit. ſupr. p. 231. "I know theſe ſports," ſays he, "haue many oppugners, &c.—ſome out of prepoſterous zeale, &c. but in my iudgment they are too ſterne." TODD.

Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him relievd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unfound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
The sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine
From them he would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
And mocke Divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression,

But mocke High God himſelfe, whom they profeſſe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlineſſe?
All his care was himſelfe how to advaunce,
And to uphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could deviſe;
Were it by honeſt wayes, or otherwiſe,
He made ſmall choyce: yet ſure his honeſtie
Got him ſmall gaines, but ſhameles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and unſeemly ſhifts,
And borowe baſe, and ſome good Ladies gifts:
But the beſt helpe, which chiefly him ſuſtain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchaſe which he gain'd.
For he was ſchool'd by kinde in all the ſkill
Of cloſe conveyance, and each practiſe ill
Of cooſinage and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintain'd his maſters braverie.
Beſides he uſde another ſlipprie ſlight,
In taking on himſelfe, in common ſight,
Falſe perſonages fit for everie ſted,
With which he thouſands cleanly cooſined:
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave

Ver. 851. *And filthie brocage,*] See the ſecond note on the Epiſtle prefixed to the *Shepheards Calender.* TODD.

Ver. 852. *And* borowe *baſe,*] That is, baſe *pledges* or *uſury.* See the note on *borrow*, Shep. Cal. *May*, ver. 131. TODD.

In gage for his gay Maſters hopeleſſe dett:
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or ſell fee-ſimples in his maſters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the ſame:
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he ſeeme a Farmer, that would ſell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or ſuch other ware,
Thereby to cooſin men not well aware:
Of all the which there came a ſecret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Beſides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore ſuters, that in Court did haunt ſome while:
For he would learne their buſines ſecretly,
And then informe his Maſter haſtely,
That he by meanes might caſt them to prevent,
And beg the ſute, the which the other ment.
Or otherwiſe falſe Reynold would abuſe
The ſimple ſuter, and wiſh him to chuſe
His Maſter, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas anie ſute not hard,
In caſe his paines were recompenſt with reaſon
So would he worke the ſilly man by treaſon
To buy his Maſters frivolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is ſuters ſtate!
Moſt miſerable man, whom wicked fate

Hath brought to Court, to ſue for had ywiſt,
That few have found, and manie one hath miſt!
Full little knoweſt thou, that haſt not tride,
What hell it is, in ſuing long to bide:
To looſe good dayes, that might be better ſpent;
To waſt long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and ſorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy aſking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy ſoule with croſſes and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortleſſe diſpaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to deſaſtrous end,
That doth his life in ſo long tendance ſpend!

Ver. 893. ——————— *had-ywiſt*,] This appears to have been an old Engliſh proverb. See Camden's *Remains*, Art. Proverbs. "Beware of *had I wiſt*." TODD.

Ver. 895. *Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not tride*, &c.] Spenſer is believed to relate his own caſe, in the eleven following lines. See the Life. TODD.

Ver. 905. ——————— *to ride, to runne*,] Theſe were a common pair of words in our old poetry. See Chaucer, *Cl. of Oxf. Tale*, edit. Urr. ver. 1148.

"For though we ſlepe, or wake, or *runne*, or *ride*,
"Aye fleith time, &c."

And Skelton, *Poems*, edit. 1736. p. 15.

"Yet they *ryde* and *renne* from Carlill to Kent."

And G. Tuberville, *Speech of Reaſon* &c. 1570.

"What madman might endure
"To watch and warde for nought;
"To *ride*, to *runne*, &c." T. WARTON.

Who ever leaves ſweete home, where meane eſtate
In ſafe aſſurance, without ſtrife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke;
And will to Court for ſhadowes vaine to ſeeke,
Or hope to gaine, himſelfe will a daw trie:
That curſe God ſend unto mine enemie!
For none but ſuch, as this bold Ape unbleſt,
Can ever thrive in that unluckie queſt;
Or ſuch as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his ſhifts his maſter furniſh can.
But yet this Foxe could not ſo cloſely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were deſcride
At length by ſuch as ſate in iuſtice ſeate,
Who for the ſame him fowlie did entreate;
And, having worthily him puniſhed,
Out of the Court for ever baniſhed.
And now the Ape wanting his huckſter man,
That wont provide his neceſſaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenaunce in thoſe his garments olde;
Ne new ones could he eaſily provide,
Though all men him uncaſed gan deride,
Like as a puppit placed in a play,
Whoſe part once paſt all men bid take away:

Ver. 930. ——— *uncaſed*] See the note on this word, F. Q. v. iii. 39. Upton.

So that he driven was to great diſtreſſe,
And ſhortly brought to hopeleſſe wretchedneſſe.
Then cloſely as he might he caſt to leave
The Court, not aſking any paſſe or leave;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever ſtayd in place, ne ſpake to wight;
Till that the Foxe his copeſmate he had found,
To whome complayning his unhappy ſtound,
At laſt againe with him in travell ioynd,
And with him far'd ſome better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardneſſe ſuffered;
That them repented much ſo foolihly
To come ſo farre to ſeeke for miſery,
And leave the ſweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry ſome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilſt through the foreſt reckleſſe they did goe,
Lo! where they ſpide, how, in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon ſleeping lay in ſecret ſhade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beſide,
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they ſawe, the Ape was ſore afrayde,
And would have fled with terror all diſmayde.

Ver. 939. ——————— *copeſmate*] Perhaps for *cutſmate*, a companion in drinking; or one that dwells under the ſame *cope*, for houſe. A companion, a friend. JOHNSON.

But him the Foxe with hardy words did ſtay,
And bad him put all cowardize away;
For now was time (if ever they ſhould hope)
To ayme their counſels to the faireſt ſcope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In caſe the good, which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wiſely take.
Scarſe could the Ape yet ſpeake, ſo did he quake;
Yet, as he could, he aſkt how good might growe
Where nought but dread and death do ſeeme in ſhow.
"Now, (ſayd he) whiles the Lyon ſleepeth ſound,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his ſkinne the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our ſelves (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of beaſts, and Lords of foreſts all,
Subiect unto that powre imperiall."
"Ah! but (ſayd th'Ape) who is ſo bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to thoſe outſtretch;
When as he knowes his meede, if he be ſpide,
To be a thouſand deathes, and ſhame beſide?"
"Fond Ape! (ſayd then the Foxe) into whoſe breſt
Never crept thought of honor, nor brave geſt,

Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in ſoveraign ſee,
Than dwell in duſt inglorious and baſe,
Where none ſhall name the number of his place?
One ioyous houre in blisfull happines,
I chuſe before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counſelled herein by me,
And ſhake off this vile harted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with ſome pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuſe the cryme:
Elſe we may flye; thou to a tree mayſt clyme,
And I creepe under ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach."
The Ape, that earſt did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan ſome courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterpriſe,
Tickled with glorie and raſh covetiſe.
But firſt gan queſtion, whether ſhould aſſay
Thoſe royall ornaments to ſteale away?
"Marie, that ſhall your ſelfe, (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;

Ver. 984. *I* chuſe &c.] So the folio of 1611 reads. The original edition, "I *choſe*." TODD.

Ver. 986. ——————— cowardree.] *Cowardice*, coined by the poet for the ſake of the rhyme. TODD.

Of all the beaſts, which in the forreſts bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
And ever thinke a kingdome is your part."
Loath was the Ape, though praiſed, to adventer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of everie leafe that ſtir'd him by,
And everie ſtick that underneath did ly:
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyſe, and ſtill his eare he lent
To everie ſound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now ſtept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good ſport had been him to have eyde:
Yet at the laſt, (ſo well he him applyde,)
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
He all thoſe royall ſignes had ſtolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aſide
Into a ſecret corner uneſpide.
Whither whenas they came they fell at words,
Whether of them ſhould be the lord of lords:

Ver. 1015. ——— *handling*,] To be pronounced as of three ſyllables. See alſo ver. 734. Inſtances of this kind occur alſo in Shakſpeare. TODD.

Ver. 1019. ——— *they fell at words,*
Whether of them ſhould be &c.] Lucan, I. 92.
" Nulla fides regni ſociis, omniſque poteſtas
" Impatiens conſortis erit."
And ſee Statius, *Theb.* i. 129. See alſo Seneca, *Thyeſt.* 444, *Agam.* 259. And Q. Curtius, x. 9. JORTIN.

For th' Ape was ſtryfull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and moſt covetous;
That neither pleaſed was, to have the rayne
Twixt them divided into even twaine;
But either (algates) would be lord alone:
For Love and Lordſhip bide no paragone.
"I am moſt worthie, (ſaid the Ape) ſith I
For it did put my life in ieopardie:
Thereto I am in perſon and in ſtature
Moſt like a Man, the Lord of everie creature,
So that it ſeemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a kingly ſoveraigne."
"Nay (ſaid the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are aſtray:
For though to ſteale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did firſt deviſe the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly ſpringeth from my wit:
For which alſo I claime my ſelfe more fit,
Than you, to rule: for government of ſtate
Will without wiſedome ſoone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your ſelfe for outward ſhape
Moſt like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and ſpirite;
But I therein moſt like to him doo merite,
For my ſlie wyles and ſubtill craftineſſe,
The title of the Kingdome to poſſeſſe.
Nath'les (my brother) ſince we paſſed are
Unto this point, we will appeaſe our iarre;

And I with reaſon meete will reſt content,
That ye ſhall have both crowne and government,
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counſelled by mee;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And hereupon an oath unto me plight."
The Ape was glad to end the ſtrife ſo light,
And thereto ſwore: for who would not oft ſweare,
And oft unſweare, a Diademe to beare?
Then freely up thoſe royall ſpoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons ſkin he inly quooke;
But it diſſembled, and upon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the ſkin he did,
And the falſe Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the foreſt, that he might be ſeene
Of the wilde beaſts in his new glory ſheene.

Ver. 1057. *And thereto ſwore: for who* &c.] Cicero, from Euripides. *De Off.* iii. 21.

" Nam ſi violandum eſt jus, regnandi gratia
" Violandum eſt: aliis rebus pietatem colas."

JORTIN.

Ver. 1066. ——————— ſheene.] *Shining, fair,* &c. So Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, ver. 1070.

" Ther as this freſhe Emelia the *ſheene*
" Was in hire walk, &c."

And Shakſpeare, *Midſ. N. Dr.* A. ii. S. i. " By fountain clear, and ſpangled ſtar-light *ſheen.*" See alſo F. Q. ii. i. 10, ii. ii. 40, ii. x. 8, &c. TODD.

There the two firſt, whome he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th' Aſſe, who, ſtriken both with feare
At ſight of him, gan faſt away to flye;
But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to ſtay,
Upon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly naythles were they reſtrayned ſo,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there diſſwaded them from needleſſe feare,
For that the King did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte:
For no wild beaſts ſhould do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his Maieſtye
Uſe them but well, with gracious clemencye,
As whome he knew to him both faſt and true:
So he perſwaded them, with homage due
Themſelves to humble to the Ape proſtráte,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He ſhortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the ſimple Camell raged ſore

Ver. 1078. ——— torte] *Injury* or *wrong*. See the note, F. Q. i. xii. 4. Todd.

Ver. 1085. ——— entertayne.] *Entertainment*. See F. Q. iv. viii. 27, v. ix. 37. Todd.

In bitter words, ſeeking to take occaſion
Upon his fleſhly corpſe to make invaſion:
But, ſoone as they this mock-King did eſpy,
Their troublous ſtrife they ſtinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
As currant, ſent the Foxe to them ſtreight way,
Commaunding them their cauſe of ſtrife bewray;
And, if that wrong on eyther ſide there were,
That he ſhould warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane time upon the King t' attend.
The ſubtile Foxe ſo well his meſſage ſayd,
That the proud beaſts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous ſtomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himſelfe he ſhortly thought,
And all the beaſts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palaice hye;
Where taking congé, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared ſight, which late they ſawe.

Ver. 1092. ——————— ſtinted] *Left off.* So, in F. Q. ii. iv. 12. "Yet n'ould ſhe *ſtent* her bitter rayling." See alſo the Gloſſ. G. Douglas's Virgil, in V. "*Stent*, to ſtint, ſtop, ceaſe, &c." And Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, 907. "And of this crie ne wolde they never *ſtenten*." In Shakſpeare *ſtint* is often uſed. TODD.

The Ape thus ſeized of the Regall throne,
Eftſones by counſell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in aſſurance,
That ſo his rule might lenger have endurance.
Firſt to his gate he pointed a ſtrong gard,
That none might enter but with iſſue hard:
Then, for the ſafegard of his perſonage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beaſts, not in the foreſt bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with ſtrange ayde ſupported.
Then unto him all monſtrous beaſts reſorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
With thoſe himſelfe he ſtrengthned mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles ſkill;
And all wylde beaſts made vaſſals of his pleaſures,
And with their ſpoyles enlarg'd his private treaſures.
No care of iuſtice, nor no rule of reaſon,
No temperance, nor no regard of ſeaſon,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
But crueltie, the ſigne of curriſh kinde,

Ver. 1111. ——— ſeized] *Poſſeſſed.* So *diſſeized* is *diſpoſſeſſed*, F. Q. i. xi. 20. Where ſee the note. Todd.

And ſdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce;
Such followes thoſe whom fortune doth advaunce.
But the falſe Foxe moſt kindly plaid his part:
For, whatſoever mother-wit or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practiſe ſlie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the ſame did to his purpoſe wring.
Nought ſuffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand alone muſt paſſe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all leaſes by him lept,
And of them all, whatſo he likte, he kept.
Iuſtice he ſolde iniuſtice for to buy,
And for to purchaſe for his progeny.
Ill might it proſper, that ill gotten was;
But, ſo he got it, little did he pas.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the ſoyle,
And with the ſweete of others ſweating toyle;

Ver. 1144. ——————— Fiaunt.] *Commiſſion* or *warrant*. Chaucer has the word *fiaunce* in the ſenſe of *confidence* or *truſt*, Rom. R. edit. Urr. 5481.

——— " ſhe is Fortune verilie,
" In whom no man ne ſhould affie,
" Ne in her yeftis have *fiaunce*,
" She is ſo ful of variaunce."

The modern word, employed inſtead of *fiaunt*, is *fiat*; which is the title of the *commiſſion* or *warrant* directed by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury to his Vicar General for the purpoſes of eccleſiaſtical buſineſs. Hughes firſt inſerted *alone* in the preſent verſe. TODD.

He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of male-
fices;
He cloathed them with all colours ſave white,
And loded them with lordſhips and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken
were;
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen
were ſet,
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:
No ſtatute ſo eſtabliſhed might bee,
Nor ordinaunce ſo needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner ſtone.
And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And, when he ought not pleaſing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and huſbandry,
For to encreaſe the common treaſures ſtore;
But his owne treaſure he encreaſed more,

Ver. 1154. ——————— malefices;] *Evil deeds.* Chaucer uſes the word, according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation, for *enchantment*, Perſ. Tale: "But if he were refreined by ſikeneſſe, or *malefice* of ſorcerie, or cold drinkes." TODD.

Ver. 1159. *He* chaffred &c.] See the note on *chaffred*, Shep. Cal. *Sep.* ver. 10. T. WARTON.

And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour ſky;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell faſt
To ruine: (for what thing can ever laſt?)
And whileſt the other Peeres, for povertie,
Were forſt their auncient houſes to let lie,
And their olde caſtles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous over all
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment.
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beaſts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe ſtrength and girlond of the crowne.
All theſe through fained crimes he thruſt adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of diſgrace:
For none, but whom he liſt, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but ſmall regard,
But kept them lowe, and ſtreigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he eſteemed;
His wiſedome he above their learning deemed.

Ver. 1174. ——— *to threat the neighbour ſky;*] So, in *The Ruines of Rome*, ver. 50.

——— " theſe ſeven hills, which be now
" Tombs of her greatneſs, which did threat the ſkies."

TODD.

Ver. 1189. *Of men of armes he* &c.] Alluding to Lord Burleigh. See the Life of the Poet. TODD.

As for the raſcall Commons leaſt he cared;
For not ſo common was his bountie ſhared;
Let God, (ſaid he) if pleaſe, care for the manie,
I for my ſelfe muſt care before els anie:
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durſt ſpeake, ne none durſt of him plaine;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he anie let to have acceſſe
Unto the Prince, but by his owne addreſſe:
For all that els did come, were ſure to faile;
Yet would he further none but for availe.
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promiſed of friendſhip ſtore,
What time the Ape the kingdome firſt did gaine,
Came to the Court, her caſe there to complaine;
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemie,
Had ſithence ſlaine her Lambe moſt cruellie;
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
"Soft Gooddie Sheepe! (then ſaid the Foxe) not ſoe:
Unto the King ſo raſh ye may not goe;

Ver. 1198. ——————— *pill,*] See the note on this word, F. Q. v. ii. 6. TODD.

He is with greater matter buſied
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my couſin Wolfe ſo fowly thwart,
And ſeeke with ſlaunder his good name to blot:
For there was cauſe, els doo it he would not:
Therefore ſurceaſe, good Dame, and hence depart."
So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart:
So manie moe, ſo everie one was uſed,
That to give largely to the boxe refuſed.
Now when high Iove, in whoſe almightie hand
The care of Kings and power of Empires ſtand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes, with his black-lidded eye,
Whatſo the heaven in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepeſt earth remaines;
And troubled kingdome of wilde beaſts behelde,
Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did welde,
But an uſurping Ape, with guile ſuborn'd,
Had all ſubverſt; he ſdeignfully it ſcorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him ſlaine,

Ver. 1225. *Now when high Iove*, &c.] Virgil, *Æn.* i. 227.
———— " cum Jupiter æthere ſummo
" Deſpiciens mare velivolum, terraſque jacentes,
" Littoraque, et latos populos—" JORTIN.
Ver. 1228. ———— *with his black-lidded eye*,] Homer, *Il.* ά. 528. κυανέῃσιν ὀφρύσι. T. WARTON.

And driven downe to hell, his deweſt meed:
But, him avizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather choſe with ſcornfull ſhame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutiſh name
Unto the world, that never after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie;
And his falſe counſellor, the cauſe of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he never ſhould be quit, nor ſtal'd.
Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
And bad him flie with never reſting ſpeed
Unto the forreſt, where wilde beaſts doo breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learne
What did of late chaunce to the Lyon ſtearne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;
And whence were all thoſe plaints unto him brought
Of wrongs, and ſpoyles, by ſalvage beaſts committed:
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
Into his ſeate, and thoſe ſame treachours vile
Be puniſhed for their preſumptuous guile.
The Sonne of Maia, ſoone as he receiv'd
That word, ſtreight with his azure wings he cleav'd

Ver. 1245. ——————————— ſtal'd.] Or *ſtall'd*, as the modern editions read: that is, perhaps, *ſtolen*. So *ſtall*

The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
Ne ſtaid, till that he came with ſteep deſcent
Unto the place, where his preſcript did ſhowe.
There ſtouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
He ſoft arrived on the graſſie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with eaſie paine,
Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himſelfe new ſhape to frame;
And that faire face, and that ambroſiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the gods immortall crew,
And beautefie the ſhinie firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
So, ſtanding by the gates in ſtrange diſguize,
He gan enquire of ſome in ſecret wize,
Both of the King, and of his government,
And of the Foxe, and his falſe blandiſhment:
And evermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuſes both in realme and raine.
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to ſee,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.

and *ſtalit* are uſed in the Scottiſh language. See the Gloſſary to G. Douglas's Virgil by Ruddiman, in V. *Stal.* The ſenſe here requires ſuch an interpretation: "From whence none ſhould by any means be able to releaſe him." TODD.

Ver. 1264. ——————————— paine,] *Labour* or *exertion.* Fr. *peine.* Often ſo uſed in the *Facr. Qu.* TODD.

Ver. 1269. ——————*ſhinie*] This is Spenſer's word, and not *ſheenie*, as Mr. Warton has cited it in his note on Milton's *Ode on the death of a fair Infant* ver. 48. TODD.

Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him inviſible in ſight,
And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on;
Making them thinke it but a viſion.
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies ſwerds;
Through power of that, he paſſeth through the herds
Of ravenous wilde beaſts, and doth beguile
Their greedie mouthes of the expected ſpoyle;
Through power of that, his cunning theeveries
He wonts to worke, that none the ſame eſpies;
And, through the power of that, he putteth on
What ſhape he lift in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke Caduceus his ſnakie wand,
With which the damned ghoſts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.

Ver. 1279. *Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight, Which maketh him inviſible in ſight*, &c.] Like the helmet of Orcus in Homer, *Il. i.* 845.

——————— αὐτὰρ Ἀΐδην
Δῦν' Ἄϊδος κυνέην, μή μιν ἴδοι ὠκὺς Ἄρης.

What follows in Spenſer about Mercury's rod, is partly from Homer and Virgil. JORTIN.

Ver. 1294. ——————— *Tartare*] See the notes on F. Q. i. vii. 44. and *Virgils Gnat*, ver. 543. TODD.

Ibid. ——————— tempereth.] *Governs.* A plain Latiniſm. Hor. *Od.* i. xii. 16.

" Qui mare, et terras, variiſque mundum
" *Temperat* horis." T. WARTON.

With that he cauſeth ſleep to ſeize the eyes,
And feare the harts, of all his enemyes;
And, when him liſt, an univerſall night
Throughout the world he makes on everie wight;
As when his Syre with Alcumena lay:
Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,
Both through the gard, which never him deſcride,
And through the watchmen, who him never ſpide:
Thenceforth he paſt into each ſecrete part,
Whereas he ſaw, that ſorely griev'd his hart,
Each place abounding with fowle iniuries,
And fild with treaſure rackt with robberies;
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beaſts,
Which had been ſlaine to ſerve the Apes beheaſts;
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawleſnes raigning with riotize;
Beſides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppreſſions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caſt to ſeeke the Lion, where he may,
That he might worke the avengement for this ſhame

On thoſe two caytives, which had bred him blame.
And, ſeeking all the forreſt buſily,
At laſt he found, where ſleeping he did ly:
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From underneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced up to rize.
The Lion looking up gan him avize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him: for fantaſie is ſtrong.
" Ariſe, (ſaid Mercurie) thou ſluggiſh beaſt,
That here lieſt ſenſeles, like the corpſe deceaſt,
The whilſte thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with diſhonour blent:
Ariſe, and doo thy ſelfe redeeme from ſhame,
And be aveng'd on thoſe that breed thy blame."
Thereat enraged, ſoone he gan upſtart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;
And, rouzing up himſelfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it eſpide:
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right ſore.
But when his Crowne and ſcepter both he wanted,
Lord! how he fum'd, and ſweld, and rag'd, and panted;

Ver. 1330. ——————— blent:] *Blemiſhed, diſgraced.* See F. Q. i. vi. 42, ii. v. 5, &c. TODD.

And threatned death, and thouſand deadly dolours,
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
With that in haſt, diſroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forreſt with aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the beaſts therein
Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadfull din.
At laſt he came unto his manſion,
Where all the gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them ſtood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the ſtound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left;
And th' Ape himſelfe, as one whoſe wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and everie corner ſought,
To hide himſelfe from his owne feared thought.
But the falſe Foxe when he the Lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtreightway of death afeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,

Ver. 1358. *To hide himſelfe from his owne feared thought.*] This is ſtrongly and finely expreſſed. Compare Taſſo, C. xii. 77.

" Temerò me medeſmo, e da me ſteſſo
" Sempre fuggendo, havrò me ſempre appreſſo."

TODD.

T' excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion.
And turning all unto the Apes confuſion:
Nath'les the Royall Beaſt forbore beleeving,
But bad him ſtay at eaſe till further preeving.
Then when he ſaw no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
Upon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And, rending them in pieces, felly flewe
Thoſe warders ſtrange, and all that els he met.
But th' Ape ſtill flying he no where might get:
From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almoſt ded:
Yet him at laſt the Lyon ſpide, and caught,
And forth with ſhame unto his iudgement brought.
Then all the beaſts he caus'd aſſembled bee,
To heare their doome, and ſad enſample ſee:
The Foxe, firſt Author of that treacherie,
He did uncaſe, and then away let flie.
But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;

Ver. 1366. ——————— preeving.] *Prooving*, i. e. as it ſhould turn out upon trial. So Chaucer uſes *preve*, *Clerk. Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, 8876.

" Your dome is fals, your conſtance evil *preveth*,
" A ful gret fool is he that on you leveth." TODD.

Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares have
left,
And of their tailes are utterlie bereft.
So Mother Hubberd her diſcourſe did end:
Which pardon me, if I amiſſe have pend;
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it ſo bluntly tolde. 1588

THE

RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

1591.

THE RUINES OF ROME *:

BY BELLAY.

I.

YE heavenly ſpirites, whoſe aſhie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall never die
Through your faire verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep abyſſes open rive,
That ye may underſtand my ſhreiking yell!
Thrice having ſeene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compaſſe over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glorie, faireſt of all earthly thing!

II.

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot up in ayre;

* *Ruines of Rome, by Bellay.*] Entitled in the edition of Bellay's Poems, publiſhed at Rouen in 1597, "Le Premier Livre des Antiquitez de Rome, contenant vne generale deſcription de ſa grandeur, & comme vne deploration de ſa ruine." The preliminary Sonnet of Bellay "Au Roy," is not tranſlated by Spenſer. At the end of the *Antiquitez de Rome*, follow the fifteen *Songes* of Bellay, which Spenſer has tranſlated; omitting the concluding Sonnets "Au Roy" and "A la Royne." TODD.

Greece will the olde Epheſian buildings blaze;
And Nylus nurſlings their Pyramides faire;
The ſame yet vaunting Greece will tell the ſtorie
Of Ioves great Image in Olympus placed;
Manſolus worke will be the Carians glorie;
And Crete will boaſt the Labyrinth, now raced;
The antique Rhodian will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſſe, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will ſing above all moniments
Seven Romane Hils, the worlds Seven Wonderments.

III.

Thou ſtranger, which for Rome in Rome here ſeekeſt,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceivſt at all,
Theſe ſame olde walls, olde arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what waſt,
And how that ſhe, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herſelfe at laſt;
The pray of Time, which all things doth devowre!
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought ſave Tyber haſtning to his fall

Remaine sof all: O worlds inconſtancie!
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and ſtay.

IV.

She, whoſe high top above the ſtarres did ſore,
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundneſſe compaſſing;
Iove fearing, leaſt if ſhe ſhould greater growe,
The Giants old ſhould once againe upriſe,
Her whelm'd with hills, theſe Seven Hils, which be nowe
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the ſkies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her ſtomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noyſome Eſquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feete
Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

V.

Who liſts to ſee, what ever nature, arte,
And heaven, could doo; O Rome, thee let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatnes he can geſſe in harte,

IV. 6. *The Giants old* &c.] So the folio of 1611 corrected the paſſage. It was before "Th' old Giants &c." And in the fourteenth line the folio rightly ſubſtituted *Viminall* for *Vimnial.* TODD.

By that which but the picture is of thee!
Rome is no more: but, if the ſhade of Rome
May of the bodie yeeld a ſeeming ſight,
It's like a corſe drawne forth out of the tombe
By magicke ſkill out of eternall night:
The corpes of Rome in aſhes is entombed,
And her great ſpirite, reioyned to the ſpirite
Of this great maſſe, is in the ſame enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merite
In ſpight of Time out of the duſt doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

VI.

Such as the Berecynthian Goddeſſe bright,
In her ſwifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that ſo manie gods ſhe brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
This Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whoſe greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her ſelfe, her equall match could ſee:
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:
So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power ſhould not reſemble

Her that did match the whole earths puiſ-
ſaunce,
And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

VII.

Ye ſacred ruines, and ye tragick ſights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes doo maintaine;
Triumphant arcks, ſpyres, neighbours to the
ſkie;
That you to ſee doth th' heaven it ſelfe appall;
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the ſpoyle of all!
And though your frames do for a time make
warre
Gainſt Time, yet Time in time ſhall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your laſt reliques
marre.
My ſad deſires, reſt therefore moderate!
For if that Time make ende of things ſo ſure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII.

Through armes and vaſſals Rome the world
ſubdu'd,
That one would weene that one ſole Cities
ſtrength
Both land and ſea in roundnes had ſurvew'd,
To be the meaſure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet ſo fruitfull was

Of vertuous nephewes, that poſteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to paſſe,
The loweſt earth ioin'd to the heaven hie;
To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight;
And that though Time doth Commonwealths devowre,
Yet no time ſhould ſo low embaſe their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

IX.

Ye cruell ſtarres, and eke ye gods unkinde,
Heaven envious, and bitter ſtepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune, or by courſe of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature;
Why have your hands long ſithence traveiled
To frame this world, that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Romane palaces
Made of ſome matter no leſſe firme and ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voyce doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the Moone have being
Are temporall, and ſubiect to decay:
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing

VIII. 6. ——————— nephewes,] *Deſcendants.* Lat. *nepotes.* T. WARTON.

With ſome that weene the contrarie in thought,
That all this Whole ſhall one day come to nought.

X.

As that brave ſonne of Aeſon, which by charmes
Atcheiv'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of dragons teeth, ſowne in the ſacred ſand;
So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie daies
An hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowmed nurſlings praiſe
The firie ſunnes both one and other hous:
But they at laſt, there being then not living
An Hercules ſo ranke ſeed to repreſſe,
Emongſt themſelves with cruell furie ſtriving,
Mow'd downe themſelves with ſlaughter mercileſſe;
Renewing in themſelves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did thoſe earthborn brethren blinde.

XI.

Mars, ſhaming to have given ſo great head
To his off-ſpring, that mortall puiſſaunce,
Puft up with pride of Romane hardie-head,
Seem'd above heavens powre it ſelfe toadvaunce;
Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had thoſe Romane ſpirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into the Gothicke colde, hot rage inſtil'd:
Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And, beating downe theſe walls with furious mood
Into her mothers boſome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it Iove his ſire,
Should boaſt himſelfe of the Románe Empire.

XII.

Like as whilome the children of the Earth
Heapt hils on hils to ſcale the ſtarrie ſkie,
And fight againſt the gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles Iove at them his thunderbolts let flie;
All ſuddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious ſquadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' Earth under her childrens weight did grone,
And th' Heavens in glorie triumpht over all:
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
On theſe Seven Romane Hils, it ſelfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Againſt the heaven, that gan her force to feare.
But now theſe ſcorned fields bemone her fall,
And gods ſecure feare not her force at all.

XIII.

Nor the ſwift furie of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthleſſe ſpoyle of ſouldiers blood-deſiring,

The which ſo oft thee, Rome, their conqueſt made;
Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of fortune variable,
Ne ruſt of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of gods, nor ſpight of men unſtable,
Nor thou oppos'd againſt thine owne puiſſance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor ſwelling ſtreames of that god ſnakie-paced,
Which hath ſo often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride ſo much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

XIV.

As men in Summer fearles paſſe the foord,
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling ſtreames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope and ſhepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beaſts uſe to deſpiſe
The noble Lion after his lives end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardiſe
Daring the foe that cannot him defend:
And as at Troy moſt daſtards of the Greekes
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde:
So thoſe, which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,

XIV. 3. ——————— aboord] *From the bank,* Fr. *bord.* Todd.

Now on theſe aſhie tombes ſhew boldneſſe vaine,
And, conquer'd, dare the Conquerour diſdaine.

XV.

Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye aſhie ghoaſts,
Which, ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought foorth thoſe ſignes of your preſumptuous boaſts
Which now their duſty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye ſpirits! (ſith the darkſome river
Of Styx, not paſſable to ſoules returning,
Encloſing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Doo not reſtraine your images ſtill mourning,)
Tell me then, (for perhaps ſome one of you
Yet here above him ſecretly doth hide,)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye ſometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of theſe old Romane works, built with your hands,
Now to become nought els but heaped ſands?

XVI.

Like as ye ſee the wrathfull ſea from farre
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyſe,
Eftſoones of thouſand billowes ſhouldred narre,
Againſt a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyſe:
Like as ye ſee fell Boreas with ſharpe blaſt

XV. 14. Now *to* &c.] *Now*, added by the firſt folio. TODD.
XVI. 3. ——————————— narre,] *Nearer*, as in the *Shep. Cal.* July, ver. 97.
" To kerke the *narre*, from God more farre." TODD.

Toſſing huge tempeſts through the troubled ſkie,
Eftſoones having his wide wings ſpent in waſt,
To ſtop his wearie cáriere ſuddenly:
And as ye ſee huge flames ſpred diverſlie,
Gathered in one up to the heavens to ſpyre,
Eftſoones conſum'd to fall downe feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchie aſpyre
As waves, as winde, as fire, ſpred over all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

XVII.

So long as Ioves great bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not feare of that preſumptuous might,
With which the Giaunts did the gods aſſay.
But all ſo ſoone, as ſcortching ſunne had brent
His wings which wont the earth to overſpredd,
The Earth out of her maſſie wombe forth ſent
That antique horror, which made heaven adredd.
Then was the Germane Raven in diſguiſe
That Romane Eagle ſeene to cleave aſunder,
And towards heaven freſhly to ariſe
Out of theſe mountaines, now conſum'd to pouder;
In which the foule, that ſerves to beare the lightning,
Is now no more ſeen flying, nor alighting.

XVIII.

Theſe heapes of ſtones, theſe old wals, which ye ſee,
Were firſt encloſures but of ſalvage ſoyle;
And theſe brave pallaces, which mayſtred bee
Of Time, were ſhepheards cottages ſomewhile.
Then tooke the ſhepheards kingly ornament
And the ſtout hynde arm'd his right hand with ſteele:
Eftſoones their rule of yearely Preſidents
Grew great, and ſixe months greater a great deele;
Which, made perpetuall, roſe to ſo great might,
That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th'heaven it ſelfe, oppoſing gainſt her might,
Her power to Peters ſucceſſor betooke;
Who, ſhepheardlike, (as fates the ſame foreſeeing,)
Doth ſhew that all things turne to their firſt being.

XIX.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feede our ſpirits and our eies;
And all that doth conſume our pleaſures ſoone;
All the miſhap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th' oldeſt times afore;
Rome, in the time of her great anceſters,

Like a Pandora, locked long in ſtore.
But Deſtinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evill was encloſed,
Their heavenly vertues from theſe woes aſſoyling,
Caried to heaven, from ſinfull bondage loſed:
But their great ſinnes, the cauſers of their paine,
Under theſe antique ruines yet remaine.

XX.

No otherwiſe than raynie cloud, firſt fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftſoones in compas arch't, to ſteepe his hed,
Doth plonge himſelfe in Tethys boſome faire;
And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
With his great bellie ſpreds the dimmed world,
Till at the laſt, diſſolving his moiſt frame,
In raine, or ſnowe, or haile, he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was firſt but ſhepheards ſhade,
Upriſing by degrees, grewe to ſuch height,
That Queene of land and ſea her ſelfe ſhe made.
At laſt, not able to beare ſo great weight,
Her power, diſperſt, through all the world did vade;

XX. 13. ——————— vade,] *Vaniſh.* Lat. *vado.* See alſo F. Q. i. v. 15, iii. ix. 20, &c. And ſee Cotgrave, "To *vade*, Se fleſtrir, ſe faner." TODD.

To ſhew that all in th' end to nought ſhall
fade.

XXI.

The ſame, which Pyrrhus and the puiſſaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that ſame brave
Citie,
Which, with ſtout courage arm'd againſt miſ-
chaunce,
Suſtein'd the ſhocke of common enmitie;
Long as her ſhip, toſt with ſo manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes againſt her bent,
Was never ſeene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her courſe begun with brave
intent.
But, when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it ſelfe againſt it ſelfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempeſt failed,
Faine would arive, but cannot for the ſtorme,
If too great winde againſt the port him
drive,
Doth in the port it ſelfe his veſſell rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa, and Byz-,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day arize;

XXII. 2. ——— mear'd] *Divided.* See the note on *meare*, F. Q. iii. ix. 46. TODD.

Her nourſlings did with mutinous uprore
Harten againſt her ſelfe, her conquer'd ſpoile,
Which ſhe had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoyl'd within a while: 302
So, when the compaſt courſe of the univerſe
In fixe and thirtie thouſand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements ſhall backe reverſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quite undonne:
The ſeedes, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

XXIII.

O warie wiſedome of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from ſpoile ſhould be forborne, 310
To th' end that his victorious people ſhould
With cancring laiſure not be overworne!
He well foreſaw, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleaſures faint deſires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage, 315
And be her ſelfe the matter of her fires.
For, in a people given all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As, in a vicious bodie, groſe diſeaſe
Soone growes through humours ſuperfluitie. 320
That came to paſſe, when, ſwolne with plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blinde Furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal beaſts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or ſcalie creaſts;
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noyſome rage imbew'd,
That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romanes) your hard deſtinie?
Or ſome old ſinne, whoſe unappeaſed guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall ſhade
Thoſe antique Cæſars, ſleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made
Or that I had Amphions inſtrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The ſtonie ioynts of theſe old walls now rent,

XXIV. 1. ——— *the blind Furie,*] See my note on this expreſſion in Milton's *Lycidas*, ver. 75. And ſee alſo the note on F. Q. iv. v. 44. T. WARTON.

By which th' Auſonian light might be reſtor'd!
Or that at leaſt I could, with pencill fine,
Faſhion the pourtraicts of theſe palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils ſpirit divine!
I would aſſay with that which in me is,
To builde, with levell of my loftie ſtyle,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI.

Who liſt the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to ſeeke for uſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquaire, to meaſure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
But him behooves to vew in compaſſe round
All that the Ocean graſpes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely ſtarre doth ſcorch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter ſtormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,

XXV. 13. *To* builde, *with levell of my* loftie *ſtyle,*
That which no hands can evermore compyle.] It was from this paſſage I conceive that Milton drew the admired expreſſion relating to *Lycidas:*

——— " He knew
" Himſelf to ſing, and BUILD the *lofty* rhime:"

and not immediately from the Latin *carmina condere*, as Dr. Newton would induce us to believe; or with any reference to the Greek, Ἀοιδὰς ἘΠΥΡΓΩΣΕ, cited by Dr. Hurd. TODD.

When land and ſea ye name, then name ye
Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and ſea comprize;
For th' auncient plot of Rome, diſplayed
plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome aſtoniſht doſt behold
The antique pride, which menaced the ſkie,
Theſe haughtie heapes, theſe palaces of olde,
Theſe wals, theſe arcks, theſe baths, theſe tem-
ples hie;
Iudge, by theſe ample Ruines vew, the reſt
The which iniurious Time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning beſt;
Yet theſe olde fragments are for paternes
borne:
Then alſo marke, how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed faſhion,
Renewes herſelfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the Romaine Dæ-
mon
Doth yet himſelfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

XXVII. 12. ——— *the Romaine* Dæmon] *Demon* is Platonick. So Milton's Attendant Spirit in *Comus* was called, in his manuſcript, *Dæmon*. See my note on the opening of *Comus*. T. WARTON.

XXVII. 14. ——— pouldred] *Reduced to duſt*. See the note, F. Q. iii. ii. 25. TODD.

XXVIII.

He that hath ſeene a great oke drie and dead
Yet clad with reliques of ſome trophees olde,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whoſe foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe diſbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and unſound
Onely ſupports herſelfe for meate of wormes;
And, though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt winde,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And, manie yong plants ſpring out of her rinde;
Who ſuch an oke hath ſeene, let him record
That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongſt all Cities floriſhed much more.

XXIX.

All that which Aegypt whilome did deviſe;
All that which Greece their temples to embrave,
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guiſe;
Or Corinth ſkil'd in curious workes to grave;
All that Lyſippus practike arte could forme;
Apelles wit; or Phidias his ſkill;
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And the heaven it ſelfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which Athens ever brought forth wiſe;
All that which Afrike ever brought forth ſtrange;
All that which Aſie ever had of priſe;

Was here to ſee. O mervelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds ſole ornament;
And, dead, is now the worlds ſole moni-
ment.

XXX.

Like as the ſeeded field greene graſſe firſt ſhowes,
Then from greene graſſe into a ſtalke doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the huſband mowes
The waving lockes of thoſe faire yeallow heares,
Which bound in ſheaves, and layd in comely rowes,
Upon the naked fields in ſtalkes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe olde markes to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by doo ſomewhat pill:
As they, which gleane, the reliques uſe to gather,
Which th' huſbandman behind him chanſt to ſcater.

XXXI.

That ſame is now nought but a champian wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoever doſt abide

By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne ſouldier which Rhine running drinks:
Thou onely cauſe, O Civill Furie, art!
Which, ſowing in th' Aemathian fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatnes growne, through long proſperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horriblie.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verſes, that poſteritie
Of age enſuing ſhall you ever read?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deignd to give,
Ceaſe not to ſound theſe olde antiquities:
For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,

Well maiſt thou boaſt, how ever baſe thou bee,
That thou art firſt, which of thy Nation ſong
Th' olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, firſt garland of free Poëſie
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long haſt traveld, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her aſhes to revive,
And give a ſecond life to dead decayes!
Needes muſt he all eternitie ſurvive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayſe
Excelling all, that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayſe
His heavenly Muſe, th' Almightie to adore.

L' Envoy, 1. *Bellay*, &c.] Joachim Bellay obtained the appellation of the French Ovid. He was alſo called *Pater elegantiarum*, *Pater omnium leporum*. See the Article, BELLAY (*Joachim du*) in the Nouv. Dict. Hiſtorique, à Caen. He died in 1560. TODD.

L'Envoy, 4. ——— travel'd,] *Laboured, endeavoured.* Ital. *travagliare.* TODD.

L'Envoy, 11. *Bartas*] William de Salluſte du Bartas, a Frenchman of high rank, was highly celebrated, in his own time, on account of his elaborate poem *on the Creation.* Hofman ſays of him, "Gul. Sal. Du Bartas, poemate Gallico *de Creatione Mundi* edito, tantum ſibi gloriæ conſcivit, ut intra quinque et ſex annos tricies editio redintegrari neceſſe haberet." The French criticks, not ſo partial to the fame of their countryman, acknowledge however the multiplicity of editions of the poem, and mention tranſlations of it into Italian, Spaniſh,

Live, happie ſpirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame! 462

Dutch, and Engliſh. The complete Engliſh tranſlation is by Joſhua Sylveſter; the tedioufneſs of which is ſometimes ſmoothed by phraſes adopted from Spenſer. Parts of Du Bartas have been tranſlated by others of this country, by Winter, Liſle, &c. King James the firſt has alſo joined the band of partial tranſlators. And Milton is believed to have been indebted to Sylveſter's tranſlation. So faſhionable appears to have been the ſtudy of Du Bartas. The French criticks of modern times may ſeem ſevere upon their countryman; but they are, I think, very juſt, in regard to his ſtyle: "Le ſtyle de *du Bartas* eſt bas, lâche, incorrect, impropre; il peint tout ſous des images degoûtantes." Nouv. Dict. ut ſupr. TODD.

VISIONS

OF THE

WORLDS VANITIE.

1591.

VISIONS

OF

THE WORLDS VANITIE.

I.

ONE day, whiles that my daylie cares did ſleepe,
My ſpirit, ſhaking off her earthly priſon,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reaſon;
Such as this age, in which all good is geaſon,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her laſt declining ſeaſon,
Griefe of good mindes, to ſee goodneſſe diſgraced!
On which when as my thought was throghly placed,
Unto my eyes ſtrange ſhowes preſented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet thoſe ſights empaſſion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Ladie!) take in worth,
That when time ſerves may bring things better forth.

I. 5. ——————— geaſon,] *Rare.* See the note, F. Q. vi. iv. 37. TODD.

I. 13. ——————— *faire Ladie!*] See alſo the concluſion of the *Viſions of Petrarch.* Theſe were dedicated probably to the ſame Lady; to whoſe name, however, we have

II.

In ſummers day, when Phœbus fairly ſhone,
I ſaw a Bull as white as driven ſnowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the moone,
In a freſh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Up to his eares the verdant graſſe did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes ſo did overflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to ſweeten:
Till that a Brize, a ſcorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie ſting did threaten,
And vext ſo ſore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous paſture nought him pleaſed:
So by the ſmall the great is oft diſeaſed.

III.

Beſide the fruitfull ſhore of muddie Nile,
Upon a ſunnie banke outſtretched lay,

no other guide than the circumſtance of *theſe Viſions* immediately following, in the edition of 1591, the *Muiopotmos*, which is dedicated to Lady Carey; and of no ſeparate title to the *Viſions*. TODD.

H. 3. ——— *embowed*] See the notes on this word, F. Q. i. ix. 19. TODD.

II. 10. ——— *a Brize*,] A *gad* or *horſe-fly*. Cotgrave writes it the "*brizze* or *gadbee*." See Shakſpeare's *Troil. and Cr.* A. i. S. iii.

"The herd hath more annoyance by the *brize*,
"Than by the tiger." TODD.

In monſtrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things leſſe than his diſdainfull pride.
I ſaw a little Bird, cal'd Tedula,
The leaſt of thouſands which on earth abide,
That forſt this hideous beaſt to open wide
The greiſly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
Upon his iawes, that with blacke venime ſwell.
Why then ſhould greateſt things the leaſt diſdaine,
Sith that ſo ſmall ſo mightie can conſtraine?

IV.

The kingly bird, that beares Ioves thunder-clap,
One day did ſcorne the ſimple ſcarabee,
Proud of his higheſt ſervice, and good hap,
That made all other foules his thralls to bee:
The ſilly Flie, that no redreſſe did ſee,

III. 7. ——— *Tedula,*] I ſuppoſe he means the little bird *Trochila*; which, Geſner informs us, is a ſmall ſea-bird that picks her meat out of the teeth of the crocodile, which, being thus eaſed, never moleſts her. Barnabie Rich, condemning the covetous and their ſupporters, makes the following alluſion to this bird, *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 1606, fol. 11. b. "And how many haue we that be of the *Trochiles* kinde, that doe cleanſe the iawes of theſe devouring Serpents that eate vp the meanes that the poore haue to live by, &c." TODD.

IV. 2. ——— ſcarabee,] *Beetle.* Lat. *ſcarabæus.* TODD.

Spide where the Eagle built his towring neſt,
And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his yong ones, and himſelfe diſtreſt;
Ne ſuffred him in anie place to reſt,
But drove in Ioves owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering alſo filth him to infeſt,
Forſt with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the foule was wroth, ſaid Iove,
"Lo! how the leaſt the greateſt may reprove."

V.

Toward the ſea turning my troubled eye,
I ſaw the fiſh (if fiſh I may it cleepe)
That makes the ſea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth ſeeme to ſweepe
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his ſport, that manie makes to weep:
A Sword-fiſh ſmall him from the reſt did ſunder,
That, in his throat him pricking ſoftly under,
His wide abyſſe him forced forth to ſpewe,
That all the ſea did roare like heavens thunder,

V. 6. *The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder, Making his ſport,*] Compare the Pſalmiſt's deſcription of the ſea, *Pſ.* civ. 26. "There go the ſhips; and there is that Leviathan, whom thou haſt made to take his paſtime therein." TODD.

V. 8. *A Sword-fiſh ſmall* &c.] This fiſh has a long *blade* of an horny ſubſtance proceeding from his upper jaw, with which he kills his prey. See the Catalogue of Fiſhes, at the end of Oppian's *Halieuticks*, tranſlated by Jones, Oxf. 8vo. 1722, p. 226. TODD.

And all the waves were ſtain'd with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned have not to deſpiſe
Whatever thing ſeemes ſmall in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whoſe backe was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpeare
With ſhields of braſſe that ſhone like burniſht golde,
And forkhed ſting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a Spider his unequall peare;
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The ſubtill vermin, creeping cloſely neare,
Did in his drinke ſhed poyſon privilie;
Which, through his entrailes ſpredding diverſly,
Made him to ſwell, that nigh his bowells bruſt,
And him enforſt to yeeld the victorie,
That did ſo much in his owne greatneſſe truſt.
O, how great vainneſſe is it then to ſcorne
The weake, that hath the ſtrong ſo oft forlorne!

VII.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and ſtreight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongſt all the daughters of proud Libanon,

VI. 10. ——— *bruſt*,] Spenſer's accuſtomed mode of ſpelling *burſt*, agreeably to the practice of our old writers. See the note on *bruſt*, F. Q. iii. i. 48. Some modern editions read *burſt*. TODD.

Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmoſt pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her ſap and vitall moyſture fed:
Thenceforth her garland ſo much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the ſame!)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That ſhortly balde and bared ſhe became.
I, which this ſight beheld, was much diſmayed,
To ſee ſo goodly thing ſo ſoone decayed.

VIII.

Soone after this I ſaw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and boſſes gorgeouſlie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which ſhone exceedinglie;
That he himſelfe through fooliſh vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with paſſing ſurquedrie,
And ſhortly gan all other beaſts to ſcorne.
Till that a little Ant, a ſilly worme,
Into his noſtrils creeping, ſo him pained,
That, caſting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie ſtained.
Let therefore nought, that great is, therein glorie,
Sith ſo ſmall thing his happines may varie.

VIII. 2. *Adorn'd with bells and boſſes*] See the note on F. Q. i. ii. 13. TODD.

IX.

Looking far foorth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ſhip with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I eſpide
Through the maine ſea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the winde into her boſome right;
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while;
That ſhe did ſeeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did ſmile.
All ſodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fiſh, that men call Remora,
Which ſtopt her courſe, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
Straunge thing, me ſeemeth, that ſo ſmall a thing
Should able be ſo great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty Lyon, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly ſatisfide

IX. 5. *Faire blew the winde* &c.] The reader may compare this beautiful deſcription of the ſhip with Gray's equally charming repreſentation in *The Bard*, ver. 71.

" Fair laughs the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure main
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes, &c." TODD.

IX. 10. *A little fiſh*, &c.] The *Remora* or *Sucker*; called by Oppian Ἔχενις, *navem retinens*. It is a ſmall fiſh of the Eel-kind; which, according to vulgar report, can ſtop the largeſt ſhip under ſail, by ſticking underneath the keel. Catalogue of Oppian's Fiſhes, ut ſupr. p. 228. TODD.

With pray of beaſts and ſpoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His ſterneſſe was his prayſe, his ſtrength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I ſaw a Waſp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile even to his iawes;
Sore he him ſtong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth ſparkle fire;
That dead himſelfe he wiſheth for deſpight.
So weakeſt may anoy the moſt of might!

XI.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and floriſht moſt in might,
The nations gan their ſoveraigntie diſdaine,
And caſt to quitt them from their bondage quight:
So, when all ſhrouded were in ſilent night,
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Poſſeſt nigh of the Capitol through ſlight,
Had not a Gooſe the treachery bewrayde:
If then a Gooſe great Rome from ruine ſtayde,
And Iove himſelfe, the patron of the place,
Preſervd from being to his foes betrayde;

Why do vaine men mean things ſo much deface,
And in their might repoſe their moſt aſſu-
rance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long en-
durance?

XII.

When theſe ſad ſights were overpaſt and gone,
My ſpright was greatly moved in her reſt,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To ſee ſo great things by ſo ſmall diſtreſt:
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved breſt
To ſcorne all difference of great and ſmall,
Sith that the greateſt often are oppreſt,
And unawares doe into daunger fall.
And ye, that read theſe Ruines Tragicall,
Learne, by their loſſe, to love the low degree;
And, if that Fortune chaunce you up to call
To Honours ſeat, forget not what you be:
For he, that of himſelfe is moſt ſecure,
Shall finde his ſtate moſt fickle and unſure.

XII. 9. *Learne, by their loſſe, to love the low degree;*] He makes the ſame modeſt remark, *Shep. Cal.* July, ver. 219.

" But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
" To love the low degree." TODD.

THE

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1591.

THE

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I.

IT was the time, when Reſt, ſoft ſliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of ſleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miſeries;
Then did a Ghoſt before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, lo! now beholde (quoth hee)
What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!
So I, that know this worlds inconſtancies,

I. 1. *It was the time*, &c.] It is to be remarked, that moſt of theſe Viſions, and the Viſions of Petrarch which follow, appeared, with ſome differences indeed from the preſent copies both in regard to the nature of the verſe, to a few expreſſions, and to the arrangement of them, in "*A Theatre for Worldlinges*, &c. 12mo. 1569." At the cloſe of the Viſions of Petrarch, I will ſubjoin the *early* Viſions, together with ſome remarks, for the reader's ſatisfaction. Spenſer's own edition notices, that the Viſions of Petrarch were *formerlie tranſlated*. He does not ſay by whom. The tranſlator might be himſelf. He was in 1569 entered a member of the Univerſity of Cambridge. TODD.

Sith onely God ſurmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do ſtay.

II.

On high hills top I ſaw a ſtately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iuſt aſſize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the ſame,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize;
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But ſhining chriſtall, which from top to baſe
Out of her womb a thouſand rayons threw,
One hundred ſteps of Afrike golde enchaſe:
Golde was the parget; and the ſeeling bright
Did ſhine all fealy with great plates of golde;
The floore of iaſp and emeraude was dight.
O worlds vaineſſe! Whilea thus I did behold,
An earthquake ſhooke the hill from loweſt ſeat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a ſharped ſpyre of diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in ſquare, appeare to mee,
Iuſtly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level ſee:

II. 4. ——————— *after Dorick wize:*] See the note on F. Q. iv. x. 6. T. WARTON.

II. 7. ——————— rayons] *Beams* or *rays*. Fr. *rayon*. TODD.

II. 9. ——————— parget;] The *varniſh* or *plaſter*. See Cotgrave, in *V. Parget*. Hence alſo the verb, "to new-*parget* a wall," ibid. It is often uſed, as Mr. Steevens has remarked, by B. Jonſon. TODD.

II. 11. ——————— iaſp] *Jaſper ſtone*. Fr. *jaſpe*. TODD.

The top thereof a pot did ſeeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we moſt do honour;
And in this golden veſſel couched weare
The aſhes of a mightie Emperour:
Upon foure corners of the baſe were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for ſuch a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grievance hold!
I ſaw a tempeſt from the heaven deſcend,
Which this brave monument with flaſh did rend.

IV.

I ſaw rayſde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whoſe baſes were of richeſt mettalls warke,
The chapters alablaſter, the fryſes chriſtall,
The double foont of a triumphall arke:
On each ſide purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that winges of ſilver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was ſet on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.
No worke it ſeem'd of earthly craftſmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne induſtry,
That thunder-dartes for Iove his fyre doth fit.
Let me no more ſee faire thing under ſky,
Sith that mine eyes have ſeene ſo faire a ſight
With ſodain fall to duſt conſumed quight.

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far ſeene,

Upon ſeaven hills to ſpread his gladſome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Auſonian ſtreame:
There many an auncient trophee was addreſt,
And many a ſpoyle, and many a goodly ſhow,
Which that brave races greatnes did atteſt,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Raviſht I was ſo rare a thing to vew;
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clowniſh ſone
The honour of theſe noble boughs down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And, ſince, I ſaw the roote in great diſdaine
A twinne of forked trees ſend forth againe.

VI.

I ſaw a Wolfe under a rockie cave
Nourſing two whelpes; I ſaw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
While ſhe her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I ſaw her raunge abroad to ſeeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood

V. 10. ——— ſone] *Foes*, often uſed in the *Faerie Queene*, ii. x. 10, iv. ii. 28, &c. TODD.

V. 12. *Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;*] So, in the *Shep. Cal.* Feb. ver. 215.

" The block oft groned under the blow:"

Where ſee the note. TODD.

VI. 4. ——— *for the nones:*] For the occaſion. See the note, F. Q. v. xi. 14. TODD.

Of the ſmall heards, her thirſt for to aſſwage.
I ſaw a thouſand huntſmen, which deſcended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
That with an hundred ſpeares her flank wide rended.
I ſaw her on the plaine outſtretched lie,
Throwing out thouſand throbs in her owne ſoyle;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I ſaw her ſpoyle.

VII.

I ſaw the Bird, that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings aſſay to mount on hight;
By more and more ſhe gan her wings t' aſſure,
Following th' enſample of her mothers ſight:
I ſaw her riſe, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To meaſure the moſt haughtie mountaines hight,
Untill ſhe raught the gods owne manſions:
There was ſhe loſt; when ſuddaine I behelde,

VII. 7. ——— haughtie *mountaines*] So *haughtie* is applied to *trees*, in the Sonnet at the end of King James's *Lepanto*, Edinb. 1591.

" The wholeſome hearbes, the *hautie* pleaſant trees."

TODD.

VII. 8. ——— raught] *Reached*, the old and legitimate preter-perfect, as it ſhould ſeem, of *reach*, as *taught* is of *teach*, &c. " Till riper years he *raught*," is a frequent expreſſion in the *Faerie Queene*. So Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, edit. Tyrwhitt, ver. 2917.

——— " that fire making,
" That with his grene top the heven *raught*." TODD.

Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,
All flaming downe ſhe on the plaine was felde,
And ſoone her bodie turn'd to aſhes colde.
I ſaw the foule, that doth the light deſpiſe,
Out of her duſt like to a worme ariſe.

VIII.

I ſaw a river ſwift, whoſe fomy billowes
Did waſh the ground-work of an old great wall;
I ſaw it cover'd all with grieſſy ſhadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a ſtrange Beaſt with ſeven heads aroſe,
That townes and caſtles under her breſt did coure,
And ſeem'd both milder beaſts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
Much was I mazde, to ſee this monſters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;
When as at length I ſaw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold ſtorms, burſt out of Scithian mew,
That ſperſt theſe cloudes; and, in ſo ſhort as thought,
This dreadfull ſhape was vaniſhed to nought.

IX.

Then all aſtoined with this mighty ghoaſt,
An hideous bodie big and ſtrong I ſawe,
With ſide-long beard, and locks down hanging loaſt,
Sterne face, and front full of Satúrnlike awe;

Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whoſe out guſhing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie ſhore aflot,
Whereon the Troyan prince ſpilt Turnus blood;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe ſuck did yeeld
To two young babes: His left the Palme tree ſtout,
His right hand did the peacefull Olive wield;
And head with Lawrell garniſht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a rivers ſide a Virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heaven with thouſand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling rivers ſound thus tun'd her ſobs.
"Where is (quoth ſhe) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praiſe,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raiſe?
Suffis'd it not that civill warres me made
The whole worlds ſpoile, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules to be aſſaide,

With ſeven heads, budding monſtrous crimes anew,
So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Out of theſe crooked ſhores muſt dayly rayſe?"

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did ſee
Waving aloft with triple point to ſkie,
Which, like incenſe of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of gods did flie,
And all the way moſt pleaſant notes did ſing,
Whilſt in the ſmoake ſhe unto heaven did ſtie.
Of this faire fire the ſcattered rayes forth threw
On everie ſide a thouſand ſhining beames:
When ſudden dropping of a ſilver dew
(O grievous chance!) gan quench thoſe precious flames;
That it, which earſt ſo pleaſant ſent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous ſulphure ſmeld.

XII.

I ſaw a ſpring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Chriſtall gainſt the ſunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright Pactolus waſheth with his ſtreames;

XII. 3. ——————— grayle] *Gravel*, as in F. Q. i. vii. 6, v. ix. 19. TODD.

It ſeem'd that Art and Nature had aſſembled
All pleaſure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyſe alluring ſleepe ſoft trembled,
Of manie accords more ſweete than Mermaids ſong:
The ſeates and benches ſhone as yvorie,
And hundred Nymphes ſate ſide by ſide about;
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the ſtreame did ray,
Threw down the ſeats, and drove the Nymphs away.

XIII.

Much richer then that veſſell ſeem'd to bee,
Which did to that ſad Florentine appeare,
Caſting mine eyes farre off, I chaunſt to ſee
Upon the Latine Coaſt herſelfe to reare:
But ſuddenly aroſe a tempeſt great,
Bearing cloſe envie to theſe riches rare,
Which gan aſſaile this ſhip with dreadfull threat,
This ſhip, to which none other might compare:
And finally the ſtorme impetuous
Sunke up theſe riches, ſecond unto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
I ſaw both ſhip and mariners each one,

And all that treaſure drowned in the maine:
But I the ſhip ſaw after raiſd againe.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd theſe Viſions ſad,
I ſaw a Citie like unto that ſame,
Which ſaw the meſſenger of tidings glad;
But that on ſand was built the goodly frame:
It ſeem'd her top the firmament did rayſe,
And, no leſſe rich than faire, right worthie ſure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.
Much wondred I to ſee ſo faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coaſt a ſtorme aroſe,
Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did againſt his courſe oppoſe,
Into a clowde of duſt ſperſt in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

XV.

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
Moſt trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to ſee the heavens ſtill wavering thus,
I ſaw Typhœus ſiſter comming neare;
Whoſe head, full bravely with a morion hidd,

XV. 5. ——————— morion] *Head-piece*, Fr. *morion*. See alſo F. Q. vii. vii. 28. In Strype's Life of Archbiſhop Parker, there is an account of the arms to be ſupplied in 1569 by the Clergy, among which is mentioned the "MORION or *ſalet*," p. 274. And we find the word *ſalet* or *ſalade*

Did ſeeme to match the gods in maieſtie.
She, by a rivers bancke that ſwift downe ſlidd,
Over all the world did raiſe a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquiſht Kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in ſhamefull wize;
Whilſt I thus mazed was with great affray,
I ſaw the heavens in warre againſt her rize:
Then downe ſhe ſtricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyſe I wakte in ſudden wonder.

uſed in the ſenſe of *armour for the head* by Chaucer, *Dreame* ed. Urr. ver. 1554.

" *Salad*, ne ſpere; gardbrace, ne page."

See alſo Cotgrave, in V. " *Salade*, a ſalade, helmet, headpeece, &c." TODD.

THE

VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

1591.

THE

VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie ſtrange things happened me to ſee,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greateſt god delite;
Two eager dogs did her purſue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force ſo in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beaſt,
That at the laſt, and in ſhort time, I ſpide,
Under a rocke, where ſhe alas, oppreſt,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquiſhing ſo noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle ſo hard a deſtenie.

II.

After, at ſea a tall ſhip did appeare,
Made all of heben and white yvorie;
The ſailes of golde, of ſilke the tackle were:
Milde was the winde, calme ſeem'd the ſea to bee,
The ſkie eachwhere did ſhow full bright and faire:

With rich treaſures this gay ſhip fraighted was:
But ſudden ſtorme did ſo turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled up the ſea, that ſhe (alas)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And periſhed paſt all recoverie.
O! how great ruth, and ſorrowfull affay,
Doth vex my ſpirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to ſee loſt, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

III.

The heavenly branches did I ſee ariſe
Out of the freſh and luſtie lawrell tree,
Amidſt the yong greene wood of Paradiſe;
Some noble plant I thought my ſelfe to ſee:
Such ſtore of birds therein yſhrowded were,
Chaunting in ſhade their ſundrie melodie,
That with their ſweetnes I was raviſh't nere.
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The ſkie gan everie where to overcaſt,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When ſudden flaſh of heavens fire out braſt,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine;
For no ſuch ſhadow ſhalbe had againe.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did riſe
A ſpring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wiſe

The homely ſhepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muſes, and the Nymphes withall,
That ſweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the ſoft ſounding of the waters fall;
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I ſaw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
The ſpring, the place, and all cleane out of ſight;
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my ſoule with rufull memorie,
To ſee ſuch pleaſures gon ſo ſuddenly.

V.

I ſaw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and creſt of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of ſome heavenly wight I had the vewe;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the ſpring, that late devoured was.
What ſay I more? each thing at laſt we ſee
Doth paſſe away: the Phœnix there alas,
Spying the tree deſtroid, the water dride,
Himſelfe ſmote with his beake, as in diſdaine,
And ſo foorthwith in great deſpight he dide;
That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,

IV. 7. *To the ſoft ſounding of the waters fall,*] Compare the *Shep. Cal.* April, ver. 36. And the note there, TODD.

For ruth and pitie of ſo haples plight:
O! let mine eyes no more ſee ſuch a ſight.

VI.

At laſt ſo faire a Ladie did I ſpie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres ſhe walked penſively,
Milde, but yet love ſhe proudly did forſake:
White ſeem'd her robes, yet woven ſo they were,
As ſnow and golde together had been wrought:
Above the waſt a darke clowde ſhrouded her,
A ſtinging ſerpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith ſhe languiſht as the gathered floure;
And, well aſſur'd, ſhe mounted up to ioy.
Alas, on earth ſo nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and ſorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miſerable,
Toſſed with ſtormes of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle truſtles ſtate
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men toſſed by troublous fate
In reſtles ſeas of wretchednes and woe;
I wiſh I might this wearie life forgoe,
And ſhortly turne unto my happie reſt,
Where my free ſpirite might not anie moe
Be vext with ſights, that doo her peace moleſt.
And ye, faire Ladie, in whoſe bounteous breſt
All heavenly grace and vertue ſhrined is,

When ye theſe rythmes doo read, and vew the reſt,
Loath this baſe world, and thinke of heavens blis:
And though ye be the faireſt of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that Death ſhall ſpoyle your goodly features *. 98

* I have already ſpoken of theſe Emblems or Viſions having appeared, in a form ſomewhat different, long before the publication of them by Spenſer's bookſeller in 1591. Whether they are the productions of Spenſer, it is not for me abſolutely to determine; but the reader muſt obſerve that, in the title of theſe *Viſions of Petrarch*, a notification is made that they were FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

The Title, then, of the Book in which theſe Viſions had appeared, is "A Theatre wherein be repreſented as wel the miſeries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings. As alſo the great ioyes and pleſures which the faithfull do enjoy. An Argument both profitable and delectable to all that ſincerely love the word of God. Deuiſed by S. Iohn vander Noodt. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, 1569." 12mo. Then follow two pages of Latin Verſes—"In commendationem operis ab Nobiliſſ. et virtutis ſtudioſiſſimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt, Patricio Antuerpienſi, æditi." And a Dedication to Q. Elizabeth, dated "At London, yovr Maieſties Citie and ſeate royal, the 25. of May, 1569;" and ſigned, "Your Maieſties moſt humble ſervant *Iean vander Noodt.*"

Then follow the poems; viz. Spenſer's ſix Viſions of Petrarch, with four additional lines at the end. And theſe ſix are called *Epigrams.* Then the remaining poems, all entitled *Sonets;* with wooden cuts deſcriptive of the ſubject of the poems.

Then the proſe commences, conſiſting of 107 leaves, entitled "A briefe declaration of the Authour vpon his *Viſions*, takē out of the holy ſcriptures, and dyuers Orators, Poetes, Philoſophers, and true hiſtories. Tranſlated out of French into Engliſhe by Theodore Roeſt." bl. l. The following is an Extract. "And

For ruth and pitie of ſo hy worldly and tranſitorie
O! let mine eyes no mo I haue brought in here
em to be grauen, to the end
V s, whiche I go aboute to ex-
At laſt ſo faire a Lad our viſions the learned Poete
tleman of Florence, did inuent
That thinking yet firſte, after ſuch time as hee had
On hearbs and of xxi yeares a faire, gracious, and a
Laurette, or (as it pleſed him beſt)
Milde, but ye on, who afterward hapned to die, he
White ſeer whoſe death (to ſhewe his great grief) he
togyther; and, amongſt many of his ſongs
lamentations, deuiſed and made a ballade or
As ſnc *the ſaid viſions; which*, becauſe they ſerue wel
I haue, out of the Brabants ſpeache, turned them
Abc *tongue.*" fol. 13.
A The other ten *viſions* next enſuing, are deſcribed of one
Bellay, Gentleman of France; *the whiche* alſo,
becauſe they ſerue our purpoſe, *I haue tranſlated them out of*
Frenche into Engliſh." fol. 14.

I now preſent the reader with theſe Viſions, the more remarkable in the following tranſlation as being principally in blank verſe. Spenſer, I have before remarked, was, at the time when the aforeſaid book was publiſhed, viz. in 1569, a member of the Univerſity of Cambridge.

I.

IT was the time when reſt, the gift of Gods,
Sweetely ſliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulneſſe of ſlepe
The carefull trauailes of the painefull day:
Then did a ghoſt appeare before mine eyes,
On that great riuers bank that runnes by Rome;
And, calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me vpwarde vnto heauen looke:
He cride to me; and, loe, (quod he) beholde
What vnder this great Temple is containde;
Loe, all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I, knowing the worldes vnſtedfaſtneſſe,
Sith onely God ſurmountes the force of tyme,
In God alone do ſtay my confidence.

II.

ON hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie
I ſawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine diamant decking the front,
And faſhiond were they all in Dorike wiſe.

ricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
ining chriſtall, which from top to baſe
leepe vaute threw forth a thouſand rayes
hundred ſteps of pureſt golde:
the parget; and the ſielyng eke
all ſcaly with fine golden plates.
ore was Iaſpis, and of Emeraude.
worldes vaineneſſe! A ſodein earthquake loe,
Shaking the hill euen from the bottome deepe,
Threw downe this building to the loweſt ſtone.

III.

THEN did appeare to me a ſharped ſpire
Of diamant, ten feete eche way in ſquare,
Iuſtly proportionde vp vnto his height,
So hie as mought an archer reache with ſight.
Vpon the top thereof was ſet a pot,
Made of the mettall that we honour moſt:
And in this golden veſſell couched were
The aſhes of a mightie Emperour.
Vpon foure corners of the baſe there lay,
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde:
A worthie tombe for ſuch a worthie corps.
Alas, nought in this world but griefe endures.
A ſudden tempeſt from the heaven, I ſaw,
With fluſhe ſtroke downe this noble monument.

IV.

I SAW raiſde vp on pillers of Iuorie,
Whereof the baſes were of richeſt golde,
The chapters Alabaſter, Chriſtall friſes,
The double front of a triumphall arke.
On eche ſide portraide was a Victorie,
With golden wings, in habite of a nymph,
And ſet on hie vpon triumphing chaire;
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes.
The worke did ſhew it ſelfe not wrought by man,
But rather made by his owne ſkilfull hands
That forgeth thunder dartes for Ioue his fire.
Let me no more ſee faire thing vnder heauen,
Sith I haue ſeene ſo faire a thing as this,
With ſodaine falling broken all to duſt.

V.

THEN I behelde the faire Dodonian tree
Upon ſeuen hilles throw forth his gladſome ſhade,
And conquerers bedecked with his leaues,
Along the bankes of the Italian ſtreame:

There many auncient trophees were erect,
Many a ſpoile, and many goodly ſignes
To ſhewe the greatneſſe of the ſtately race
That erſt deſcended from the Troian bloud.
Rauiſht I was to ſee ſo rare a thing,
When barbarous villaines, in diſordred heape,
Outraged the honour of theſe noble bours:
I heard the tronke to grone vnder the wedge,
And, ſince, I ſaw the roote in hie diſdaine
Sende forth again a twinne of forked trees.

VI.

I SAW the birde, that dares beholde the ſunne,
With feeble flight venture to mount to heauen,
By more and more ſhe gan to truſt hir wings,
Still following th' example of hir damme:
I ſaw hir riſe, and with a larger flight
Surmount the toppes euen of the hieſt hilles,
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings to reach
The place where is the temple of the gods;
There was ſhe loſt, and ſodenly I ſaw
Where tombling through the aire in lompe of fire,
All flaming, downe ſhe fell vpon the plaine.
I ſaw hir bodie turned all to duſt,
And ſaw the foule, that ſhunnes the cherefull light,
Out of hir aſhes as a worme ariſe.

VII.

THEN all aſtonne'd with this nightly ghoſt,
I ſaw an hideous body big and ſtrong,
Long was his bearde, and ſide did hang his hair,
A griſly forehed and Saturnlike face.
Leaning againſt the belly of a pot,
He ſhed a water, whoſe outguſhing ſtreame
Ran flowing all along the creekie ſhoare,
Where once the Troyan Duke with Turnus fought.
And at his feete a bitch wolfe did giue ſucke
To two yong babes. In his right hand he bare
The Tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme;
His head was garniſht with the Laurel bow.
Then ſodenly the Palme and Oliue fell,
And faire greene Laurel withered up and dide.

VIII.

HARD by a riuers ſide a wailing Nimphe,
Folding hir armes with thouſand ſighs to heaue,
Did tune her plaint to falling riuers ſound,
Renting hir faire viſage and golden haire.

Where is (quod ſhe) this whilome honored face?
Where is thy glory and the auncient praiſe
Where all worldes hap was repoſed,
When erſt of gods and man I worſhipt was?
Alas, ſuffiſde it not that ciuile bate
Made me the ſpoile and bootie of the world,
But this new Hydra, mete to be aſſailde
Euen by an hundred ſuch as Hercules,
With ſeuen ſpringing heds of monſtrous crimes,
So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Muſt ſtill bring forth to rule this croked ſhore.

IX.

UPON a hill I ſaw a kindled flame,
Mounting like waues with triple point to Heauen,
Which of incenſe of precious Ceder tree,
With balme-like odor did perfume the aire.
A bird all white, well fethered on her winges
Hereout did flie vp to the throne of gods,
And ſinging with moſt pleſant melodie
She climbed up to Heauen in the ſmoke.
Of this faire fire the faire diſperſed rays
Threw forth abrode a thouſand ſhining leames,
When ſodain dropping of a golden ſhoure
Gan quench the glyſtering flame. O greuous chaunge!
That, which erſtwhile ſo pleaſaunt ſcent did yelde,
Of ſulphure now did breathe corrupted ſmel.

X.

I SAW a freſh ſpring riſe out of a rocke,
Clere as chriſtall againſt the ſunny beames,
The bottome yellow like the ſhining land,
That golden Pactol driues upon the plaine.
It ſeemed that arte and nature ſtriued to joyne
There in one place all pleaſures of the eye.
There was to heare a noiſe alluring ſlepe
Of many accordes more ſwete than Mermaids ſonge.
The ſeates and benches ſhone as ivorie,
An hundred Nymphes ſate ſide by ſide about,
When from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
With hideous cry aſſembled on the place,
Which with their feete vncleane the water fouled,
Threw down the ſeats and droue the Nimphs to flight.

XI.

AT length, euen at the time when Morpheus
Moſt truely doth appeare vnto our eyes,

Wearie to ſee th' inconſtance of the heauens;
I ſaw the great Typhæus ſiſter come,
Hir head full brauely with a morian armed;
In maieſtie ſhe ſeemde to matche the gods.
And on the ſhore, harde by a violent ſtreame,
She raiſde a trophee ouer all the worlde.
An hundred vanquiſht kings gronde at her feete,
Their armes in ſhamefull wiſe bounde at their backes.
While I was with ſo dreadfull ſight afrayde,
I ſaw the heauens warre againſt her tho,
And ſeeing hir ſtriken fall with clap of thunder,
With ſo great noyſe I ſtart in ſodaine wonder.

It muſt here be obſerved that the ſixth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, *Viſions of Bellay*, which are in Spenſer's tranſlation as publiſhed in 1591, are not in the *Theatre for Worldlings*; but four others are ſubſtituted, of which the writer thus ſpeaks: "And, to the ende we myght ſpeake more at large of the thing, I haue taken *foure Viſions out of the Reuelation of S. Iohn*, where as the Holy Ghoſt by S. Iohn ſetteth him (Antichriſt) out in his proper colours." fol. 20.

As the book is not often to be met with, and as the ſubject is ſo much connected with Spenſer's poetry, the reader might be diſpleaſed if I withheld the four different Viſions from his peruſal.

I.

I SAW an vgly beaſt come from the ſea,
That ſeuen heads; ten crounes, ten hornes did beare,
Hauing thereon the vile blaſpheming name.
The cruell Leopard ſhe reſembled much:
Feet of a Beare, a Lions throte ſhe had.
The mightie Dragon gaue to hir his power.
One of hir heads yet there I did eſpie,
Still freſhly bleeding of a grieuous wounde.
One cride aloude; What one is like (quod he)
This honoured Dragon, or may him withſtande?
And then came from the ſea a ſauage beaſt,
With Dragons ſpeche, and ſhewde his force by fire,
With wondrous ſignes to make all wights adore
The beaſt, in ſetting of hir image vp.

II.

I SAW a Woman ſitting on a beaſt,
Before mine eyes, of orenge colour hew;
Horrour and dreadfull name of blaſphemie
Filde her with pride. And ſeuen heads I ſaw;
Ten hornes alſo the ſtately beaſt did beare.

She ſeemde with glorie of the ſcarlet faire,
And with fine perle and golde puſt vp in heart.
The wine of hooredome in a cup ſhe bare.
The name of Myſterie writ in her face.
The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir delite.
Moſt fierce and fell this Woman ſeemde to me.
An Angell then, deſcending downe from Heauen,
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and ſayd,
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen.

III.

THEN might I ſee vpon a white horſe ſet
The faithfull man with flaming countenaunce;
His head did ſhine with crounes ſet thereupon.
The Worde of God made him a noble name.
His precious robe I ſaw embrued with bloud.
Then ſaw I from the heauen on horſes white,
A puiſſant armie come the ſelfe ſame way.
Then cried a ſhining Angell as me thought,
That birdes from aire deſcending downe on earth
Should warre vpon the kings, and eate their fleſh.
Then did I ſee the beaſt and kings alſo
Ioinyng their force to ſlea the faithfull man.
But this fierce hatefull beaſt, and all hir traine,
Is pitileſſe throwne downe in pit of fire.

IV.

I SAW new Earth, new Heauen, ſayde Saint John.
And loe, the ſea (quod he) is now no more.
The holy Citie of the Lorde, from hye
Deſcendeth garniſht as a loued ſpouſe.
A voice then ſayde, Beholde the bright abode
Of God and men. For he ſhall be their God,
And all their teares he ſhall wipe cleane away.
His brightneſſe greater was than can be founde;
Square was this citie, and twelve gates it had:
Eche gate was of an orient perfect pearle;
The houſes golde, the pauement precious ſtone.
A liuely ſtreame, more cleere than chriſtall is,
Ranne through the mid, ſprong from triumphant ſeat.
There growes lifes fruite vnto the Churches good.

As to the Viſions of Petrarch in this little volume, they are very nearly the ſame with Spenſer's *avowed* tranſlations; the following being the only variations.

The FIRST is literally word for word the ſame as Spenſer's, except that, in the ninth line, *The Theatre* reads "*this* gentle beaſt;" and Spenſer, "*that* gentle beaſt."

In the SECOND, *The Theatre* at the end of the line *Strake on a rock* &c. places a full point, and then reads:

" O great misfortune, O great griefe, I ſay,
" Thus in one moment to ſee loſt and drownde
" So great ryches, as lyke cannot be founde."

In the THIRD, *The Theatre* reads " *a* freſh" inſtead of " *the* freſh;" and, in the ſeventh line, " My ſprites were raviſht with theſe pleaſures there."

The FOURTH preſents the following variations in *The Theatre*, viz. in the firſt line, " *the* rocke;" in the ſeventh, " *Vnto* the *gentle* founding of the waters fall;" in the eighth, " *The ſight whereof* did *make* my heart rejoice;" in the ninth, " But while I *tooke herein* &c." The thirteenth and fourteenth lines are not in *The Theatre*.

The FIFTH contains no other difference in *The Theatre*, except that, in the ſeventh line, " at *length*" occurs inſtead of " at *laſt*;" and that, inſtead of the three laſt lines of Spenſer's avowed tranſlation, the Viſion cloſes with the following line: " For pittie and love my heart yet burnes in paine."

In the SIXTH, the only variations, which *The Theatre* exhibits, are " *in* thinking" inſtead of " thinking *yet*" in the ſecond line; " *in* earth" inſtead of " *on* earth" in the eleventh; " But bitter griefe *that doth our hearts* annoy," in the twelfth; and the want of the 13th and 14th lines.

Spenſer's SEVENTH occurs not in *The Theatre*. But to the ſix preceding, (*Epigrams* as they are alſo called,) are added theſe four lines:

" My Song thus now, in thy concluſions,
" Say boldly that theſe ſame *ſix Viſions*
" Do yelde vnto thy lorde a ſweete requeſt,
" Ere it be long, within the earth to reſt."

I will only add here, that the book, though entitled *A Theatre for Worldlings*, conſiſts chiefly of predictions of the ruin of Rome and fall of Antichriſt; a ſubject, particularly intereſting to Spenſer. However, ſee the Life of the poet; and a further extract from this work, in the note on Spenſer's Sonnet prefixed to the Hiſt. of Georg. Caſtriot, and printed in this edition. TODD.

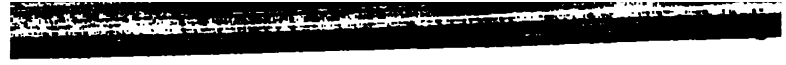
DAPHNAÏDA:

AN ELEGIE

Upon the Death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, Daughter and Heire of Henry Lord Howard, Viſcount Byndon, and Wife of Arthur Gorges, Eſquier.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

By ED. SP.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY, HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTH HAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather preſumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiſhip. The occaſion why I wrote the ſame, was aswell the great good fame which I heard of her deceaſſed, as the particular goodwill * which I bear unto her huſband Maſter Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whoſe houſe, as your Ladiſhip by marriage hath honoured, ſo doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this realme, and ſuch as have ever borne themſelves with honourable reputation to the world, and unſpotted loyaltie to their prince and countrey: beſides, ſo lineally are they deſcended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldeſt daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes: and therefore I doe aſſure my ſelfe that no due honour done to the White Lyon, but will be moſt gratefull to your Ladiſhip, whoſe huſband

* *which I bear unto her huſband Maſter Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue:*] See the Life of Spenſer, in which Sir Arthur's literary attainments are noticed. Todd.

and children do ſo neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this firſt of Ianuarie, 1591. Your Honours humbly ever.

ED. SP.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whoſe heavie mynd,
With griefe of mournefull great miſhap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his cares increaſe would fynd,
Let reade the rufull plaint herein expreſt,
Of one, I weene, the wofulſt man alive,
Even ſad Alcyon, whoſe empierced breſt
Sharpe ſorrowe did in thouſand peeces rive.

But whoſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doeth take delight,
Let him be baniſht farre away from hence;
Ne let the Sacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrowe heavilie can ſing;
For even their heavie ſong would breede delight;
But here no tunes, ſave ſobs and grones, ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweet harmonie,
Let thoſe three Fatall Siſters, whoſe ſad hands

Ver. 4. *Let reade*] For "Let *him* read." JORTIN.

Ver. 6. ——————— *Alcyon*] So he names Sir Arthur Gorges in *Colin Clouts come home again.* TODD.

Ver. 16. *Let thoſe three Fatall Siſters*, &c.] He imitates the invocations of Chaucer, *Tr. and Cr.* L. i. 6.

Doe weave the direfull threeds of Deſtinie,
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadfull Queene
Of Darknes deepe come from the Stygian ſtrands,
And griſly ghoſts, to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomy evening, when the wearie ſun,
After his dayes long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweatie ſteedes, now having overrun
The compaſt ſkie, gan water in the weſt,
I walkt abroad to breath the freſhing ayre
In open fields, whoſe flowring pride, oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit poſſeſſe,
Ne lets it reſt untill it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heavineſſe,
Which ſhe conceived hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainneſſe and life's wretchedneſſe,
That yet my ſoule it deepely doth empaſſion.

" Thou Theſiphone, thou helpe me t' endite
" This woful verſe, that wepin as I write:
" To The I clepe, thou goddeſſe of tourment, &c."
See alſo L. iv. 22. And *The Remedie of Love*, Prol. 131.
" Aſpire my ginnyng, O thou wode Furie,
" Alecto, with thy Siſters, &c." T. Warton.

So as I muzed on the miſerie
In which men live, and I of many moſt,
Moſt miſerable man; I did eſpie
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſt,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Iacob ſtaffe in hand devoutly croſt,
Like to ſome pilgrim come from farre away.

His careleſſe locks, uncombed and unſhorne,
Hong long adowne, and beard all overgrowne,
That well he ſeemd to be ſome wight forlorne:
Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He ſighed ſoft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenaunce
Me ſeemd I had his perſon ſeene elſewhere,
Moſt like Alcyon ſeeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the iollie ſhepheard ſwaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, becauſe of his diſguize,
I ſoftlie ſayd, Alcyon! There-withall
He lookt aſide as in diſdainefull wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not, till I againe did call:

Then, turning back, he ſaide, with hollow ſound,
" Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedſt man that treads this day on ground?"—

" One, whom like wofulneſſe, impreſſed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to heare,
And given like cauſe with thee to waile and wepe;
Griefe finds ſome eaſe by him that like does beare.
Then ſtay, Alcyon, gentle Shepheard! ſtay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my truſtie eare
Committed what thee dooth ſo ill apay."

" Ceaſe, fooliſh Man!" (ſaide he, halfe wroth-fully)
" To ſeeke to heare that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguiſh, which doeth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doo I care that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap, or any weepe that would,
But ſeeke alone to weepe, and dye alone."

Ver. 67. *Griefe finds ſome eaſe* &c.] Agreeably to the hexameter ſo often cited by ſcholars, but of the author of which no diſcovery, Mr. Malone believes, has yet been made: " Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris." TODD.

" Then be it ſo," quoth I, " that thou are bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cauſe which thee thereto conſtrained,
Leaſt that the world thee dead accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt."

" Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the ſtrong ſhackles of fraile fleſh," quoth he,
" Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occaſion of his death to bee;
Rather deſires tó be forgotten quight,
Than queſtion made of his calamitie;
For harts deep ſorrow hates both life and light.

" Yet ſince ſo much thou ſeemſt to rue my griefe,
And car'ſt for one that for himſelfe cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;)
I will to thee this heavie caſe relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didſt thou heare more hapleſſe fate."

" Whilome I uſde (as thou right well doeſt know)
My little flocke on weſterne downes to keep,

Not far from whence Sabrinaes ſtreame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with ſilver liquor ſteepe;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my ioy was on my gentle ſheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

" It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearleſſe and free, a faire young Lioneſſe,
White as the native roſe before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impreſſe;
I ſpied playing on the graſſie plaine
Her youthfull ſports and kindlie wantonneſſe,
That did all other beaſts in beawtie ſtaine.

" Much was I moved at ſo goodly ſight,
Whoſe like before mine eye had ſeldome ſeene,
And gan to caſt how I her compaſſe might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught diſporting on the greene,
And brought away faſt bound with ſilver chaine.

" And afterwardes I handled her ſo fayre,
That though by kind ſhee ſtout and ſalvage were,

Ver. 107. ——————— *a faire young Lioneſſe,*] See the Dedication, " that no due honour done to the White Lyon, &c." TODD.

For being borne an auncient Lions hayre,
And of the race that all wild beaſtes do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan ſo to my bent,
That ſhee became ſo meeke and milde of cheare,
As the leaſt lamb in all my flock that went:

" For ſhee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did ſpend,
If cauſe requir'd, or els in ſleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by me or watch or ſleepe;
And evermore when I did ſleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

" Safe then, and ſafeſt were my ſillie ſheepe,
Ne fear'd the wolfe, ne fear'd the wildeſt beaſt,
All were I drown'd in careleſſe quiet deepe:
My lovely Lioneſſe without beheaſt
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither moſt nor leaſt
I found miſcarried or in plaine or wood.

" Oft did the ſhepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their laſſes, which my luck envyde,
Daylie reſort to me from farre and neare,
To ſee my Lyoneſſe, whoſe praiſes wyde

Were ſpred abroad; and when her worthineſſe
Much greater than the rude report they tryde,
They her did praiſe, and my good fortune bleſſe.

" Long thus I ioyed in my happineſſe,
And well did hope my ioy would have no end;
But oh! fond Man! that in worlds fickleneſſe
Repoſedſt hope, or weenedſt her thy frend
That glories moſt in mortall miſeries,
And daylie doth her changefull counſels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

" For whileſt I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruel Satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedie of miſchiefe, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadly ſmart,
And reft from me my ſweete companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart:
My Lyoneſſe (ah, woe is me!) is gon!

" Out of the world thus was ſhe reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy ſuch a ſpoyle,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray;
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides ſlew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I ſeeke throughout this earthly ſoyle,
And ſeeking miſſe, and miſſing doe lament."

Therewith he gan afreſh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abſtain mine eyes with teares to ſteepe;
But, when I ſaw the anguiſh of his ſpright
Some deale alaid, I him beſpake againe;
" Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almoſt equall paine.

" Yet doth not my dull wit well underſtand
The riddle of thy loved Lioneſſe;
For rare it ſeemes in reaſon to be ſkand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule poſſeſſe,
Should to a beaſt his noble hart embaſe,
And be the vaſſall of his vaſſaleſſe;
Therefore more plain areade this doubtfull caſe."

Then ſighing ſore, " Daphne thou knew'ſt," quoth he,
" She now is dead;" ne more endur'd to ſay,
But fell to ground for great extremitie;
That I, beholding it, with deepe diſmay
Was much apald; and, lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my ſelfe, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my beſt,
And with milde counſaile ſtrove to mitigate
The ſtormie paſſion of his troubled breſt,
But he thereby was more empaſſionate;
As ſtubborne ſteed, that is with curb reſtrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate;
And, breaking foorth at laſt, thus dearnely plained:

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
Which ſo uniuſtly doth their iudgements ſhare
Mongſt earthly wights, as to afflict ſo ſore
The innocent, as thoſe which do tranſgreſſe,
And doe not ſpare the beſt or faireſt, more
Than worſt or fouleſt, but doe both oppreſſe?

"If this be right, why did they then create
The world ſo faire, ſith faireneſſe is neglected?
Or why be they themſelves immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She faire, ſhe pure, moſt faire, moſt pure ſhe was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected;
Yet ſhe in pureneſſe heaven it ſelf did pas.

Ver. 194. *As ſtubborne ſteed*, &c.] See the ſame ſimile, F. Q. iv. vi. 33. Hence, ſays Mr. Upton, perhaps Milton's ſimile, *Par. L.* B. iv. 858. It is probable, however, that Milton rather conſulted the poetry of Æſchylus or Apollonius Rhodius on the occaſion. See the notes on the paſſage in the laſt edition of Milton. TODD.

" In pureneſſe and in all celeſtiall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and ſeem'd of angels race,
Living on earth like angell new divinde,
Adorn'd with wiſedome and with chaſtitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

" No age hath bred (ſince faire Aſtræa left
The ſinfull world) more vertue in a wight;
And, when ſhe parted hence, with her ſhe reft
Great hope, and robd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the ſhepheard laſſes now lament;
For doubble loſſe by her hath on them light,
To looſe both her and bounties ornament.

" Ne let Eliſa, royall ſhepheardeſſe,
The praiſes of my parted love envy,
For ſhe hath praiſes in all plenteouſneſſe
Powr'd upon her, like ſhowers of Caſtaly,
By her owne ſhepheard, Colin, her own ſhepheard,
That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of ruſticke Muſe full hardly to be betterd.

Ver. 214. ——— *like angel new* divinde,] *Divinde* is an odd expreſſion. We meet with it again in *The Ruines of Time*, ver. 611. where it ſignifies, I ſuppoſe, to be deified by being made a conſtellation, *to be divin'd*, ἀστεριωθεῖσα. JORTIN.

" She is the roſe, the glory of the day,
And mine the primroſe in the lowly ſhade:
Mine, ah! not mine; amiſſe I mine did ſay:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for ay.
O that ſo faire a flowre ſo ſoon ſhould fade,
And through untimely tempeſt fall away!

" She fell away in her firſt ages ſpring,
Whilſt yet her leafe was greene, and freſh her rinde,
And whilſt her braunch faire bloſſomes foorth did bring,
She fell away againſt all courſe of kinde.
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my under-ſong.

II.

" What hart ſo ſtonie hard but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of inceſſant teares?
What Timon but would let compaſſion creepe
Into his breaſt, and pierce his froſen eares?
In ſtead of teares, whoſe brackiſh bitter well
I waſted have, my heart bloud dropping weares,
To think to ground how that faire bloſſome fell.

" Yet fell ſhe not as one enforſt to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging diſcontent,
But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye,
So lay ſhe downe, as if to ſleepe ſhe went,
And cloſde her eyes with careleſſe quietneſſe;
The whiles ſoft Death away her ſpirit hent,
And ſoule aſſoyld from ſinfull fleſhlineſſe.

" Yet ere that life her lodging did forſake,
She, all reſolv'd, and readie to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wiſe beſpake;
' Alcyon! ah, my firſt and lateſt love!
' Ah! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
' And grieve my ghoſt, that ill mote him behove,
' As if to me had chaunſt ſome evill tourne!

' I, ſince the meſſenger is come for mee,
' That ſummons ſoules unto the bridale feaſt
' Of his great Lord, muſt needs depart from thee,
' And ſtraight obay his ſoveraine beheaſt;
' Why ſhould Alcyon then ſo ſore lament
' That I from miſerie ſhall be releaſt,
' And freed from wretched long impriſonment!

' Our daies are full of dolour and diſeaſe,
' Our life afflicted with inceſſant paine,
' That nought on earth may leſſen or appeaſe;

'Why then ſhould I deſire here to remaine!
'Or why ſhould he, that loves me, ſorrie bee
'For my deliverance, or at all complaine
'My good to heare, and toward ioyes to ſee!

'I goe, and long deſired have to goe;
'I goe with gladneſſe to my wiſhed reſt,
'Whereas no worlds ſad care nor waſting woe
'May come, their happie quiet to moleſt;
'But ſaints and angels in celeſtiall thrones
'Eternally Him praiſe that hath them bleſt;
'There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

'Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
'Of the late love the which betwixt us paſt,
'My young Ambroſia; in lieu of mee,
'Love her; ſo ſhall our love for ever laſt.
'Thus, Deare! adieu, whom I expect ere long.'—
"So having ſaid, away ſhe ſoftly paſt:
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make mine underſong.

III.

"So oft as I record thoſe piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engraven in my breſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeeches doe compare,

The which my ſoul firſt conquerd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endleſſe care:

" And when thoſe pallid cheekes and aſhe hew,
In which ſad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghaſtly Night did ſit,
I match with that ſweete ſmile and chearful brow,
Which all the world ſubdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now!

" How happie was I when I ſaw her leade
The ſhepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſſe, with roſye garland crownd!
And, when ſhe liſt, advaunce her heavenly voyce,
Both Nymphes and Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtownd,
And flocks and ſhepheards cauſed to reioyce.

" But now, ye ſhepheard Laſſes! who ſhall lead
Your wandring troupes, or ſing your virelayes?

Ver. 302. *And when thoſe pallid cheekes* &c.] The whole of this ſtanza is inimitably affecting as well as poetical. TODD.

Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the lady of your holy-dayes?
Let now your bliſſe be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
And with the ſame fill every hill and dale.

" Let bagpipe never more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight,
Ne ever ſhepheard ſound his oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleaſance; but let ghaſtlineſſe
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavineſſe:

" Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods reſound with dreadfull yells;
Let ſtreaming floods their haſtie courſes ſtay,
And parching drouth drie up the criſtall wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
And th' ayre be fild with noyſe of dolefull knells,
And wandring ſpirits walke untimely howres.

Ver. 318. *Or who ſhall* dight *your bowres,*] Who ſhall *deck* or *prepare* your bowers. So *dight* is often uſed in the *Faer. Qu.* See particularly F. Q. i. ix. 13.

" The verdant gras my couch did goodly *dight*." TODD.

Ver. 336. *And wandring ſpirits walke untimely howres.*] Which would be a violation of the pretended laws to which tradition ſubjected them, namely, that they might be permitted

" And Nature, nurſe of every living thing,
Let reſt her ſelfe from her long wearineſſe,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monſters full of uglineſſe;
For ſhe it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurſe, but ſtepdame, cruell, mercileſſe.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my underſong.

IV.

" My litle Flock, whom earſt I lov'd ſo well,
And wont to feed with fineſt graſſe that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter aſtrofell,
And ſtinking ſmallage, and unſaverie rew;
And, when your mawes are with thoſe weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of wolves; ne will I rew
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

" Ne worſe to you, my ſillie Sheepe! I pray,
Ne ſorer vengeance wiſh on you to fall

to walk during a certain portion of the night, but, " at the warning of the cock, *to return*, whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air, *immediately to their confinement.*" See Shakſpeare's *Hamlet*, A. i. S. i. Hence the fiend Flibbertigibbet, in *K. Lear*, " begins at curfew, and *walks till the* firſt cock." Fielding, with his uſual humour, has thus introduced the old opinion, in the interview between the threatening King and the warning Ghoſt in his *Tragedy of Tragedies:*

" Arthur, beware; *I muſt this moment hence,*
" Not frighted by your voice, but by the *cock's;*
" Arthur, beware, &c." TODD.

Than to my ſelfe, for whoſe confuſde decay
To careleſſe Heavens I doo daylie call;
But Heavens refuſe to heare a wretches cry;
And cruell Death doth ſcorn to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that moſt deſires to dye.

" The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remaine;
But the ungodly ones he doth forſake,
By living long to multiplie their paine;
Elſe ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the Great Iudge at firſt did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

" Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away;
For worthie of a better place was ſhe:
But me unworthie willed here to ſtay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghoſt doe ſervice day by day.

" For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waſte my better age:
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mynd,

Ver. 375. *My bread ſhall be* &c.] Theſe expreſſions occur often in ancient poetry. Thus, in *Pſ.* lxxx. 5. " Thou feedeſt

My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may fynd;
So will I wilfully increaſe my paine.

" And ſhe, my love that was, my ſaint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtiall throne
(In which ſhee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pittie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly ſpirits have compaſſion
On mortall men, and rue their miſerie.

" So when I have with ſorrow ſatisfyde
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me ſeeke,
And th' Heavens wih long languor pacifyde,
She, for pure pitie of my ſufferance meeke,
Will ſend for me; for which I daily long;
And will till then my painfull penance eeke.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my underſong.

them with the *bread* of tears; and giveſt them tears to *drink* in great meaſure." The *bread* of carefulneſs, and the *cup* of affliction, are alſo ſacred phraſes. See alſo the very forcible expreſſion of Euripides, *Hippol.* ver. 367. edit. Barnes.

Ω πότνι' ΤΡΕΦΟΝΤΕΣ βροτῶν.

One of our old dramatick writers has thus extended this idea in *The Rare Triumphes of Loue and Fortune*, bl. l. 4to. 1589.

— "*feede* vpon thy woe: freſh thoughts ſhalbe thy *fare;*
Muſing ſhalbe thy waiting maide; thy *carver* ſhalbe Care."

TODD.

V.

" Henceforth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade;
So ſoone as on them blowes the northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but griefe of minde,
And mocking ſuch as thinke they long will ſtay.

" I hate the Heaven, becauſe it doth withhould
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mould
Of fleſhly ſlime and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flyes;
I hate the ayre, becauſe ſighes of it be;
I hate the ſea, becauſe it teares ſupplyes.

" I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not my love to ſee;
I hate the darkneſſe and the dreary night,
Becauſe they breed ſad balefulneſſe in mee;
I hate all times, becauſe, all times doo fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed bee,
But as a ſpeedie poſt that paſſeth by.

Ver. 396. *So ſoone as on them blowes the northern winde,*] From *Pſalm* ciii. 16. " As for man his days are graſs; as a flower of the field, ſo he flouriſheth: for the wind paſſeth over it, and it is gone." T. WARTON.

Ver. 413. *But as a ſpeedy* poſt &c.] *Job* ix. 25. " Now my days are ſwifter than a *poſt*." T. WARTON.

" I hate to ſpeake, my voyce is ſpent with crying;
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares;
I hate to taſt, for food withholds my dying;
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dimd with teares;
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left;
I hate to feele, my fleſh is numbd with feares:
So all my ſenſes from me are bereft.

" I hate all men, and ſhun all womankinde;
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are;
The other, for becauſe I doo not finde
My love with them, that wont to be their ſtarre:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt;
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth marre;
And all I hate that is to come or paſt.

" So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth ever to and fro,
And never ſtandeth in one certaine ſtate,
But, ſtill unſtedfaſt, round about doth goe
Like a mill-wheele in midſt of miſerie,
Driven with ſtreames of wretchedneſſe and woe,
That dying lives, and living ſtill does dye.

" So doo I live, ſo doo I daylie die,
And pine away in ſelfe-conſuming paine!
Sith ſhe that did my vitall powres ſupplie,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why ſeeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and diſdaine!
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my underſong.

VI.

" Why doo I longer live in lifes deſpight,
And doo not dye then in deſpight of death;
Why doo I longer ſee this loathſome light
And doo in darkneſſe not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrow ſhould have end thereby,
And cares finde quiet! Is it ſo uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

" To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe;
Therefore to dye muſt needes be ioyeous,
And wiſhfull thing this ſad life to forgoe:

Ver. 435. ——— *I* daylie *die*,] St. Paul's expreſſion, I. *Cor.* xv. 31. ΚΑΘ' ΗΜΕΡΑΝ ἀποθνήσκω, which is often uſed by the ancient writers. See Wetſtein in locum. See alſo C. F. Loeſneri Obſervationes ad Nov. Teſt. e Philone Alexandrino, Lipſ. 1777. p. 296. TODD.

Ver. 442. *Why doo I longer live* &c.] Milton, in the compoſition of Adam's affecting and impaſſioned complaint after the Fall, appears to have borne in remembrance ſome paſſages in this tender Elegy. Compare *Par. L.* B. x. 774, &c. with this ſtanza, and B. x. 855, 858, with verſes 355, 356, of this poem. TODD.

But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me ſo;
She bad me ſtay, till ſhe for me did ſend.

" Yet, whileſt I in this wretched vale doo ſtay,
My wearie feete ſhall ever wandring be,
That ſtill I may be readie on my way
When as her meſſenger doth come for me;
Ne will I reſt my feete for feebleneſſe,
Ne will I reſt my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heavineſſe.

" But, as the mother of the gods; that ſought
For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought;
So will I travell whileſt I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nere
To looſe his teeme, will I take up my inne.

" Ne ſleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore:
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

" And ever as I ſee the ſtarre to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darkneſſe, I to mind will call
How my fair ſtarre (that ſhind on me ſo bright)
Fell ſodainly and faded under ground;
Since whoſe departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus ſtarre is found.

" But ſoon as Day doth ſhew his deawie face,
And cals foorth men unto their toylſome trade,
I will withdraw me to ſome darkeſome place,
Or ſome dere cave, or ſolitarie ſhade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my under-ſong.

VII.

" Henceforth mine eyes ſhall never more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on falſe delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,

Ver. 475. *With* Philumene, &c.] Hughes and the modern editions read *Philomel;* having no idea that Spenſer here perhaps had in memory the appellation of the nightingale, in Gaſcoigne's poem, entitled *The Complaint of* PHILUMENE, which had been publiſhed in 1576. TODD.

Ver. 478. ——— *to give them light*
Which dwell in darkneſſe,] See *Iſaiah* ix. 2, *Luke* i. 79. TODD.

Sith that my faireſt flower is faded quight;
For all I ſee is vaine and tranſitorie,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment looſe their grace and glorie.

" And ye, fond Men! on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride,
Be ſure that they ſhall have no long enduranoe,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only uſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcértaine may.

" And ye, true Lovers! whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath farre exíled from your ladies grace,
To mourne in ſorrow and ſad ſufferaunce,
When ye doe heare me in that deſert place
Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miſerable caſe,
And when life parts vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

" And ye, more happie Lovers! which enioy
The preſence of your deareſt loves delight,
When ye doe heare my ſorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empaſſiond ſpright,

And thinke that ſuch miſhap, as chaunſt to me,
May happen unto the moſt happieſt wight;
For all mens ſtates alike unſtedfaſt be.

"And ye, my fellow Shepheards! which do feed
Your careleſſe flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me ſucceed,
Remember yet my undeſerved paines;
And, when ye heare, that I am dead or ſlaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow ſwaines
That ſad Alcyon dyde in lifes diſdaine.

"And, ye faire Damſels! ſhepheards deare delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts poſſeſſe,
When as my hearſe ſhall happen to your ſightes,
Vouchſafe to deck the ſame with cypareſſe;
And ever ſprinckle brackiſh teares among,
In pitie of my undeſerv'd diſtreſſe,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

"And ye poore Pilgrims! that with reſtleſſe toyle
Wearie your ſelves in wandring deſart wayes,
Till that you come where ye your vowes aſſoyle,
When paſſing by ye reade theſe wofull layes,

On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languiſh out my dayes.
Ceaſe, Shepheard! ceaſe, and end thy under-
ſong."—

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint,
The heavieſt plaint that ever I heard ſound,
His cheekes wext pale, and ſprights began to
faint,
As if againe he would have fallen to ground;
Which when I ſaw, I, ſtepping to him light,
Amooved him out of his ſtonie ſwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor ſuffer ſolace to approach him nie,
But caſting up a ſdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not yet him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
As one diſpoſed wilfullie to die,
That I ſore griev'd to ſee his wretched caſe.

Tho when the pang was ſomewhat overpaſt,
And the outragious paſſion nigh appeaſed,
I him deſyrde ſith daie was overcaſt,
And darke night faſt approched, to be pleaſed
To turne aſide unto my cabinet,
And ſtaie with me, till he were better eaſed
Of that ſtrong ſtownd which him ſo ſore beſet.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to ſtaie,
But without taking leave he foorth did goe
With ſtaggring pace and diſmall looks diſmay,
As if that Death he in the face had ſeene,
Or helliſh Hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot weene.

Ver. 565. *As if that Death he in the face had ſeene,*
Or helliſh Hags had met upon the way;] An old proverbial expreſſion. T. WARTON.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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